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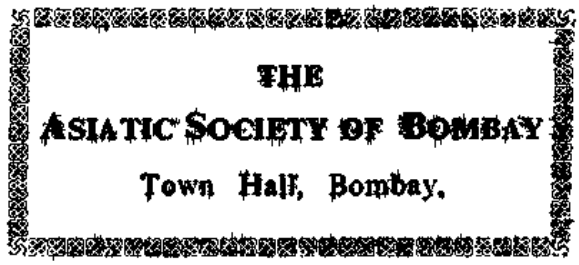

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CHAUCER'S

TROYLUS AND CRYSEYDE

(FROM THE HARL. MS. 3943)

COMPARED WITH

BOCCACCIO'S FILOSTRATO

TRANSLATED BY

Wm. Michael Rossetti.

16958 d 2

(Those lines of the *Filostrato* that Chaucer translated or adapted are englisht here: those which Chaucer did not use—more than half—are only summarized.)

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PREFATORY REMARKS.

For the first time, readers of Chaucer are now enabled to judge of the precise relation borne by the *Troylus and Cryseyde* of that supreme poet to the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio—which has long been known to be, to a large extent, its original. I have furnished an exact translation of all the lines of the *Filostrato* adapted, with more or less verbal closeness, by Chaucer; also a summary of those portions of the Italian poem which were *not* so adapted. The passages of the *Troylus* which are wholly the work of the Englishman, being unaccompanied by any rendering from the Italian, speak for themselves. It will be perceived that Chaucer is, in many instances, a very accurate translator; in others, he has paraphrased without strictly translating. The details of diversity are full of interest to the minute student.

The *Filostrato* is written in the octave metre termed by the Italians "*ottava rima*" (the measure of Byron's *Don Juan*). Boccaccio is understood to have invented this excellent narrative metre, in which Ariosto, Tasso, and so many other leading poets of his own nation, followed him: by Boccaccio himself the *ottava rima* had first been used in the *Teseide*, prior to the date of the *Filostrato*. The *Troylus and Cryseyde* (I need not say) is written in stanzas of seven lines each—an exquisitely melodious and satisfying metrical form, too seldom employed: the natural result is that, when Chaucer takes successive lines from Boccaccio, he mostly gets the matter into a rather smaller space.

The *Filostrato* contains 5704 lines: the *Troylus* is much longer, 8246 lines.[1] The difference, 2542 lines, must of course be counted entirely to the credit of Chaucer. Out of the 5704 lines of Boccaccio, about 2730 have been utilized by Chaucer, leaving 2974 not so utilized. The English poet, less diffuse, has compressed the 2730 lines of the Italian into 2583: hence we obtain the following result:

Total of lines in the *Troylus*	8246
Adapted from the *Filostrato*, 2730 lines, condensed into	2583
Balance due to Chaucer alone	5663

This balance is considerably more than double the number of lines as condensed from Boccaccio. It may, therefore, in general terms, be said that something less than a third of the *Troylus* is taken direct from the *Filostrato*, while more than two-thirds are Chaucer's own. Of course, however, even in these two-thirds Chaucer's poem often follows the same general current as Boccaccio's; and some moderate deduction should be made for lines for which the Englishman is indebted to other authors—Boëthius, Dante, and Petrarca, in especial.

The most important point of absolute difference between the Italian and the English poets—the most important both

[1] Professor Morley has said that the *Filostrato* contains 5352 lines, and the *Troylus* 2899 lines additional: this would be a total of 8251. I do not understand these figures; at any rate, they are not correct.

in subject-matter and in scale of treatment—is in the incidents which lead up to the actual amour between Troilus and Chryseis. Boccaccio gives the whole affair simply enough: an assignation made by Chryseis after much urging, and kept by Troilus, and turned to account by both. Chaucer has invented an entirely new series of preliminaries; far more elaborate, and such as almost to leave his Cryseyde in the position of a modest and chaste-minded woman, even after the amour is in full career. At the decisive moment, she has scarcely consented to her own frailty, but has been lured into it. The reader is left to contemplate Cryseyde as loving—Griselda[1] as amorous: though I think some English critics have been too much inclined to ignore the many fine and beautiful qualities which Boccaccio attributes to his heroine, in all the earlier stage of her story, and to treat her as, from the first, by character a courtesan, to whom nothing but an opportunity is wanting. This is, I conceive, not the fact. Boccaccio gives us fully to understand that his Griselda is a noble and decorous lady, who has passed through maiden, married, and widowed life, with a reputation totally and deservedly spotless: she stands a vigorous siege from Troilus, aided by the incessant importunities of her cousin Pandarus. True, from the first she shows symptoms of being not impregnable: she listens, vacillates, deliberates, shrinks, and deliberates again. After a certain interval she makes up her mind to yield, being herself in love with her suitor; and after a further interval she does yield—no doubt advisedly and unregretfully, and not, as the Cryseyde of Chaucer, through a surprise—yet not with any such indecent haste, or any such sensual callousness and want of personal affection for her lover, as to enable us to consider the two women as showing a native and fundamental difference of character or temperament. In short, the action of Griselda is more amorous than that of Cryseyde, but her nature is almost equally loving: the action of Cryseyde is more loving than that of Griselda, but her nature is almost equally amorous. The English poet neither schemes nor affects (if I do not misapprehend) to invent an essentially different character: but he leads up to the crisis by a more artful and more sympathetic course of incident. Besides, we must remember that the career of Chryseis does not stop short at her amour with Troilus: that is succeeded by another and much less condonable amour with Diomed—and, when we come to this, I think there is, in Boccaccio's entire development of the story, a certain simultaneous march and satisfaction to the reader's mind, not wholly in equal measure present in Chaucer's. We may, at any rate, say thus much:—That the more the reader is disposed to accept Cryseyde as a very superior woman to Griselda, the less must he be inclined to acquiesce in the later stage of Chaucer's poem as an æsthetic and emotional response and congruity; while, the nearer the character of Boccaccio's Griselda is kept to an equal level from first to last, the less is the jar upon the reader's sympathy at the close. If, however, we consider Griselda and Cryseyde to be not very diverse in real character, the intrigue with Diomed stands on much the same footing in both poems; and, in the English work, it only corrects, with some disappointment to his sensibilities, the reader's delight in the lovely and loveable vision which the earlier portion of that poem had seemingly presented to him.

The next point of marked divergence between the *Filostrato* and the *Troylus* is in the important personage, Pandarus. In the former narrative, he is a gallant, high-spirited, scheming young knight, the cousin of Chryseis. He is a devoted friend to Troilus; places no particular value, for himself or for others, on the virtue of continence; and, with sufficient off-handedness and candour, sets about badgering and wheedling Chryseis into consenting to the prince's passion. His youth, the undisguised laxity of his

[1] Such is the form of the name in Boccaccio's poem.

morals, and the genuine depth of his friendship for Troilus, make him the most amiable and least condemnable of pimps. His whole philosophy might be summed up in Shakspeare's distich—

> "If the cat will after kind,
> So, be sure, will Rosalind."

He is perfectly self-consistent and natural throughout the poem, without being much of a "character" in the more special sense. To turn him into a character has been, in one word, the great achievement of Chaucer; and never was a creative act of the like kind managed with more splendid ease and instantaneous power. As in the case of Chryseis, the main attributes of this personage are the same as in Boccaccio's poem—especially the redeeming quality of an unselfish and unmeasured love of Troilus, which indeed becomes all the more touching under Chaucer's treatment, by dint of the one simple expedient that he has adopted, of increasing the age of Pandarus. That is, in fact, the essence and the secret of almost all that Chaucer has done for the character. He makes Pandarus the uncle, instead of the cousin, of Cryseyde. Pandarus is still, as we have just noted in the *Filostrato*, gallant, high-spirited, scheming, a devoted friend, a loose moralist; but all these qualities have to take a different complexion from the change of age and of relationship. The brilliant young man of fashion (as we might term Boccaccio's Pandarus) becomes a battered middle-aged man of the world; his buoyancy and rapidity of character take on a certain aspect of fatal facility; his scheming approaches nearer to treachery—both because he more cunningly undermines the honour of Cryseyde, and because his position as her uncle places him almost in the position of her "guide and philosopher" as well as "friend"; his loose morals, natural to a young man whose passions master him in his own as well as in his friend's cause, become a distinct blunting of the moral sense—a contented adoption of the ignoble as a rule to live and die by. Above all, his experience of life, and his callous *insouciance*, have given him a great fund of conversation; and he is never at a loss for an argument, an illustration, a proverb, a quotation, or a jest. This gift of copious and cynical speech is treated by Chaucer with inimitable art, because inimitable nature, and in such wise as to make his Pandarus one of the most complete pieces of character-painting in our literature. With all his defects, still the soft-heartedness of Chaucer's Pandarus, and his utter devotion to Troilus—he is ready at any moment to be drowned in tears in the cause of his niece or his friend—place him distinctly above mere contempt: they make him a pathetic and almost a respectable figure in fiction, no less than a deeply humorous one.

The origin of the story of which Boccaccio has made a masterpiece, and Chaucer (not to speak of Shakspeare after him) a greater masterpiece still, is even yet somewhat obscure. It has been traced up to Benoît de Sainte-More, a cleric, probably Norman by birth, who composed, towards 1184, a poem named the *Roman de Troie*.[1] He professed to take his story from a Latin translation after Dares, attributed traditionally to Cornelius Nepos; but this profession has no sufficient foundation, so far as the episode of Troilus and Chryseis is concerned. Guido dalle Colonne, a Sicilian physician, wrote in 1287 his *Historia Trojana*, appropriating details from Benoît de Sainte-More with a liberal hand. Next after him comes Boccaccio, who for the first time invents Pandarus as a personage in the action.

[1] There are some valuable details regarding this matter in the Introduction of Mm. L. Moland and C. d'Héricault to a volume of the *Nouvelles Françoises en Prose du XIV^e Siècle*—Paris, Jannet, 1858. M. Joly has lately (1871) completed in two sections his edition of *Benoît de Sainte-More et le Roman de Troie, ou les Métamorphoses d'Homère et de l'Epopée gréco-latine au Moyen-âge*. This contains the text of the *Roman de Troie*, with many dissertations. It is a monument of industry, and a mine of erudition: the Chaucerian student may be deeply grateful to M. Joly—and many other literary investigators will be no less his debtors.

It may be expedient to say here a little—a very little—about the successive development of the incidents of the story, up to Boccaccio's treatment of it: his and Chaucer's can be studied at length in the ensuing pages. Dares simply mentions Briseis (or Briseida) among other denizens of the Grecian camp whose persons he describes. Of her he speaks as follows: "Briseidam formosam, altâ staturâ, candidam, capillo flavo et molli, superciliis junctis, oculis venustis, corpore æquali, blandam, affabilem, verecundam, animo simplici, piam." In Benoît de Sainte-More's poem, the course of the episode runs thus. Calchas, having deserted from Troy to the Greeks by order of the gods, and having left behind him his daughter Briseida (termed "la pucele" in verse 12977, and therefore, it must be presumed, not a widow, as in Boccaccio and Chaucer), takes advantage of an exchange of prisoners, after the capture of Antenor by the Greeks, to reclaim her. The loves of Troïlus and Briseida are not described at length, nor the various vicissitudes of them notified: but, now that the lady is to leave Troy, Benoît informs us that she and Troilus are deeply enamoured. Diomed, among other Grecian warriors, receives Briseida from the Trojans, and forthwith begins making love to her; and she from the first seems anything but ill-disposed towards him. Soon afterwards, in an engagement, he overthrows Troilus, and sends his charger to Briseida. Diomed gives himself up more and more desperately to his passion: the lady holds off for a while, but finally acknowledges him as her knight, and Troilus has little or nothing more to hope for. Another battle, advantageous to the Trojans, is fought: Troilus wounds Diomed well-nigh to death, and reviles him and Briseida in terms which seem to show that the anguish of betrayed love has, in the Troilus of Benoît de Sainte-More, given way to its indignation. Briseida, on the other hand, is made amiable in her very fickleness, which many readers may be minded to condone. The mortal danger of Diomed is what breaks down the last barriers to her heart, and she can now no longer make any secret of her love, but resolves to be wholly his. Her monologue to this effect ends at verse 20330; and, though the poem goes on to the formidable number of 30108 lines, we hear henceforth no more of her, nor of Diomed as related to her, nor (save in one instance soon afterwards) of Troilus in the character of her deserted and incensed lover. It will thus be perceived that, in the Briseis narrative of Benoît, the more substantial subject-matter is the Briseida-Diomed amour, to which the Briseida-Troïlus amour forms rather the prœm; whereas, in the Chryseis narrative of Boccaccio and Chaucer, the main interest by far centres in the Cryseyde-Troilus amour, to which the Cryseyde-Diomed amour forms but the sequel, and, even in that connection, is but little developed except in so far as it wedges the iron into the soul of Troilus.[1]

[1] M. Joly believes that Benoît de Sainte-More was the original inventor of this story of Troïlus and Briseïda. Troïlus he took chiefly from Dares, and gave the personage a fuller and more varied development: Briseïda—the "Cryseyde" or "Cressida" of after times—he wholly invented, in her character as the lady-love of Troïlus, and a type of feminine inconstancy. "L'histoire de Troïlus et de Briséïda . . . est un tableau plein de malice qui vient, d'une façon tout-à-fait inattendue, se mêler au drame. . . . Cette histoire paraît lui appartenir tout entière. C'est vraiment un de ses grands titres à l'attention. . . . Cependant il n'a pas tout-à-fait inventé Troïlus. Il en a fait un héros amoureux; mais il était héros avant lui—à Dares en revient l'honneur. . . . Benoît . . . a fait de Troïlus le vrai type du chevalier en sa jeunesse et en sa fleur, réunissant la force et la beauté, le courage et le charme,—le plus redoutable sur le champ de bataille, le plus digne d'être aimé. . . . Pour que ce vaillant chevalier fût tout-à-fait selon le cœur du moyen-âge, il fallait quelque chose encore. Benoît le sait bien, et à toutes ses perfections Troïlus en joindra une dernière: il sera amoureux. Darès n'avait songé à rien de semblable. . . . Il fournissait, il est vrai, à Benoît le nom et un aimable portrait de Briséïda: 'Briseidam formosam' [&c. as in our text]. . . . Il n'a eu évidemment en vue que la captive d'Achille. . . . Pour Benoît les choses vont autrement: le portrait de Briséïda probablement l'a charmé, et, comme c'est la seule femme qu'il rencontre en dehors de la famille de Priam, la seule aussi qui soit libre d'aimer Troïlus, il en a fait la fille de Calchas. . . . Remarquons que le

Chaucer does not, in any part of his poem, say aught of his obligations to Boccaccio, but professes to follow "myn autour callyd Lollius" (B. 1, st. 57), whom he mentions also in the *House of Fame*. Lollius has puzzled everybody that has concerned himself with Chaucer's poem: it appears to me that the most reasonable (assuredly a very ingenious) suggestion is that made, or rather repeated, in 1868 (*Athenæum*, Oct.), by Dr R. G. Latham—that Chaucer has, by some blunder or confusion, got the name Lollius out of Horace's line

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli."[1]

Some suspicion may arise that Chaucer supposed the *Filostrato* to be the work, not of Boccaccio, but of Petrarch. His mention of Lollius, above cited, introduces a translated passage which he interpolates out of Petrarch; and the writer of a French prose version of the *Filostrato*, Pierre Seigneur de Beauveau, whose production dates probably in the very latest years of the fourteenth century, and therefore at no great distance of time from Chaucer's, states positively that he works from "ung petit [livre] en langue ytalienne que on appelle *Fillostrato*, lequel jadis fut fait et composé par *ung poethe Florentin nommé Petrearque*." But, even assuming that Chaucer did attribute the *Filostrato* to Petrarch, this does not bring us nearer to an explanation of the name Lollius.

The confusion which Chaucer produced by speaking of Lollius was increased by Lydgate in speaking of *Trophe*. Lydgate, in the prologue to his translation of Boccaccio's *Falles of Princes*, says of Chaucer that

> "In youth he made a translacion
> Of a boke whiche called is *Trophe*
> In Lumbarde tonge, as men may rede & se,
> And in our vulgar, long or that ye devyde,
> Gave it the name of *Troylous and Creseyde*."

The relation of the title *Trophe* to the title *Filostrato* has exercised the minds of commentators almost as much as the relation of the name Lollius to the name Boccaccio. Mm. Moland and d'Héricault think that Trophe means (Fr.) *trufe*, (Ital.) *truffa*,—i. e. cozening, betrayal, in allusion to the falsehood of Chryseis to Troilus. Professor Morley thinks it represents the Greek word τροπή,—i. e. turning, inconstancy, with the like allusion. M. Joly surmises that Lydgate meant, and perhaps wrote, Strophe, in reference to the metrical form of Boccaccio's poem. To me it seems that all these conjectures, however plausible, are wide of the mark; and that a perusal of the words of Boccaccio himself supplies the true explanation.[2]

The Greek word φιλόστρατος really means "Army-lover": but Boccaccio did not so understand it. He gave it a passive instead of an active meaning, and supposed it to signify "Love-vanquished." Here are his words, at the opening of his proem: "*Filostrato* is the title of this book; and the reason is because this name agrees excellently with the purport of the book. Filostrato means 'a man vanquished and prostrated by love'; such as one can see Troilus to have been, whose love is in this book recounted. For he was so strongly conquered by love, in loving Chryseis, and was in such affliction at her departure,

poète ne fait qu'indiquer l'amour de Troïlus: il ne nous le montre avec Briséïda que pour la lui enlever aussitôt. . . . Le personnage que le poète a tenu à peindre c'est Briséïda: ce qu'il voulait mettre en relief ici ce n'était pas l'amour tendre et dévoué, mais la coquetterie et la légèreté féminines. . . . Ce qui n'était qu'un épisode deviendra une source poétique, où puiseront quelques-uns des poètes les plus fameux de l'Italie et de l'Angleterre. Mais, en développant l'histoire, Boccace, Chaucer, et Shakspeare, en changeront tout-à-fait le caractère."

[1] It has been said, in opposition to Dr Latham's surmise (with which M. Joly concurs) that Chaucer's knowledge of Latin was inconsistent with his misapprehending the meaning of this line, clearly marked as it is by the cases of the substantives. No doubt there is some force in the objection. But would it not be possible that the line might have been known to Chaucer chiefly (if not solely) in some translation where the true relation of the substantives would be far less patent? Is any such translation known, and how does it render the line in question?

[2] My suggestion to this effect was first published in the *Athenæum* for 26 September 1868.

that little was wanting but that death should seize him." The like conception re-appears in a speech which Boccaccio puts into the mouth of Troilus (Bk 5, st. 56). "Then, thinking on this, he added: 'Long[1] hast thou made the story of me, O Love, if I would not hide me from myself, and if memory well reports to me the truth of it. Wherever I go or stay, if well I mark, I discern full a thousand signs of thy victory which thou hast had triumphal over me, who once jeered every lover.'" The question remains: "Can we connect the title *Filostrato*, in the sense of 'Love-vanquished,' with the title *Troiolo*?" I think we can. It seems to me that Troiolo is simply the word Trophy, spelled in a slightly different manner. A Love-vanquished man might very well be synonymized into a "Trophy of Love"; a man held up to view as a monument of Love's potency, or one whose powers of resistance to Love—his arms and armour, to keep up the simile suggested by Boccaccio's own words—have been reft from him by Love the conqueror, and hung up as a trophy. If the reader dissents from this interpretation, I must remind him that it has at least one merit—it makes, for the first time, the assertion of Lydgate consistent, from a certain point of view, with the actual and known facts of the case. That the original of Chaucer's *Troylus* is named *Troyly* (i. e. is named *Filostrato* in a sense which may be rendered by the word Trophy) is a truth: but that it is named Strophe, or τροπή, *Troffe*, or anything signifying Inconstancy, is an unmitigated untruth, for in fact it is named *Filostrato*. And why should Lydgate have told this gratuitous falsehood? No explanation is forthcoming.

There would be many other things to say concerning the *Troylus and Cryseyde*—perhaps the most beautiful narrative poem, of considerable length, in the English language. That Chaucer is not the sole person entitled to the credit of its invention and narration has long been known, is in these pages demonstrated with full detail, and must be allowed for in anything that we say or that others feel on the subject. But, even after this has been admitted, our obligation to Chaucer remains where it was: we still have to thank him for presenting English readers with one of the most delightful of English or of possible poems—an "entire and perfect chrysolite." The *Troylus and Cryseyde* of Chaucer is peculiarly memorable and unfailingly fascinating, as combining in itself at once the very topmost blossom and crown of the chivalric passion and gallantry, and the exquisite first-fruits of that humorous study of character in which our national writers have so specially excelled. This is the quality which culminated so superbly in Shakspeare; which had indeed culminated, two centuries before Shakspeare, in Chaucer himself—for there was simply no improving upon the quality of character-painting exhibited in the *Canterbury Tales*, and fore-shown, with no inferior power, in the Pandarus of *Troylus and Cryseyde*. The chivalric passion and gallantry of which we have spoken come in great measure out of Boccaccio's poem into Chaucer's; the humorous study of character comes from himself. And it may be observed that, even as regards the first-named motive power of the work, its passion and gallantry, the poem is at once simple and complex; for here love assumes the form of gallantry and intrigue, while the core and essence of it are passion—life-long and consuming in Troylus, but in Cryseyde only quick-flaming and transient. That there is some sort of monotony, and a good deal of lengthened diffuseness, in Chaucer's poem, should not in candour be denied: but the beauty, spirit, and tenderness of the treatment, induce the reader willingly to pardon this, and to regard it almost as a quaint and likeable flavouring, and they carry him on from book to book with

[1] See the *Troylus*, B. 5, st. 84, and the collation there from the *Filostrato*.

equal sympathy and enjoyment. In the more pathetic and moving passages, where the sorrows or the bliss of love supply the poet's inspiration, the very sound of the delicious verses holds one under a spell.

These few words of tribute and gratitude to Chaucer could hardly be withheld from any preface to the *Troylus and Cryseyde*. My personal business, however, would have been confined to such points as bear directly upon the relation of the *Troylus* to the *Filostrato*. Leaving, therefore, all else to the accomplished Chaucerian scholars who have undertaken the work, I may here appropriately conclude my ancillary part in it—only adding the account which Lydgate, in his *Troy Book*, gives of the *Troylus and Cryseyde*.

W. M. Rossetti.

London, February 1871.

LYDGATE ON CHAUCER AND HIS "TROYLUS."

(*From Arundel MS* 99, *leaf* 96, *col.* 2.)

Troylus and Cryseyde at their parting are so
" Disconsolat / al the longe nyght
¶ That in good feith / yif I shulde a right
the processe hool / of her bothe sorwe
That they made / tyl the next morwe
ffro poynt to poynt / it to speceffye
It wolde me / ful longe Occupye
Of euery thyng / to make mencion
And taryo me / in my translacion
yif I shulde / in her woo procede
But me semyth / that it is no nede
¶ Sith my maister Chauncer here aforn
In this mateer / hath so wel hym born
In his book / of Troylus and Cryseyde
which he made / longe or that he deyde
Rehersyng first / how Troylus was Contrayre
ffor to assende / vpon lovys stayre
And how that he / for al his Surquedye
Afftir he Cam / Oon of the Companye
Of lovys folk / for al his Olde game
whan Cupyde / makid hym ful tame
And brought hym lowe / to his subieccion
In a temple / as he walk vp and don
whan he his gyuys / and his hookys leyde
Amyd the Eyen / Cerclyd of Cryseyde
which on that day / he myght nat a-sterte
ffor thorugh his brest / percyd and his herte
he wente hym hoom / pale syke and wan
¶ And in this wyse Troylus first be-gan
To be a servaunt / my maister tellith thus
¶ Tyl he was holpe / afftir of Pandarus [leaf 96, back]
¶ Thorugh whoos Comfort / and medicion
As in his book / is makid mencion
with greet labour / first he Cam to grace
And so Contvneth / by certeyn yeerys space
Tyl fortvne gan / vpon hym frowne
That she fro hym / mvt goon out of towne
al sodeynly / and nevir hym afftir see
lo here the ffyn / of false felicitee
lo here the Ende / of worldly brotylnesse
Of flesshly lust / lo heer the vnstabylnesse
lo here the double varyacion
Of worldly blysse / and transmvtacion
This day in myrthe / and in woo to-morwe
ffor ay the ffyn / allas of Ioye is sorwe
¶ ffor now Cryseyde / with the kyng Thoas
ffor Anthenor / shal goo forth allas
vnto Grekis / and evere with hem dwelle
¶ The hool storry / Chauucer kan yow telle
yif that ye lyst / no man bet a lyve
nor the processe / half so weel descryve
ffor he oure ynglyssh / gylte with his sawes
Rude and boystous / first be Olde dawes
That was ful fer from al perfeccion
And but of litel raputacion
Tyl that he Cam / and thorugh his poetryo
Gan oure tonge / firste to magneffye
And adourne it / with his Elloquence

To whom honour / laude and Reverence
Thorugh out this lond / yove be and songe
So that the laurer / of$^{\text{e}}$ youre ynglyssh tonge
Be to hym yove / for his excellence
Right as whylom / by ful hih sentence
Perpetuelly / for a memoryal
¶ Of$^{\text{e}}$ Columpna / by the Cardinal
To Petrark$^{\text{e}}$ frauncoys / was yoven in ytayle
that the Repoort / nevir afftir fayle
Nor the honour / dirked of$^{\text{e}}$ his name
To be Registred / in the hous of$^{\text{e}}$ ffame
Among othir / in the hihest sete
¶ My maister Galfryde / as for a chef$^{\text{e}}$ Poete
that euere was yit / in oure langage
The name of$^{\text{e}}$ whom / shal pallen in noon Age
But euere y-liche / with-oute Eclipsyng shyne
And for my part / I wyl neuere fyne
So as I Can / hym to magneffye
¶ In my wryting / pleynly tyl I dye /
And god I preye / his soule bryngo in Ioye[1] [Tr Bk, bk, col. 2]
¶ And whoer I leffte / I wyl ageyn to Troye /"

[1] At the end of his *Troy Book*, Lydgate again returns to Chaucer's praise. After denouncing the ignorant backbiters and fault-finders, Lydgate says (I quote from Pynson's ed., A.D. 1513, *sign.* D iii *back*, as the Arundel MS 99 has lost its end):

For vnto them / my boke is not dyrect
But to suche / as haue in effect
On symple folke / full compassyon
That goodly can / by correccyon
Amende a thynge / that hyndre neuer adele
Of custome nye / redy to say wele

For he that was grounde / of well sayinge
In all his lyfe / hyndred no makynge
My mayster Chaucer / that founde full many spot
Hym lyst not pyuche / nor grutche at euery blot
Nor meue hym selfe / to parturbe his reste
I haue herde tolde / but sayde alway the beste
Suffrynge goodly / of his gentyllesse
Full many thynge / enbenced with rudenesse
And if I shall / shortly hym descryue
Was neuer / none / to this daye alyue
To reken all / bothe youge and olde
That worthy was / his ynkehorne for to holde
And in this londe / if there any be
In borugh or towne / vyllage or Cyte
That connynge hath / his traeys for to sewe
Where he go brode / or be shet in awe
To hym / I make a dyrecoyon
Of this boke / to haue inspeccyon
Besechynge them / with theyr prudent loke
To rase and scrape / thorugh out all my boke
Voyde and adde / where them semeth nede
And though so be / that they nat no rede
In all this boke / no rethorykes newe
¶ Yet I hope / they shall fynde trewe
The storye playne / chefly in substaunce

Filostrato

[*The summary of those parts of the poem that have not been adapted by Chaucer is enclosed in square brackets. In this summary, the marks of quotation " " are given when I translate a passage literally; the marks "' '" when I so translate a passage that forms a speech; the marks ' ' when I summarize (without exactly translating) a speech.*—W. M. R.]

BOOK I. STANZA I.

[Boccaccio dedicates his poem to his lady—"nobilissima donna"; traditionally reputed to be the same Fiammetta who is named in other writings of his, and who is identified with Maria, a natural daughter of King Robert of Naples, married to a nobleman of advanced age. He says that he will not invoke Apollo or the Muses in commencing this poem, which relates the woe of Troilus for the departure of Chryseis, and which he writes during the much-deplored absence of his own lady.]

(5)

39 Thine be the honour, and mine be the toil.

Troylus and Crysеyde.

[*Harl. MS.* 3943.[1] *The first* 10 *stanzas* (*on leaf* 1) *are in a late* 15*th-century hand.*]

[[1] 'Bought in Mr Rawlinson's Sale of MSS 1734. pr. No. 653. This has been collated by W^m. Thomas esq^r.' *On the flyleaf.*]

[*Prem of eight stanzas.*]

(1)

THe double sorow of Troilus to tellen [*leaf* 1] 1
that was kyng Pryamys sonne of Troye
In lovyng how his aventuris fellen
Fro̅me wo to wele and afftirwarde oute of Ioye 4
my̅ purpose is or I parte you froye
Thesiphon þou helpe me for to endite
these wofull wordes þat wepyn as I write 7

(2)

TO the clepe I thou goddesse of turmente 8
thou cruel wighte that sorowist *euer* in peyne
Helpe me that am the sorye Instrumente
That helpith lovers as I can to pleyne 11
for wel it sitt the sothe for to seyne
vn-to a wofull wighte a drery chere
And to a sory tale a sory chere 14

(3)

For I þat gode of louys *seruauntis* serve 15
Ne dare to love for myn vnliklynesse
Pray for spede though I shulde sterve
so ferre I am fro̅me his helpe in derknesse 18
but natheles myght I do yit gladnesse
To my lover or my love availe
Haue he thanke & myn be the travaile 21

(6)

41 And you lovers, I pray you hearken.
43 And, if it happens that in your heart you feel
44 Any pitiful spirit aroused,

45 I pray you that ye pray Love for me,
46 Through whom I, mournful like Troilus,

(4)

But ye lovers that bathen in gladnesse 22
If^ any drope of^ pitee in you be
Remembre you for olde passid heuynesse
for goddis love and on aduersitee 25
that other^ suffren thynke how somtyme þat ye
fownde how love durst you displese
Or ellis ye wonne it with grete ease 28

(5)

And preyth for them that been in the cans 29
Of^ Troylus as ye may afftir^ here
that love them bryng in hevyn to solaas
And for me praieth þat god so deere 32
he yeve me myght to shewe in some manere
some peyn or woo suche as lovis folke endure
In troylus vnseely Auenture 35

(6)

PRaith for them that eke ben dispeired [*leaf 1, back*] 36
In love þat nevir^ nyH Recouerid be
And eke for them þat falsely ben appaired
thorugh wikkid tungis be it he or she 39
Or thus biddith god for his benyngnyte
To graunte theym soone out of^ this worlde to pas
That ben dispeired out of^ their^ lovis gras 42

(7)

And biddith eke for them þat ben at ese 43
In love þat god them graunte perseueraunce
And sende^ them myght their^ loves so to plese
that it be to them worshipp̄ and plesaunce 46
And so hope I my sowle best to Auaunce
To pray for them þat lovis seruauntis be
And write their woo & lyve in Charite 49

(7)

49 The Grecian kings were around Troy,
50 Strong in arms.

53 Ever they more invested it from day to day;
54 All accordant in one same resolve—
55 To revenge the outrage and rape
56 Of Queen Helen, made by Paris.

(8)

57 When Calchas, whose lofty science

58 Had already merited to hear
59 Every confidence of the great Apollo,

62 Knew and saw, after a long war,
63 The Trojans dead, and the city destroyed.

(8)

And for to haue of them compassiõ 50
As though I were þeir' own broþer dere
Now listenyth euery wight with goode entencion
for I wil now go streight to my matere 53
In whiche ye shall the double sorowe here
Of' Troylus in lovyng of' Crisseide
And how þat she forsoke hym or she deide 56

(9) [*The Story.*]

IT is wel wist how þe Grekis strong 57
In armes with a *thousand*[1] shippis went [1 *MS* Mt]
To troy wardis & the Cite long
Assegid wel .x yer' or they stynt 60
And in dyuerse wise and in on Intent
The Rayysshyng to vengyn of' Heleyn
full besyly thay diden their' peyn' 63

(10)

Now fill it so þat in the town ther' was 64
Dwellyng a lorde of' grete Auctoritee
A gret Dyvyne þat clepid was Calcas
That in science so experte was he 67
Knew wel that Troy distroied shulde be
by Aunswer' of' his god that highte thus
Deiphebus or Appollo Delphicus 70

(11)

[2]To whaw þis Calcas knew by calkelyng' [*MS* T] 71
And eke by answere of' this Apollo
That grekis shold such a peple bryng'
Thurgh which þat Troy must be for-do 74
he cast a-none out of' the toun to go
ffor wele wist he byfor þat Troy shold
Distroyed be ȝe wold ho so nold 77

[1] The older hand of the MS. (? 1440 A.D.) begins here. The first ten stanzas are written in the same hand as the end of the volume is.

(9)

65 Wherefore secretly to depart
66 Resolved he, provident and wise;
67 And, taking place and time for fleeing,
68 He wended his way to the Grecian host:
69 Whence he saw many coming to meet him,
70 Who received him with glad visage,—
71 Hoping for utmost and good counsel from him
72 In every accident or peril.

(10)

73 Great rumour was there when it was heard
74 Through all the city generally
75 That Calchas had fled therefrom;

78 And [that he had] as a traitor done wickedly;
79 And, for the most part of the people, they hardly
80 From going with fire to his houses. [withheld

(11)

81 Calchas had left in all this mischance,
82 Without letting her know anything about it,
83 A daughter of his,

85 A widow,

86 Named Chryseis;
86 To my thinking,
86 As [discreet &c.] as any other that was born in Troy.
84 So beautiful and so angelic to see
85 Was she, that she appeared not a mortal thing.

(12)

Wherfor to deporte al softely 78
he toke his ful *purpos* in this wyse
And to þe grekis oost ful pryvily
he stale anone & þei in curteys wyse 81
Dede hym worshiþ and servise
hopyng in hym kunnyng' hem to rede
In *euery* peril which þat was to drede 84

(13)

Grete *rumour* gan whan it was ferst aspyed 85
Thurgh al þe toũn and *generaly* was *spokyn*
That Calcas traytour fled was & alyed
To her foos & woldyn fayn be wrokyn 88
On hym þat had his troupe þus falsly brokyn
And sworyn þat he & al his kyn at onys
were worthy brent bope fell and bonys 91

(14)

Now had Calcas left' in þis mischaunce 92
Vnknowyng' of' this cursyd dede
his doghtir þat lyvid in grete penaunce
ffor her lyf' she was þerfor in drede 95
Ne in al þis world she nyst not what to rede
ffor bothe a wydowe was she & allone
Of' eny frend to whom she durst mone 98

(15)

Cryseyd was þis lady name a right 99
As to my dome yn al troyes Cite
So fair was none for ouer *euery* wight
So angelik' was her natyf' beute 102
That lyke thing' inmortal semyd she
As doth a perfit heuenly creature
That doun was sent in scorne of' nature 105

(12)

89 Who, hearing the menacing rumour
90 For her father's flight, very sorrowful
91 As she was amid so much dubious fury,
92 In a mourning garb, and tearful,
93 Threw herself on her knees at the feet of Hector;
94 And with voice and aspect very piteous,
95 Excusing herself, and accusing her father,
96 Finished her speech begging for mercy.

(13)

97 Hector was pitiful of his nature,
98 Wherefore, seeing the great plaint of her
99 Who was more beautiful than creature else,
100 He comforted her somewhat with kind speech,
101 Saying: "Let with evil hap
102 Thy father go who has so offended us;
103 And thou, secure and cheerful, without annoy,
104 Remain in Troy with us while thou pleasest.

(14)

105 "The pleasure and honour thou wilt,
106 As if Calchas were here, be assured,
107 Thou shalt always have from us all."

109 She thanked him much for this,
110 And more she would, but it was not allowed her.
111 Wherefore she rose, and returned
112 To her house, and there was at rest.

(15)

113 There she stayed with such household
114 As it befitted her honour to keep,
115 While she was in Troy;
119 And beloved was she,
120 And honoured, by every one that knew her.
116 Nor did she need to care
117 For son or daughter,
118 As it had never been her lot to have any.[1]

(16)

This lady which that herd al day at ere [*MS. T. adds*] 106
her fadris shame his falsnes and tresoun
wel ny out of her wyt for pure fere
In wydewys habyt large of samyte broun 109
Byfor Hector on knees she fell a doun
with chere & voys ful pytous & wepyng
his mercy had herself excusyng 112

(17)

Now was þis Ector pitous of nature 113
And saw how she was sorowful bygone
An that she was so faire a creature
Of his gladnes he gladid her anone 116
And seyd lete 3our fadir tresoun gone
To sory hap & 3e 3our self in ioy
Dwellith whil 3ow good lyst in troy 119

(18)

And al þe honour that men may do 3ow have 120
As though 3our fadir dwellyd al here
3e shul have. & 3our body shul men save
As ferforth as y may enquere & here 123
And she hym thonkyd oft in humble chere
And ofter wold if it had be his wille
And toke her leve went home & held her stille 126

(19)

And in her hows abode with such meyne 127
As to her honour nede was to holde
And while þat she dwellyd yn þat citee
Thurgh out in al with yong & eke with olde 130
ful wel bylovyd & folk wele of her tolde
But whethir she childryn had or none
I rede not þerfor y lete hit gone 133

[1] The reader will observe Chaucer's deliberate departure from Boccaccio in this particular: Chaucer says that he has no information as to whether or not Cryseyde had any children. The affected uncertainty seems to serve little purpose, save that of the professed

(16)

121 Things went on in the way of war
122 Between the Trojans and Greeks very often.
125 Many times the Greeks (if the story
126 Errs not) went most fiercely
127 Even on to the fosses, and pillaging around:
123 Sometimes the Trojans sallied from the city
124 Vigorously against the Greeks.

(17)

129 And, although the Trojans were shut in
130 By their Grecian enemies, it ensued not
131 That therefore should ever be intermitted
132 The divine sacrifices, but there were held
133 In every temple the wonted rites.
134 But with greater and more solemn honour
135 Than any other they honoured Pallas
136 In everything, and more than any else tended her.

(18)

137 Wherefore, the lovely time having come which
138 Reclothes the meads with grass and flowers,

(20)

The thingis felle as þei done of werre 134
Bytwix hem of Troy & grekys ful oft
ffor some day boght þey of Troy hit dere
And oft foundyn þe Grekis al vnsoft 137
The folk of Troy & þus fortune a loft
And vndur eft gan hem to whilyn bope
Aftir her cours ay while þey weryn wrope 140

(21)

But how this toun come to destruccioun [*leaf* 5] 141
Ne fallith not now to purpos me to telle
ffor why it were a long digressioun
Of my matere & for yow long to dwelle 144
But þe troianys gestes as þei felle
In homere or in dares or yn dyte
who so can may rede hem as þey wryte 147

(22)

[But though that Grekes hem of Troie shetten] [Harl. 1239]
And her Citee bysegedyn all aboute
The old vsage nold they of troy lettyn
As for to honour her god and to loutyn 151
But alþermoost in honour out of dout
They had a relique hight Palladioun
That was her trust abovyn euerychoun 154

(23)

And so byfel whan comyn was þe tyme 155
Of apparaille whan clopid is the mede
with newe grene of ioly veer þe pryme

derivation of the *Troylus and Cryseyde* from authentic sources, or that of the quaint confidential *bonhomie* which the English poet so gracefully adopted. Recent Chaucerian compatriots and commentators—Mr Robert Bell and Professor Morley—have lifted up such frequent hands of correct and holy horror at the moral obliquities of Boccaccio, in this *Filostrato*, as compared with Chaucer, that it may be fair to inquire whether the Italian does not here show the superior delicacy. Boccaccio tells us at once that the lady had no children; therefore, in her subsequent amours, she cannot have been transgressing any maternal obligations, or entailing any slur upon the offspring of her marriage-bed. Chaucer preferentially leaves the whole question uncertain. It may be added that Benoît de Sainte-More, whose Roman de Troie furnishes the groundwork of Boccaccio's poem, and thence of Chaucer's also, seems to put forward his "Briseida" as never having been married at all: he terms her more than once "la pucele."

141 The Trojan fathers prepared
142 The wonted honours to the fated Palladium.

143 To which feast

143 Both ladies and knights
144 Went together, and all with good will.

(19)

145 Among whom was the daughter of Calchas,
146 Chryseis, who was in a sombre habit;[1]
147 Who, as much as the rose conquers
148 The violet in beauty, so much was she
149 More than other lady beautiful,—and she alone
150 More than other made the great feast glad.

[1] "In bruna vesta"; literally, in a *brown* habit. But this is one of the many passages in old Italian writers which show that this *brown* is to be understood as *dark, sombre, black*.
[2] "Negli atti altiera, piacente, ed accorta." There is in these epithets an aroma which the English does not readily preserve.

151 Standing in the temple very near the door
152 In her air lofty, pleasing, and apt.[2]

(20)

153 Troilus was going as young men
154 Are wont to do, looking about here and there
154-5 In the great temple, and ranging with his companions,

And swete smellyng flouris whit & rede 158
In meny wyse shewyd as y rede
The folk of Troy aftir her observaunces olde
Palladions feest wentyn for to holde 161

(24)

And to þe temple in all her best wyse 162
In general went *every* manere wight
That thryfty was to heryn her servise
And þat so meny a *thousand* lusty knyght 165
So meny a fressh lady & maydyn bryght
ffull wele byseyn the moost & eke þe leest
3e bothe for þe sesoun & eke for þe feest 168

(25)

Among þe which was this Cryseyda 169
In wydowis abyte blak but natheles
Right as our chef lettre ys now A.
In bewte ferst so stood she makeles. 172
Her goodly lokyng gladyd al þe pres
Nas nevere seyn thing to be praysid derre
Ne vndur blak cloud so brigHt a sterre 175

(26)

As she was as þei seydyn echeon [*text* S, *text*] 176
That her byheld in her blak wede
And yet she stode ful low & stil alone
Byhynd oþer folk in litil brede 179
And ny þe dore ay vndur shamys drede
Symple of beryng & debonayr of chere
With a ful seure lokyng & a manere 182

(27)

Dan Troyllus as he was wont to gyde 183
his yonge knyghtis lad hem vp & doun
In that large temple on *every* syde

156 Looking at the pretty women;[1]
159 Being a man who liked one
160 No better than the other, and enjoyed his liberty;
157 And he began to praise now this one, now that,
158 Disparaging also some of them.

(21)

161 Indeed, at whiles, thus going about,
162 Seeing some one who looked hard
163 At some lady, sighing within himself,
164 He laughing pointed him out to his companions,
165 Saying: "That wobegone fellow has cast off
166 His liberty, so grievous was it to him,
167 And has handed it over to *her*:
168 Mark how vain are his thinkings!"

[Troilus continues with some severe reflections on the levity of women; saying that he has suffered woefully from it aforetime, not without amorous enjoyment as well—but he is now out of all such agitations, lives in peace, and can afford to smile at other less fortunate men.]

(25)

198 Without imagining that then for him
199 Was hastening the dart of Love, which so transfixed him.[2]

Byholdyng ay the ladies of þe toun 186
Now here now þere for no deuocioun
had he to none to reuyn hym his rest
But gan to prayse & lak' whom hym lest 189

(28)

And in his walk' ful fast he gan to wayte 190
If' knyght or squyer of' his cumpany
Gan for to sike or lete his eyen bayte
On eny woman þat he couth aspye 193
he wold smyle and hold it folye
And sey hym thus a lord she slepith soft
ffor love of' the whan þow turnyst oft 196

(29)

I have herd told of' your lyvyng' 197
3e louers & your lewde obseruaunce
And such a labour have folk' in wynnyng'
Of love and in kepyng with doutaunce 200
And whan your prey is lost wo & penaunce
O verrey folys may ye no thing se
Kan none of yow yware by other be 203

(30)

And with þat word he gan cast vp his brow 204
Askauns lo is þis not wysely spokyn
But trowe ye not þat love þo lokyd row
ffor þat despite & shope to bene y-wrokyn 207
yes certis lovis bow was not y-brokyn
ffor be myn heed he hit hym at þe fulle
And yet as proud a pecok' he can pulle 210

[1] This item is not given in the edition of the *Filostrato* to which I mostly confine myself—*Opere Volgari di Giovanni Boccaccio, corrette sui Testi a penna*. *Vol.* 13. *Firenze, per Ig. Moutier*, 1831. It is from another edition, *Il Filostrato, Poema di Gio. Boccaccio, ora per la prima volta dato in luce. Parigi, presso Franc. Amb. Didot il Maggiore*, 1789. This last-named edition was produced by Fra Luigi Baroni, and is portentously slipshod. I have to thank Mr Henry Bradshaw, of King's College, Cambridge, (among other courtesies), for warning me against it. Many of its variations have (it seems) no authority whatever: but, in the present instance, it would appear that Baroni followed some MS. corresponding with that which Chaucer consulted, while the very superior edition of Moutier has followed some other MS. to a different effect.

[2] These two lines are also from Baroni's edition.

193 Oh blindness of mortal minds!
194 How often do effects ensue
195 All contrary to our proposing!

(31)

O blynd world o blynd intencioũ (Dan 6) 23
how oft falle al þe effectis contrarie
Of̃ surquyde and *such̃ presumpcioũ*
ffor eaght *is proud & also debonier* *214*
Daun Troylus *is* clumbyn *on þe staire*
And *lytil* wenith þat he must *decendyn*
But ablay faylith that þes folys wenyn 217

(32)

As proud bayard gynnyth for to skip̃ 218
Out of̃ þe wey so prikith hym his corn̄
Til he a lasshe have of̃ þe longe whip̃
Than thenkith he how y prauuce al byforn 221
fferst in the trays ful fat & new y-shorn̄
3et am y but an hors and horsis lawe
I mote endure and as my feris drawe 224

(33)

So ferd it by þat fers and proud knyght 225
Thogh̄ he a worthy kyngis sone were
he wend no thing had had such myght
Ayens his will̃ þat shold his hert stere 228
Ye with a loke his hert was ful fere
þat he þat now was moost yn pryde above
Wax sodenly moost seruaunt vnto love 231

(34)

For-thy ensaumple takith of̃ this man 232
Ye wyse proud & worthy folkys alle
To scorne love which þat so sone can
The fredom of̃ 3our hertys to hym thralle 235
ffor euere was and euer shal by-falle
That love is he þat althing can blynd
ffor nay no man vndo þe lawe of̃ kynd 238

(26)

201 Thus therefore Troilus, going jeering
202 At one and another, and often

(35)

That þis be soth hath previd & doth yet 239
ffor this trow y ȝe knowyn al & some
Men redith not þat folkˢ han gretter wyt
Than þei þat have with love be most y-nome 242
And strengest folkˢ be þerwith ouercome
The worthiest & grettest ofˢ degre
This was & is and ȝet men may it se 245

(36)

And trewly hit syt wele to be so [Troil. I, 400] 246
ffor alþerwysest han therwith be plesyd
And they þat han be althermoost in wo
with love have bene comfortyd and esyd 249
And oft it hath the crewel hert apesyd
And worthy folk made worthier of name
And causith moost to drede vys & shame 252

(37)

Now seth it may not goodly be withstond 253
And is a thingˢ so vertuous ofˢ kynd
Ne grucchith not to love for to be bond
Seth as hym self lestˢ he may yow bynd 256
Betir is þe wand þat bowyn wole & wynd
Than þat that brestith þerfor y ȝow rede
Now folowith hym þat so wele may ȝow lede 259

(38)

But for to telle forth in especiall 260
As ofˢ this kyngis sone ofˢ whom y told
And levyn al oþer thinges collateral
Ofˢ hym thenk y my tale forth to hold 263
Bothe ofˢ his ioy & ofˢ his cares cold
And al his workis as touchyngˢ þis mateve
ffor y hit bygan y wil ther-to refere 266

(39)

With-in þe temple went he forth pleyingˢ 267
This Troylus with every wight about

203 Taking a look now at this lady, now at that,

204 By chance it happened that, among the people,
205 His roving eye reached piercing
206 To where was the charming Chryseis.

(27)

209 She was tall,[1] and to her stature
210 All her members answered well:
211 And in her looks
212 She showed a womanly loftiness.

(28)

217 That action pleased Troilus, the self-intent
218 Which she showed,[2] a little piqued;
213 With her arm she had drawn the mantle aside
214 From her face, making room for herself:
219 As though she said, "May one not stand here?"[3]
220 And he gave himself the more to marking her looks,
221 Which, more than any others, seem to him worthy
222 Of high praise.

[1] Chaucer does not make Chryseis tall: see, in addition to the present passages, Book 6, st. 116. He has followed the authority of Benoit de Sainte-More, and his successor Guido delle Colonne; whereas Boccaccio adheres to the aboriginal description of "Briseis" given by Dares the Phrygian.

[2] "Al tornare Ch'ella fe in se": literally, "at the returning into herself which she made."

[3] This "As though she said" follows on properly after "a little piqued"; the two intermediate lines being above interpolated from the preceding stanza. In my interrogative translation "May one not stand here?" I have conformed to Chaucer: both the editions I know of the Italian, however, punctuate the phrase affirmatively —"*There is* no staying here." The Italian words would remain identically the same, whether purporting interrogation or affirmation.

On this lady and now on that lokyng
whethir she were of toun or without 270
And vp-on cas byfel þat þurgh þat rout
his eye perceyvid and so depe hit went
Til on Cryseyd hit smote & þer it stent 273

(40)

And sodeinly wax wondur sore astonyd 274
And gan her better byhold in bysy wyse
O verrey god þoght he wher hast þou wonyd
þat art so fayr and goodly to devise 277
þer with that his hert gan sprede and rise
And soft he sykyd lest men myght hym here
And caght ayen his ferst pleying chere 280

(41)

She nas not with þe leest of her stature [leaf 5] 281
But al her lymys so wele answeryng
weryn to womanhode that creature
Nas neuere lasse mannyssh in semyng 284
And eke the pure wyse of her meving
She shewyd wele þat men myght in her gesse
honour astate and womanly noblesse. 287

(42)

Tho Troylus right wondur wele with-alle 288
Gan for to lyke her meving & her chere
which sumdel deynous was for she lete falle
her loke a lytil on syde on such manere 291
Askauns what may y not stondyn here
And aftir þat her lokyng gan she light
That neuere thoght hym seth so good a sight 294

(29)

225 Nor did he perceive—he that was so sage
226 A little while before in censuring others—
227 That Love dwelled within the beaming
228 Of those beautiful eyes, with his darts.

(30)

233 This lady under the black mantle pleasing
234 Troilus more than any other, he, without saying
235 What motive so long kept him there,
238 Without disclosing aught to any one,
237 From afar gazed, and gazed as long

239 As the honours to Pallas lasted.

(30, 31)

240 Then, with his companions, he quitted the temple:

245 For that which he had shortly before spoken
246 (Lest the disparaging talk of others should be turned
247 If perhaps the fire were known [against him
248 Into which he had fallen),
244 Keeping his desire well concealed.

(43)

And of her loke in hym þer gan to qwykyn 295
So grete desire with so strong affeccion
That in his hertis botme hit gan to stykyn
Of her his fixe and depe impression 298
And þogh he arst had powrid vp & doun
he was so glad his hornys in to shrynk
vnnethis wist he how to loke or wynk 301

(44)

Lo he þat lete hym self so cunnyng 302
And scornyd hym þat loves peynes dryen
was ful vnware that love had his dwellyng
with-yn the sotil stremys of his eyen 305
þat sodenly hym thoght he shold dyen
Right with her loke þe spirit of his hert
Blessid be love þat can þus folk conuert 308

(45)

She þis in blak likyng to Troylus 309
Oueral thing he stood to byholde
No his desire ne wherfor he stood þus
he neithir chere made ne woord tolde 312
But from ferre her manere to byholde
On oþir thing some tyme his loke he cast
And oft on her whil þat þe servise last 315

(46)

And after this not fully al a-wapyd [*Leaf* 3, *back*] 316
Out of þe temple al esyly he went
Repentyng hym þat he had ought y-iaped
Of lovis folk lest fully the dissent 319
Of scorne fil on hym but what he ment
lest it were wyst on eny manere syde
his woo he gan dissymylyn & eke hyde 322

(32)

249 When Chryseis[1] had thus left the noble temple,
250 Troilus returned to the palace.
253 The better to hide the love-wound,[2]
251 He there in joyous life,
252 With [his companions], stayed a long while.
254 He took a great spell of jeering at lovers

[1] Chaucer, as we see, transfers this to Troilus.
[2] This line, in strictness, belongs immediately to the next but two, "He took a great spell," &c.

(47)

Whan he was þus fro þe temple deportyd
he streight a-none vn-to þe paleys turnith
Right wiþ her look' thurgh shotyn & dartid
Al feynith he in lust þat he soiournith
And al his speche & chere he vnsourmith
And ay of' lovis seruauntis euerywhile
hym self' to were at hem he gan to smyle

(48)

And seyd a lord so ȝe lyve al in lyst
Ye lovyers for þe kunnyngest of ȝow
That servith moost ententiflich and best
hym tyt þerof' as oft' harme as prow
ȝour hire is qwyt a-ȝen ȝe god wote how
Noght wele for wele but scorne for good servys
In feiþ ȝour ordre is rewlyd in good wyse

(49)

In no certeyn bene al *your* observaunces
But hit a sely fewe poyntis be
Ne no þing' askith so grete attendaunces
As doth ȝour lay & þat know al ȝe
But þet is not þe worst so mote y the
But told y which were þe worst y leve
Al seyd y soth ȝe wold at me greve

(50)

Bvt take þis þat ȝe louers oft eschewe
ffor good or done of' good intencion
fful oft thi lady wole hit mysconstrew
And deme hit harme in her opynion
And ȝet if' she for oþer enchesoun
Be wroþe ȝet shalt þow have a groyn anon
lord wel is hym þat may be of ȝow one

[1] "Che altro lo *stringesse*,"—Chaucer's word "*distreynyd*."
[2] Chaucer's line, it will be observed, differs from this, yet seems to have a certain dependence upon it.

254 Then, affecting
253 That something else called him off,[1]
256 He told every one to go whither he would.

(33)

257 And, all being gone, all alone
258 He went to his chamber, where he sat down
259 Sighing, at the bed's foot;
260 And began to think over the pleasure
261 Which he had had that morning in the looks
262 Of Chryseis, and in the true
263 Beauties of her face, numbering them.

(34)

265 He highly commended her air and stature,
266 And esteemed her of very great heart;[2]
267 And great fortune
268 He reputed it to be loved by such a lady;
269 And all the more if, by long care on his part,
270 He might procure that, as much as he loved her,
271 So much he might by her be loved,
272 Or at least not be rejected as a servant.

(35)

273 Imagining that travail or sighing
274 Could not be lost for such a lady;
275 And that his desire ought to be
276 Much praised, were it ever known
277 By any, and hence his pangs
278 Less blamed, being discovered—
279 This argued the happy youth,
280 Ill apprehending his future weeping.

(51)

Bvt for al þis whan þat he saw his tyme [*leave*] 351
he held his pees non oþer bote hym gaynyd
for love bygan his fetheris for to lyme
That wele vnnethe vn-to his folk' he feynid 354
þat oþer bysy nedis hym distreynyd
for wo was hym þat what to do he nyst
But bad his folk' to go wher þat hem lyst 357

(52)

And whan þat he in chaumbre was alone 358
he doun vp-on his beddis feet hym set
And fast' he gan to sike & eke to grone
And þoght on her so ay wiþ-out let 361
þat as he sate & woke his spirit met
þat he her saw in þe temple & al þe wyse
Right of' her loke & gan hit newe avise 364

(53)

Thus gan a mirrour of' his mynde 365
In which he saw al holy her figure
And þat he coup wele in his hert fynde
hit was to hym a right good auenture 368
To love such on & if' he dede his cure
To servyn her 3et might he fal in grace
Or ellis for one of' her seruauntis pace 371

(54)

Ymagyning' þat travaill & game 372
Ne myght for so goodly on be borne
As she ne hym for his desire ne shame
Al were it wyst but yn prise & vpborne 375
Of' alle louers wel more þan byforne
Thus argumentyd he in his bygynnyng'
ful vnauisid of' his wo comyng' 378

(36)

281 Wherefore, disposed to follow up this love,
282 He thought he would work discreetly;
283 Proposing for the first to conceal his ardour
285 From every friend and dependent,
286 Even if this were not finally needful;[1]
287 Reflecting that love confessed to many
288 Earns as recompense annoy and not joy.

(37)

289 And, beyond these, many other things—
290 Whether for avowing, or whether for attracting
291 The lady to him—he proposed to himself:
292 And hence joyful he gave himself to singing,[2]—

295 Hoping well; and he wholly set himself
294 That he would love Chryseis alone.

[1] "Se ciò non bisognasse ultimamente." I understand the meaning of this to be as I have rendered it; but the punctuation of the Italian editions indicates some different sense—being (I suppose) "unless indeed this [*sc.* avowal, although only concealment has been actually mentioned before] should become needful; ultimately reflecting," &c. Chaucer's line appears to follow this same sense.

[2] "E quindi lieto si diede a cantare." Nothing seems to be meant by Boccaccio beyond "singing—chaunting tunes" in lightheartedness. But Chaucer turns it into the composition of a song or poem; which he thereupon proceeds to insert, adapting it, not from Boccaccio, but from the 88th sonnet of Petrarch.

[*This song is a translation of the 88th sonnet of Petrarch:—*

'S'amor non è, che dunque è quel ch' i' sento?
Ma s' egli è amor, per Dio, che cosa e quale?
Se buona, ond' è l'effetto aspro mortale?
Se ria, ond' è si dolce ogni tormento?

(55)

Thus toke he purpos lovys craft to sewe 379
And þoght he wold wirche al privily
ffirst to hide his desire al in mewe
ffrom euery wight born al vtterly 382
But he might ought recoueryd be þerby
Remembring hym þat love to wyde y-blow
Yeldith litil froyt þogh swete sede be sow 385

(56)

And ouer al þis myche more he thoght (*leaf 6, back*) 386
what to speke and what to holdyn yn
And what to artyn her to love he soght
And on a song anone right to bygyn 389
And gan lowd on his sorow þo to wyn
For with good hope he gan þer to assente
Cryseyde for to love and not repente 392

(57)

And of this song not only þis sentence 393
As wryt myn autour callyd lollius
But eke save þat our spechis differens
I dare wel seyn in al that Troylus 396
Sayd in his songe lo euery word right þus
As y shal seyn & ho so lyst it here
lo next þis vers he may hit findyn here 399

The Song of Troylus.

(58) [i.]

Yf no love is good what fele y so 400
And if love is what þing & which is he
If love be good fro whens comith my wo
If he be wykkyd a wonder thinkith me 403
Whens euery turment and aduersite
That comith of love may to me sauery think'
For more thrust y the more þat y drynk' 406

[*Petrarch's 88th Sonnet continued.*]

S'a mia voglia ardo, ond' è 'l pianto e'l lamento?
S'a mal mio grado, il lamentar che vale?
O viva morte, o dilettoso male,
Come puoi tanto in me s'io nol consento?

E s'io'l consento, a gran torto mi doglio.
Fra sì contrari venti, in frale barca
Mi trovo in alto mar, senza governo.

Sì lieve di saver, d'error sì carca
Ch'i' medesmo non so quel ch'io mi voglio,
E tremo a mezza state, ardendo il verno.'

(38)

297 And to Love he said at whiles
298 With piteous speaking: "Lord, now
299 The soul is thine that used to be mine:
300-2 Which pleases me, because thou hast given me to serve—
301 I know not whether to say a woman or rather a goddess.

(39)

305 "Thou, true Lord, abidest in her eyes,
306 As in a place worthy of thy virtue:
307 Wherefore, if my service at all pleases thee,
308 I pray thee procure from those the saving
309 Of my soul."

(59) [ii.]

And if̄ y yn myn owne lust̄ brenne 407
Fro whens comith my weylynḡ & my pleynt
If̄ harme agre me ȝe wherto þan y pleyne
I wote ner why vnwery þat y feynt 410
O qwyk̄ dethe o swete harme so qweynt
How may y se in me such quantite
But if̄ y consent þat hit so be 413

(60) [iii.]

And if̄ þat y consente y wrongfully 414
Compleyne ywis. þus possyd to and fro
All sterles with yn a bote am y
Middis þe see bytwix wyndis too 417
That yn contrarie stondyn euer mo
Alas what þis is a wondre maladye
For hete of̄ cold for cold of hete y dye 420

(61)

And to þe god of̄ love þus seyd he [leaf 7] 421
with pytous voys o lord now your is
þe spiryt which that oght euere youris be
ȝow þonk̄ y lord þat have broght me to þis 424
But whethir goddes or woman she is
y-wis y note which þat ȝe do me serve
But as her man y wil ay lyve and sterve 427

(62)

ȝe stondyn yn her eyen myghtily 428
As in a place vn to ȝour vertue digne
wherfor lord̄ if̄ my servise or y
May likyn ȝow so beth to me benigne 431
For myn astate rial here y resigne
In to her hond & with wel humble chere
Bycome her man as to my lady dere 434

(40)

313 Spared not the royal blood
317 The burning love-flames;
314 Nor virtue nor greatness of soul,
316 Nor prowess;
319 But, catching the new lover,
320 Burned his every part.

(41)

321 So much more from day to day, with thinking
322 And with the pleasure thereof, did he now purvey
323 The dry fuel within his proud heart,
324 And from the beautiful eyes he imagined he drew
325 Sweet water for his severe burning:
326 Wherefore he cunningly sought
327 Many times to see them, nor perceived
328 That all the more by them was the fire lit up.

(42)

332 Day and night, and in all directions,
333 He always went thinking of Chryseis;
334 And "Her excellence and delicate face,"
335 He said, "surpass Polyxena
336 In every beauty, and Helen likewise."

(43)

337 Nor did any hour of the day pass by
338 But that he said to himself a thousand times:
339 "O bright light that enamours my heart,
340 O beautiful Chryseis, would to God
341 That thine excellence, which discolours my face,
342 Would move thee a whit to pity of me!
343 None other but thou can make me glad."

(63)

If hym ne deynyd spare blood riall 435
Tho fere of wherfro God me blesse
Ne hym forbare in no degree for all
his vertu or his excellent prowesse 438
But held hym as þmal low in distres
And brent hym in sundry wyse so nowe
That syxty tymes a day he lost his hewe 441

(64)

So mych day fro day his own thoght 442
For list to her gan quykyn and encrece
That every other charge he set at noght
For-thy ful oft his hoot fere to see 445
To se her goodly look' þan gan he prece
For þer hy to he eyd wele he wende
And ay þe ner he was þe more he brende 448

(65)

For euere ner þe fere þe hatter he is 449
This troupe knowith al þis cumpanye
But were he ferre or nere y dare sey this
By night or day by wyselom or folye 452
his hert which þat is his brestis eye
was euere on her þat fairer was to sene
Than were Eleyne or Polixene 455

(66)

Eke of þe day þer passyd not an hour [leaf 7, back] 456
That to hym self a .Mł. tymes he seyd
God goodly to whom serve y labour
As y best can now wold god Cryseyd 459
Ze wold on me rewe or þat y deyd
My dere hert alas myn hele and hewe
Al my lyst is lost but ze on me rewe 462

(44)

345 Every other thought had fled away—
346 Of the great war and of his own well-being;[1]
347 And in his breast was heard only
348 That one.
350 Solely to cure the love-wounds
351 Was he concerned.

(45)

353 The hard battles and dire assaults
354 That Hector and his other brethren made,
355 Followed by the Trojans, from his amorous thoughts
356 Little or nothing moved him;
357 Although often, in the most perilous
358 Assaults, him before the others they saw
359 Work marvellously in arms.

(46)

361 Nor to this did hate of the Greeks move him,
362 Nor desire that he had of victory
363 To free Troy;
364 But longing for glory,
365 That he might be the more acceptable, caused all this.
367 He became so fierce and strong in arms
368 That the Greeks dreaded him like death.

(47)

369 Love had already taken sleep from him,
370 And diminished his food, and so multiplied his musings
371 That already in his countenance
372 Pallor gave evident sign thereof.
[Yet he put a smiling face on his distresses; and by-standers attributed these to his anxiety concerning the war.]

(67)

Al oþir deles weryn fro hym fled 463
Bothe of the sege and his saluacioñ
Ne in his desire non oþir fantasye bred
But argumentis to this conclusioñ 466
That she on hym wold have passioñ
And he to be her man whil þat he may dure
Io here his lyf & from þe delyt his cure 469

(68)

The sharp shourys til of armes prone 470
That Ector or his brethyrryn deslyn
Ne made hym onys þerfor morne
And yet was he wher so men went or ridyn 473
Found one þe best & lengest to abydyn
Ther peril was and dede eche such travaile
In armys that to thenk it is mervaile 476

(69)

Bot for non hate he to þe grekys had 477
Ne also for þe rescous of the toun
Ne made hym þus in armes for to mad
But only lo for this conclusioun 480
To likyn her þe betre for his renoun
Fro day to day in armys so he sped
That al þe grekis as þe deth hym dred 483

(70)

[2]And fro þis forth þo reft hym love his slepe 484
And made his mete his fo and ek his sorwe
gan multiplye that who so toke keepe
It shewed in his hewe hope ene and morwe 487
þer-fore a^title he gan him for to borwe
Of oþer siknesse / lest men of him wende
þat þe hote fir of love him brende[2] 490

[1] "Salute." Chaucer's rendering, "saunciuñ," would seem to mean "salvation" in the ecclesiastical sense, and so does "salute" constantly; but not, I think, in the present instance—rather (in the direct sense of the word) "well-being, health."

[2] [*From MS. Harl.* 2280, *leaf* 6, *back*. *Not in Harl. MS.* 2943.]

(48)

377 And which it was is not quite certain to us—
378 Whether Chryseis perceived it not,
380 Or dissembled the knowing it:
381 But this is very clear and manifest,
382 That she seemed to care nothing
383 For Troilus or for the love he bore her.

(49)

385 Hence did Troilus feel such woe
386 That it could not be told; sometimes fearing
387 That Chryseis might be taken by another love,
388 And, on account of that despising him,
389 Would not receive him as her servant;—
390 Scheming in himself full a thousand methods,
391 If he can see to make her feel
392 Honourably his hot desire.

(50)

393 So, whenever he had any space,
394 He went lamenting to himself of love,
395 Saying inwardly: "Troilus, now art thou caught,
396 Thou that wast wont to jeer at others,
397 None of them was ever so consumed as thou. [scorn
399 Now art thou taken in the snare which thou didst so
400 In others, and hast not warded off from thyself.

(51)

401 "What will be said of thee among other lovers,
402 Were this thy love known?
403 They will all jeer at thee, [discretion
404 Saying among themselves: 'Here now is the man of
405-6 Who used to be biting against our sighs and amorous
407 Be Love praised for it, [plaints:
408 Who has now brought him to such a pass!'

(71)

And seyd he had a feuere & ferd a mys 491
But how it was certeyn y can not sey
If þat his lady vndirstode not this
Or feynyd her she one or twey 494
But wele rede y þat by no manere wey
Ne semyd hit as she of hit roght
Or of his peyne or what so euere he þoght 497

(72)

But than felte Troilus suche wo *[leaf 8, in the late hand again]* 498
þat was welnygh woode / for all his drede
was this þat she hym had in love so
That of hym she wolde haue taken hede 501
For that hym thoght he felte his hert blede
Ne of his wo ne durst he nat begynne
To tell her for all this worlde to wynne 504

(73)

But whan he a space fromе his care 505
thus to hym silf full offte he ganne compleyn
And saide foole now arte þou in the snare
that somtyme lapedist at lovers peyn 508
Now arte þou hent now gnowe thyn own cheyn
Thow euer wer wonte eche lover reprehende
Of thing fromе which þou canst þe nat diffende 511

(74)

What will now euerych louere say of the 512
If this be wist but euer in thyn absence
laugh in skorne and say now ther goth he
That is the man of so grete sapience 515
and helde us lovers leste in Reuerence
now thankid be god he may go in the dawnce
Of them þat love list febly to Auaunce 518

(53)

409 "And wert thou now, O woful Troilus,
410 Since it was fixed that love thou must,
411 Captived by one who but a little only
412 Should feel of love, that thou be comforted!
413 But she thou weepest for
414 Stands thus,
415 Cold as ice freezes in the open air,
416 And I like snow at the fire dissolve!

(54)

425 "And were I now but arrived at the port
426 To which my ill-fortune carries me!
427 This would be to me grace and great comfort,
428 For, dying, I should be rid of all pain.
429 But, if my trouble, which no one has noticed
430 As yet—if it be discovered—fall
431 Will my life be of a thousand scorns a day,
432 And I shall be called crazier than any.

(55)

433 "Oh help me, Love! And thou for whom
434 I weep, caught more than ever any,
435 Oh be pitiful a little to him!
436 Who loves thee far better than his life!
437 Turn now thy beautiful face towards him!
440 Oh deny me not this grace!"

(57)

449 Then said he many other words,
450 He wept and sighed, and her name
451 He called.

454 To her
455 None of it reached: whence his torment
456 Multiplied every day a hundredfold.

(75)

But O thow wofull Troylus god wolde 519
Sith thou must love thorugh thy Destyne
That besett on suche one þat shulde
Knowe all thy woo all lakkid hir pitee 522
but as coldc in love towardis the
Thy bodie is as froste in wyntris moone
And thou fordone as froste in snow soone 525

(76)

God wolde I were arryued in the porte 526
Of Deth to which my sorow will me lede
O lorde to me it were a gret comforte
Than were I quytt of all languyssshyng in drede 529
for be my hid sorowe yhidowen in bredc
I shall lapid ben a thousande tyme
more than he of whos foly men Ryme 532

(77)

But now helpe God and ye swete for whome [*Leaf 8, back.*]
I pleyn taught ye neuer wighte so fast
O mercy dere herte & helpe me fromc
the deth for I will while þat my liff may last 536
more than my silf will love you in last
And with som frendly looke gladith me swete
Yeve neuer no thyng mor ye me behete 539

(78)

These wordis and full many other mo 540
he spak & clepid euer in his compleynte
Crisseide for to telle hir his woo
Till nygh that he in salte teris dreynte 543
All was for nought she herde nat his compleynt
And whan þat he bithought hym of this foly
A thowsande fowlde his sorowe gan multiply 546

BOOK II. STANZA 1.

1 Troilus being in this wise one day alone,
2 Pensive in his chamber,
3 There came in a young man of Troy :[1]
5 Who, seeing him on his bed
6 Lying at length and all in tears,
7 "What is this," he cried, "dear friend?
8 Has the bitter time already so vanquished thee?"

[1] Boccaccio here adds "of high lineage and very valiant;" but does not for the moment give the name of Pandarus—it appears in the reply of Troilus.

(II. 2)

9 "Pandarus," said Troilus, "what fortune
10 Has brought thee hither to see me die?
11 If our friendship has any strength,
12 Be pleased to depart hence;
13 For I know that painful more than any other
14 Thing it will be to thee to see me die:
15 And I am not to remain any longer in life.

(79)

BEwaillyng thus in his chambre allone
A frende of his þat clepid was Pandare
Cam in vnware & herde hym thus grone
And sawe his frende in suche distres & care
Allas quod he who causith all this fare
O mercy god what vnhapp may this mene
have now so soone Grekis made you lene

(80)

Or hast þou som Remors of conscience
And erte now fallen in some Devocioun
And wailist for thi synne and thyn offence
And hast for ferde caught attricioun
god sane them þat haue besiegid our town
And so can lay our folytee in presse
And bryng our lusty folke in to holynesse

(81)

Thes wordis saide he for þe nonys alle
that with som thyng he myght hym Angry make
And with an Angre to do sorow falle
As for the tyme and his courage wake
But wel wist he as ferre tunges spake
Ther nas a man of gretter hardynesse
than he ner more desired worthynesse

(82)

What cas quod Troylus what auenture [leaf 9: the old hand begins again] hath gydid the to se my langwysshyng
That am refusid of euery creature
But for þe love of god at my praying
Go hens a wey for certis my deying
Wole þe dissese and y mote nedis dey
Therfor go hens ther is no more to sey.

(II. 3)

17 "Nor think thou that Troy besieged,
18 Or travail of arms, or any fear,
19 Is cause of my present distress:
20 This is my least care among others,
21 Something else constrains me to long even to die,
22 Whence I lament my misery.
23 What this may be, friend, concern not thyself;
24 For I keep it unspoken for the best, and tell thee not of it."

(II. 4)

25 The pity of Pandarus then increased.

27 Wherefore he continued: "If our friendship,
28 As was wont, is now a pleasure to thee,
29 Discover to me what is the cruelty[1]
30 Which makes thee so wishful to die:
31 For it is not a friend's act to keep aught
32 Hidden from his friend.

(II. 5)

33 "I will share with thee those sorrows,
34 If I cannot give comfort to thy distress;[2]
35 Because it is right with a friend
36 To share everything, distress and gladness:
37 And I think thou knowest well
38 Whether I have loved thee, through right and wrong."

(II. 6)

41 Troilus heaved then a great sigh,
42 And said: "Pandarus, since thou art fain
43 Yet to hear my pangs,
44 I will tell thee briefly what undoes me:
45 Not that I hope that to my desire
46 Any end or quiet may be set by thee,
47 But solely to satisfy thy great beseeching,
48 Whereto I know not how I should give a denial.

[1] Note the difference in the turn of the sentence, as adapted by Chaucer.

(83)

Bvt if þow wene y be þus sike for dredo 575
hit is not so and therfor scorne me not
Ther is a nopir thing y take of hede
Mor þan oght the grekys han yet wroght 578
which cause is of my deth for sorow & þoght
But þogh y tel hit not the now at leest
Be thow not wroth y hide hit for the best 581

(84)

Pandare that ny malt for wo & roupe 582
ful oft seyd alas what may þis be
Now frend quod he if euere love or trouthe
hath bene or is bytwix the and me 585
Ne do thow neuer such a cruelte
To hyde fro þi frend so grete a care
Wost þow not wele þat it am y pandare 588

(85)

I wil partyn with þe al thy peyne 589
If hit be so y do the eny comfort
As is frendis right for to seyne
To entreparty̆n wo as gladly as disport 592
I have and shal for trew or fals report
In wrong & right y lovid þe al my lyve
hyde not fro me thy woo but telle it blyve 595

(86)

Tho gan þis sorowful Troylus to syke 596
And seyd hym þus god leve it be my best
To telle hit þe seth it may the like
yet wole y tel it þe or þat myn hert to-brest 599
And wele wote y þow may do me no rest
But lest þow deme y trust not to the
Now herk frend for þus hit stant with me 602

[2] And here again.

(II. 7)

49 "Love, against which he who strives
50 Is the sooner taken, and he struggles in vain,
51 So kindles my heart with a lovely face
52 That, for that, I have put far from me
53 Every other; and this so much perturbs me
54 (As thou mayst see) that hardly
55 Have I a thousand times withheld my hand
56 From taking away my life.

(II. 8)

57 "Let it suffice thee, my dear friend,
58 To hear this of my sorrows, which never
59 Before did I reveal: and I implore thee by God
61 That thou discover not this desire to others,
62 For great annoy might thence ensue to me.
63 Thou knowest what thou didst wish: go, and leave
64 Me here to battle with my woe."

(II. 9)

65 "Oh!" said Pandarus, "how couldst thou
66 So long keep such a fire hidden from me?
67 For I would have given thee counsel or aid,
68 And found out some means for thy repose."
69 To whom said Troilus: "How
70 Should I have had it from thee? For I have always
seen thee wobegone [therefrom:
71 For love, and thou know'st not how to help *thyself*
72 How then dost thou think to content me?"

(II. 10)

73 Pandarus said: "Troilus, I acknowledge
74 That thou sayst the truth. But it often happens
75 That he who knows not to protect himself from the
poison
76 Can by good counsel keep others safe:
77 And the blear-eyed has ere now been seen to go
78 Where the clear-sighted goes not well:
79 And, though a man may not adopt good counsel,
80 He may be able to give it in others' peril.

(87)

Love a-yens þe which he so offendith [*leaf 8, back*] 603
hym self moost altherlest availleth
which dispair so sorowfully me offendith
That streight vn to þe deth myn hert sailleth 606
Therto desire so brennyng massailith
That to be sleyn hit were a gretter ioy
To me þan kyng to be of greee and troy 609

(88)

Svffiseth this my ful frend Pandare 610
That y have seyd for now wost þou my wo
And for þe love of god the cold care
So hide it wele y told it neuer to mo 613
ffor harmys might folowyn mo þan two
If it were wist but be þow in gladnes
And lete me sterve vnknow of my distres 616

(89)

How hast þou þus vnkyndelich and longe 617
hid this fro me þow folo quod Pandarus
Peraventure þow mayst aftir such on longe
That myn avys anon may helpyn vs 620
This were a wondur þing quod Troylus
þow coudist neuere yn love þi self wisse
how devil mayst þou þan loing me to blys 623

(90)

Je Troillus herk me quod Pandare 624
Thogh I be nys hit happith oftyn so
That one þat excesse doth ful evil fare
By good conneeil can kepe his frend þer fro 627
I have my self sene a blynd man go
Ther as he felle that loke cowd wyde
A fole may eke a wyse man oft gyde 630

(II. 11)

81 "I have loved with evil fortune.

['My unrequited love still endures; I am so unlucky in it because I did not—as you have done—keep it secret.']

(91)

A wheston is no kervyng instrument
But hit makith sharp kervyng toles
And þat þou wost y have oght myswent
Eschew þow þat for such þing to þe scole is
Thus oght wyse men be ware by folis
If þow so do þi wit is wele by-waryd
By his contrarie is euery thing declarid

(92)

For how myght euere swetnes have be know [*Skeat* 16]
To hym þat neuere tastyd bitternes
Ne no man wote what gladnes is y trow
That neuere was yn sorow ne distres
Eke white by blak shame by worthines
Eche set by oþer more for oþer semith
As men may se so thes clerkis demith

(93)

Seth þis of two contraries is a lore
That y have in love so oft assayed
Greuaunces me oght to know wel þe more
Counceyllyn þe oft þat þou art dysmayed
And eke þow oghtist not ben evil a-payed
Thogh y desire with þe for to bere
Thin hevy charge hit shall þe lesse dere

(94)

Y wote wel þat it farith þus by me
As to thi brothere Parys an hyeelesse
which þat y-clepid was Tynome
wrote y a compleynt of her hevynes
3e sey þe lettre that she wrote y gesse
Nay neuer yet quod Troylus
No quod Pandare herkenith it was þus

(II. 13)

103 "And I, as thou knowest, against my will
104 Love, nor can my sorrow be diminished nor increased,

(II. 11)

87 "Nor shall there ever be
88 Any to know what may be told me by thee.

(II. 12)

89 "Therefore, my friend, feel sure
90 Of me, and tell me who is cause to thee
91 Of this so distressful and hard life;
92 Nor ever be in fear of my reprehending
93 Love; for
95 Love cannot be reft from the heart,
96 Unless for long while unknit, of itself.

(95)

Phebus that first foundour art of medicine 639
Quod she & couth in euery wightis care
Remedy & rede by herbes he knew fyne
Yett to hym self his cunnyng was ful bare 642
ffor love hym had boundyn in a snare
Al for þe doghtir of kyng Amete
þat his craft ne cowd his sorowis bet 645

(96)

Right so fare y vnhappy for me' 646
I love one best & þat me smertith sore
And yet pereauntre can y reslyn the
And not my self reprove þow me nomore 649
I have no cause y wote wele to sore
As doth an hawk þat listith for to pley
But to þi help yet sumwhat can y sey 652

(97)

And of o thing right sikir mayst þow be [*Vers 18, back*] 653
That certeyn for to deyen in the peyne
That y shal neuermore discouere the
Ne be my trouþe y kepe not restreyne 656
The frow thy love þogh it were Eleyne
þat is þy brotheris wyf þogh þat y wist
Be what she be and love her as þe lyst 659

(98)

Therfor as frend fully y me assure 660
And tel me plat what is thenchesoun
And final cause of wo þat þow endure
ffor doutith no thing myn intencion 663
Nis not to yow of reprehencion
To speke now seth no wight may byreve
A man to love til that hym lest byleve 666

(II. 13)

97 "Leave thine anguish, leave sighing,
98 And by speaking mitigate the pain:
99 Thus doing, the pangs pass off.

100 "And the burning also diminishes much
101 When he that is a lover
102 Sees companions to himself in the like desires."

(99)

And wytith wele that both to be vices
Mistrowyn all or ellis al to leve
But wele y wote the mene no vice is
ffor to trust sum wight is a preve
Of^ trouþe & for þi wold y fayn remeve
Thy wrang^ conceyte & do þe sum wight trist
Thy wo to tel to me if the lyst

(100)

The wise seith wo is hym þat is alone
ffor and he fal he hath non help to rise
And seth þou hast a felaw tel þi mone
ffor this certein is not þe next wise
To wynnyn love as techyn vs þe wyse
To walwe and wepe as dede Niobe þe qwene
whos teris yet in þe marble bene yscne

(101)

Let be þi weppyng & þi dreirinesse
And lete vs lessyn wo wiþ oþer speche
So may þi woful tyme sone lesse
Delite not in wo thy wo to seche
As done þes folis that sorow seche
with sorow whan they have misaventure
And list not to seche hem oþir cure

(102)

Men seyn to wrecche is consolacion [*leaf* 11]
To have a noþer felaw in his payne
That oght be wele our opynion
ffor boþe þow and I of^ love we pleyn
So ful of^ sorow am y þe soþe to seyn
That certeynly no more hard grace
May sit on me for why þer is no space

(II. 15)

121 Troilus remained for awhile in suspense.

[He confesses that the lady he loves is a relative of Pandarus. Shamefaced and overcome, he falls back on the bed, hiding his countenance.]

(103)

A god wil þou art not agast of me
lest y wold þe of þi lady begile
Thow wost þi self whom þat y love parde
As y best can seth gone long while
And seth þow wost y do it for no wyle
And seyst y am he þow tristist most
Tel me sum what seth þat my wo þou wost

(104)

3et Troylus for al þis no word seyd
But long he lay stil as he dede were
And aftir þis with sighyng he vpbrayd
And to Pandaris vois he bent his ere
And vp his eyen cast he þat in fere
was Pandarus lest þat in frenesie
he shold falle or ellis sone die

(105)

And cried a-wake ful wondurly & sharpe
what slumbrist þow as yn a litargie
Or arte þow lyk' an asse vn to an harpe
That herith soun whan men on strengis pley
But in his mynd of' þat no melody
May synkyn in to gladyn for þat he
So dul is in his bestialite

(106)

And with þis Pandare of' his woordis stynt
And Troylus no thing' 3et hym answerd
ffor why to tellyn was not his entent
To no man for why þat he so ferd
ffor hit is seyd men makyn oft a yerd
with which þe maker is hym self' ybetyn
In sundry maner as þes wise men tretyn

(107)

And namely in his counceil tellyng [*Scogf II, Sarah*]
That touchith love þat ought to be secre
ffor of hym self it wole y now out springe
But if hit þe bet gouernyd be
Eke it is craft some tyme to seme sle[1] [1 *Sco*]
ffor thy with[2] yn effect men huntith fast [2 *For Chaucer whilst*]
Al this in hert gan Troylus cast.

(108)

But nathcles whan he had herd hym crie
Awake he gan sighyn wondur sore
And seyd frend þogh þat y stil lye
I am not defe now pees & crye no more
ffor y have herd þi wordis & thi lore
But lete me myn infortune waylyn
ffor thy prouerbis may not me avaylyn

(109)

Ne othir cure canst þow for me
Eke y nel be curyd y wol dye
what know y of þe qwene Neolo
let be þin old ensaumplis y þe prey
Nay quod Pandare therfor y sey
Such is delite of folis to be-wepe
Her wo but seche bote þei ne kepe

(110)

Now know y that reson in the faillith
But telle me if y wist what she were
ffor whom þat al þis mysauenture aylith
Trist þow þat y told it in her ere
Thy wo seth þow darst not þi self for fere
And her bysoght on þe to have soumme rouþe
why nay quod he by gesl & by my trouþe

(111)

What not as bysily quod Pandarus
As þogh myn owne lyf lay on þis nede
why no pardie sir quod Troylus
And why for þat þow sholdist neuere spede
wost þow þat wel / þe þat is out of drede
Quod Troylus for al þat euere ye conne
She wole to no such wrecch as y be won

(112)

Quod Pandarus alas what may þis be [*leaf 10*]
That þow despayrid art thus causeles
what liueth not þi lady benedicite
how wost þow so þat þow art graceles
Such evil is not al woy boteles
why put not þus impossible thi cure
Such thing to come is oft in auenture

(113)

I grounte wele þat þow endurist wo
As sharp as doth the Siciphus in helle
whos stomake foulis tyrin euermo
That hightyn vulturus as bokis telle
But y may not endure that þow duelle
In so vnskilful an opinioun
That of þi wo is no curacioun

(114)

But ones nelt þow for þi coward hert
And for thin yre and folisshe wilfulnes
And wantrowist to telle of þi sorowis smert
Ne to thyn owne help do bysines
As mych as speke o word more or lesse
But lyest as he that lyst of no þing recche
what woman cond love such a wrecche

(115)

What may she demyn oþer of thi dethe
If þow thus dy and she note whi it is
But þat for fere is yoldyn vp thi brethe
ffor grekis have bysegid vs y-wis
lord such a thong þan þou shalt have for þis
þus shul we seyn and al þe toun at ouis
The wrecche is dede the devil have his lanis

(116)

þou mayst alone here wepe knele & cry
But love a woman that she wote it noght
And she wole qwyte hit þat þou shalt not fele
vnknow vnkyst & lost þat is vnsoght
what meny a man hath love ful dere a-boght
Twenty wyntir þat his lady wist
þat neuer yet his lady mouth he kyst

(117)

What shold he þerfor hym self dispeire [*leaf 12, back*]
Or be recreaunt of his owne tene
Or sle hym self alle his lady feire
Nay nay but euere in one be fresshe & grene
To serve and loue his dere hertis qwene
And thenk it is a guerdon her to serve
A M^l^ fold more þan he can deserue

(118)

And of that word take heed Troylus
And þoght a-none what foly he was yn
And how that sothe hym seyd Pandarus
þat for to sle hym self myght he not wyn
But done vnmanhode and syn
And of his dethe his lady not to wyte
ffor of his wo god wote she knew but lyte

(119)

And with þat þoght he gan ful sore to sike
And seyd alas what is me best to do
To whom Pandare answerd if^t^ the like
The best is þat þow telle me thi woo
And hane my trouþe but if þow fynd it so
I be thi bote or þat it be ful long
To preis do me drawe & sothyn hong

(120)

Yo so sorist þow quod Troylus þo alas
But god wote it is not þe rathir so
fful hard were it to helpyn in þis cas
ffor wele fynd y þat fortune is my fo
Ne al the men that ride kun or go
May of^t^ her cruel wil þe harme withstond
ffor as her lyst she pleyth wiþ fre & bond

(121)

Quod Pandaras þan blamyst þou fortune
ffor þow art wrothe now at þe ferst y so
wost þou not wele that fortune is comune
To euery manere wight in some degre
And þow hast disconfort lo pardo
That is her ioyes notyn owergone
So mote her sorowes passyn euerichone

(122)

For if^t^ her whole stynt euy þing to turne [leaf 12]
That sesid fortune for to be
Now such wele by no wey may soiourne
what wost þow if^t^ her mutabylite
Right as thy self^t^ lest wil do by the
Or þat she be not fer fro thy helpyng^e^
Perauntur þow hast cause for to syng^e^

[1] (l. 168) "Valore"—which might with equal verbal accuracy be translated "worth" or "valour." I think "high spirit" expresses the general conception fairly; but it is not always, in such cases, easy to decide.

(II. 16)

127 "If she whom thou lovest were my sister,
128 Thou shalt, to my ability, have thy pleasure of her.

(II. 17)

129 "Rise up: tell me—tell who is this:
130 Tell it me fast, so that I may see a way
131 To thy comforting."

[II. 17. 'Is the lady an inmate of my own house? If she is the one I am thinking of, I suspect you will be consoled within a week.' Troilus still remains bowed down with shame, but at last prepares to speak. He says that love has no regard of persons: it has even been seen that brothers have loved their sisters—sisters their brothers—daughters their fathers—daughters-in-law their fathers-in-law—stepmothers their stepsons.]

(II. 20)

157 "Love—and this grieves me much—
158 Has possessed me for thy cousin,
159 I say for Chryseis." And, having said this,
160 Weeping he fell prostrate on the bed.

(II. 21)

161 When Pandarus heard her named,
162 He said thus laughing: "My friend,
163 I pray thee by God, be not disconsolate.
164 Love has there bestowed thy desire
165 Than where he could not have allotted it better:
166 For she in truth is worth it, if I
167 Understand character, or greatness
168 Of soul, or high spirit,[1] or beauty.

(123)

And þerfor wost þou what y the byseche
lete be þi woo & turnyng to þe ground
ffor who so lyst have helyng of his bale
To hym byhouith ferst vnwry his wound
To Cerberus yn hell ay be y bound
wer it my sustir for whom þou makist þis sorow
By my wil she should be þin to morow

(124)

Loke vp y sey telle me what she is
Anone þat y may go about thy nede
Know y ought her for my love tell me þis
Than wold y hope þe mthir for to spede
Than gan þe vayne of troylus to blede
ffor he was hit & wax al rede for shame
A ha quod Pandare here bygynnith a game

(125)

And with þat word he gan hym for to shake
And seid thef þow shalt her name telle
But þo gan sely Troylus for to quake
And þogh men should have led hym to helle
And seyd alas of al my wo the welle
Than is my swete fo callyd Cryseyd
And wel ny with þe word for fere he deyd

(126)

And whan þat Pandare herd her name neuene
Tho was he glad and seyd frend so dere
Now fare a right for Iovis name in hevene
love hath byset þe wele be of good chere
ffor of good name wysdom & manere
She hath y-now and eke of gentilnesse
If she be fair þou wost þi self y gesse

(II. 22)

"No woman was ever more high-spirited,[1]
None was more cheerful and better-spoken,
None more attractive nor more gracious,
None of greater soul, among as many
As ever lived: nor is there any so lofty a thing
That she would not undertake as far forth
As any king.

[II., st. 23, l. 1. "'One only thing, beyond the aforesaid, has my cousin, that may be somewhat contrary to thee: she is the correctest of women [*più che altra donna onesta*], and the one who most looks down upon love. But, if this is our only obstacle, believe me, I, with my sugared words [*parolette*], will so deal with it as to content thee.]

[1] "Valorosa:" I do not think it at all indicates "bounteuouse of her astate," as rendered by Chaucer.

(127)

Ne y neuere saw a more bounteuouse [Deef 13, Sacc] 883
Of her astate ne glader of speche
A frendlier ne a more graciouse
ffor to do wele ne lasse had nede to seche 886
what for to done and al this bet to eche
In honour to aseve as she may strecche
A kyngis hert sealith by her a wreeche 889

(128)

And for þi loke of good comfort þow be 890
ffor certeinly the ferst poynt is this
Of noble corage and wele ordeyne
A man to have pees wiþ hym self y-wis 893
So oghtist thow for good it is
To love wele and in worthy place
The oght not to clepe hit hap but grace 896

(129)

And also thenk and þerwiþ glade the 897
That seth þi lady vertuous is al
So folowith hit þat þer is some pite
Among al the oþer vertus in special 900
And for-thy se þat þow in special
Requere not þat is a-gens her name
ffor vertu streechith not hym self to shame 903

(130)

Bvt wele is me þat euere y was born 904
That þow byset art in so good a place
ffor be my trouthe in love y durst have sworn
The shold neuer betyd so fair a grace 907
And west þow why for þou were wont to chace
At love in scorne & for despyt hym calle
Seynt Idiote lord of þes folis alle 910

(131)

How oft hast þou made þi nice iapis
And seyd þat loves seruauntis euerychon
Of nycete be verrey goddis apys
And some wold mouche her brede alon
lying in bed and make hem for to grone
And some þow seydist had a blaunch feuere
And peeydist good he should neuere keuere

(132)

And some of hem toke on hem for the cold [*leaf 14*]
More þan y-now so seydist þou ful oft
And some have feynid oft tyme & told
how þei wake whan her love slepe soft
And þus þei have broght hem self a loft
And naþeles were vndur at the last
Thus seydist þow and ynþeliest ful fast

(133)

3et seydist þou that for the more part
Thes faytours wold speche in generall
And þoghtyn þat it was a sikir art
flor fullyng for cosyng ouer al
Now may y iape of þe if þat y shal
But nathelos if that y should dye
þat now þou art mote of þo y durst sey

(134)

Now bete þi brest & sey to god of love
Thi grace lord for now y me repent
If y mispak' for y my self y love
Thus sey wiþ al þin hert in good entent
Quod Troylus a lord y me consent
An pray to þe my iapis to foryeve
And y shal euermore whil þat y lyve

(135)

Thow seist wele quod Pandare & now y hope
That þou the goddis wrathe hast al apesid
And seth þou hast wept meny a drope
And seid such þing wiþ which þi god is plesid
Now wold god neuere but þow were esyd
& þenk' wel she of whom rist al thy wo
here aftir may thy comfort be also

(136)

For thilk' ground þat berith þe wedis wyk'
Berith eke þes holsom herbis & ful oft
Next þe foul nettle roghe and thik'
The lilie wexith white smothe & soft
And next þe valey is the hil a loft
And next the derk night þe glad morow
And also ioy is next þe fine of sorow

(137)

Now loke þat þou attempre be thy bridlil [*leaf 14, back*]
And for the best ay suffre to the tyde
Or ellis alle our labour is on ydlil
he hastith wele þat wisely can abyde
Be diligent & trew and alwey hide
Be lusty fre perseuere in thy servise
And al is wele if þow work on þis wise

(138)

But he þat partyd is in euery place
Is nowher hool as writyn clerkys wyse
What wondir is þogh such on have no grace
Eke wost þou how it farith of love servise
As plante a tre or herbe in sundry wise
And on þe morow pul it up as blyve
No wondir is þogh it may neuere thrive

(II. 24)

185 "Thou mayst well see therefore that Love has set thee
186 In a place worthy of thy desert:
187 Then stand fast in the deed proposed,
188 And have good hope of thy well-being.—
189 Which I think will soon ensue,
190 If thou with thy plaints refuse it not:
192 And I will employ herein all my wits.

[II., st. 24, l. 7. "'Thou art worthy of her, and she of thee.

(II. 27)

209 "I think for certain that every woman, in wish,
210 Lives amorous,

II., st. 25. "'Suppose not, Troilus, that I do not clearly see that such amours are unbefitting to a lady of character; or that I am blind to what will be the result to myself, and to her and hers, if such a thing ever reaches the mouth of the vulgar; a thing which, through our folly, has become opprobrious, whereas it used to be true honour, being done for love. But, seeing that desire is impeded

[*turn to p. 37, at top*]

(II. 28)

219 "I can give the like comfort to both;

218 I can please her, and both of you;
217 Perceiving thee wise and discreet,
220 [And] since you will both have to keep it secret,
221 And it will be as though it were not."

(139)

And seth god of love hath þe bystowid 967
In place digne vn to thy worthines
Stond fast for to good port þou hast rowyd
And of thy self for eny hevines 970
hope alwey wele for but if drerines
Or ouer hast our bothe labour shend
I hope of this to make a right good ende 973

(140)

And wost þou why y am lasse afeerid 974
Of þis matere with my nece to trete
For þis have y herd sey of old leriid
was neuere man ne woman yet bygete 977
þat was vnapt to suffre lovis hete
Celestial or ellis love of kynd
For þi some grace in her y hope to fynd 980

(141)

And for to speke of her in speciall 981
her bewte to bythenkyn & her youthe
hit sit her not to be celestiall
As yet/ þogh her bothe lest and couthe 984
But Troylus hit sat her wel right nouþe
A worthy knyght to love and cherice
And but she do y hold her but a vice 987

(142)

Therefor y am & wole al day be redy [*read* is] 988
To peyne me to do yow þis servise
For hope yow to plese this hope y
her-aftirwardis for ye be bothe wyse 991
And kun it counceil kepe in such wyse
þat no man þerof shal the wyser be
And so we may be gladyd al thre 994

[*continuation* of II, st. 25, *on p.* 36]

in action, and every like is not known,[1] I think it may be laid down that every lover is entitled to follow his lofty longing, if only he be prudent in deed and seeming—without any shame to those whose shame and honour are their own affairs.]

[II., st. 27, l. 2. "'Nothing but fear of shame restrains any woman; and, if full medicine can without loss of credit be given to such a malady, foolish is she who does not discard the fear, and I think the pain can't hurt her much. My cousin is a widow, and she desires; and, were she to deny it, I would not believe her.'"]

[1] "Ma, perciocchè 'l dirlo s' è impedito
All' operare, e tutto sbigliante
Non conosciuto."

I am not clear as to the meaning of these lines, or the drift of the argument of Pandarus. I rather understand him to mean: "True love ought not to be thwarted, and congenial souls ought not to be kept apart." An early instance of the philosophy of "Wahlverwandtschaften."

(II. 29)

225 Troilus hearkened to Pandarus, so contented
226 In his mind that he seemed to himself
227 Already well-nigh out of all his torment,
228 And was the more re-kindled in his love.

[II., st. 29, l. 6-8. Troilus said: "'I believe what thou sayst of her; but in my eyes the attempt seems too great.[2]]

[2] "Ma troppo ne par più agli occhi miei." Possibly the real meaning is, "But *she* is thereby all the more lofty, in my eyes."

(II. 30)

233 "Yet how shall the fire wane
234 Which I bear within?
[II., st. 30, l. 2-3. "'I never saw that she was conscious of my love.]
237-8 "Through timidity with thee, she will condemn this
236 She will not believe it if thou sayest it. [passion:
["'And, even if she had it in her heart, yet, to seem chaste in thine eyes,]
240 "She will not listen to thee."

(143)

And by my trouþe y have right now of the
A good conseyt in my wit as y gesse
And what it is y wil now þat þow se
And thenk seth love of his goodnes
hath þe conceytid out of wykkydnes
That þou shalt be the best post yleue
Of al his lay & most his foes greve

(144)

Ensample se now why þes grete clerkys
That are althermost a-yens the lawe
And be conuertid from her wikkid werkis
Thurgh grace of god þat lest heu to hym drawe
They are the folk that have most god in awe
And strengest feithid be y vndirstond
And kun an errour alþermost withstond

(145)

Whan Troillus had herd Pandare assentyd
To be his help in lovyng of Cryseyd
He wax of his wo as who seiþ vnturmewtid
But hatter wax his love & þan he seyd
With sobre chere al þogh his hert pleyd
Now blisful Venus now help or þat y sterve
Of þe Pandare y mow some þonk deserve

(146)

Bvt dere frend how shal my wo be lesse
Tul þis be done & eke now telle me this
how wilt þow seyn of me & my distresse
lest she be wroth þis dredc y most ywys
Or nel not here or trow how it is
Al þis dredc y and eke for the manere
Of þe her cem she nel no such þing here

(II. 32)

259 "Leave me to act."

(II. 31)

241 "And, besides this, Pandarus, I should not wish
242 Thee to fancy that I desire
243 From such a lady any dishonour."[1]

[II., st. 31, l. 4. "'But I should only wish that she might be pleased to let me love her: this would be to me a sovereign grace, could I attain it. Ask for this, and more I solicit not of thee.'"]

(II. 32)

249 To whom answered Pandarus laughing,

[II., st. 32, l. 3. 'I am an adept in love-affairs, and have managed more difficult things in my time.']

255 "This labour shall all be mine,
256 And I will have the sweet end of it be thine."

(II. 33)

257 Troilus lightly threw himself to the floor
258 From the bed, embracing and kissing him;
259 Swearing afterwards that to conquer the Grecian war
260 In triumph would be nothing to him.

[1] "*Alcuna villania*", as in Chaucer.

(147)

Quod Pandarus þou hast ful grete care [*Leaf 13, Back*] 1023
lest the cherl may fal out of the mone
Why lord y hate of the þi nice fare
why entremetist of þat þou hast not to done 1026
For goddis love y bid þe a bone
let me alone it shal be for þe best
wel frend quod he þan do right as þe lest 1029

(148)

But herk' Pandare a word for y nold 1030
That þow in me wendist so grete foly
That þow my lady desiryn shold
That towchid harm or vilany 1033
For dredles me were lever to dy
Than she of me oght ellis vndirstode
But þat þer myght sownyn in to good 1036

(149)

Tho logh Pandare and anon answerd 1037
And y þi borow fy no wight doth but so
I roght not þogh þat she stode and herd
how þat þow seyst but fare wel y wil go 1040
A dew. be glad god spede vs hope to
Yef me this labour and this hysines
And of my spede be thin al the swetnes 1043

(150)

Þo Troilus gan doun on knees to falle 1044
And Pandare in his armes hent fast
And seyd now fy on the grekis alle
Yet parde god shal euere help at last 1047
And dredles if þat my lif may last
And god to fore some of hem shal smert
& þet me athinkiþ þis amount me stert 1050

262 "My Pandarus, I commend me to thee:
263 Thou wise, thou friendly—thou knowest all
264 That is needed to put an end to my sorrow."

(II. 34)

265 Pandarus, anxious to serve
266 The young man, whom he greatly loved,
267 Leaving him to go where he would,

[II. 34, 35. Goes to Chryseis, takes her aside, and begins with all sorts of pleasant and cousinly talk.]

(151)

Now Pandare y can no more sey 1051
þow wost / þou canst / þou mayst / þou art al
My lyf my deth hole in thy hand y ley
help now quod he yes be my trouþ y shal 1054
God ȝeld þe frend and þis in special
Quod Troylus that thou me recomaunde
To her þat may me to deþe comaunde 1057

(152)

This Pandarus tho desirous to serve [*roll 16*] 1058
his ful frend þo seyd in this manere
Fare wele and þenk y wil þi thonk deserve
have here my trouþe & þou shalt wel here 1061
And went his wey thenkyng on þis matere
& how he best might her byseche of grace
And fynd a tyme ther to and a space 1064

(153)

For euery wight þat hath an hows to fownd 1065
Ne renniþ not the wirk to bygyn
with rakyl hond but he wole byde a stound
And send his hertis lyne out fro wiþ yn 1068
Alþerferst his purpos for to wyn
As þis Pandare in his hert thought
Del cast his work wisely or he wroght 1071

(154)

But Troylus lay þo no lenger doun 1072
But vp a-non vp on his stede bay
And in þe feld he pleyed þe lyon
wo was þe greke þat met with hym þat day 1075
And in þe toun his name sprong for ay
So goodly was & gat hym so mych grace
þat eche wight hym lovid þat lokyd in his face 1078

(155)

For he bycome the frendliest wight
The gentilliest and eke the moost fre
The trustiest and on the best knyght
That in his tyme was or myght be
Dede ware his iapis and his crueltè
His hy port & his manere straunge
And echè of þo gan for a vertu chaunge

(156)

Now lete vs stint of Troylus a stound
þat farith lik a man þet hurt is sore
And is sundel of akyng of his wound
Hyssil wel but helid no dele more
And as an esy pacient, the lore
Abit of hym þat goth about his cure
And þus he driueth forth his auenture

[*End of Book I.*]

BOOK II.

[*Harl. MS.* 3943, *leaf* 16, *back.*]

(1) [*Proem.*]

Owte of þes blake wawis for to sayle 1
O wynd wynd the wedir gynnith clere
For in this see the boot hath such trauaile
Of my comyng þat vnneþe 3et y stere 4
This see cleþe y þis tempestuos matere
Of dispair þat Troylus was yn
But now of Hope þe kalendis bygyn 7

(2) [*Invocation.*]

O lady myn that callid art Clyo 8
Thow be my spede heraftir in my muse
To ryme wele þis book tul y have do
Ne nedith here non art for to vse 11
For why to euery lover y me excuse
That of no sentymetre y this endite
But of latyn in my tung it write 14

(3)

Wherfor y nel neiþer have þonk ne blame 15
Of al þis work but pray yow þus mekely
disblameth me if eny word be lame
For as myn auter seith so sey I 18
Eke if y spak of love vnfelingly
Ne wondriþ not for no þing of new is
A blynd man can not iuggyn wele in hewis 21

(4)

3e know wel þis in fourme of speche is chaunge
With-yn a thowsand 3eer and wordis tho
That haddyn pris now wondur nyce & straunge
vs þinkith hem and 3et þei spak' hem so
And did aseweH in love as men now do
Eke for to wynnyn love in sundry ages
In sundry londis sundry bene vsages

(5)

Eke ther be scarce in þis place thre
þot have in love done or seyd lik in alle
For to thy purpos this may like the
& to me right noght yet al is done or shall
Eke some graue in tre some in ston wal
Al it betyt but as y have begun
Myn autour shal y folwyn if y kun

(6)

And forthy if' hit happe in eny wyse [leaf 17]
That here be eny louer in this place
That herkenith as þe story wol devise
how Troylus cam to his lady grace
And þenkyth þus nold y not love purchace
Or wondrith of' his speche or his doyng'
I note me semith it no wondur thyng'

(7)

For euery wight þat to Rome went
holt not o patthe ne alwey o manere
And yn some lond were al þe game y-shent
If that men ferd wiþ love as men do here
As thus in opyn delyng and in chere
In visityng in fourme or seying her sawis
For þus men seyn eche cuntre haþ his lawis

[*End of the Proem.*]

Went off to where Chryseis lived. Bk. ii. 34. 4.

[*The Story.*]

(8)

In may þat moðir is of al monþes glade
That al flouris freshyn grene and rede
Be qwyk[e] ayen þat wyntir dede made
And ful of[e] bawme is fletyng *euery* mede
Whan phebus dop̃e his right bemys spredo
Right so [1]in the white Bulle[1] so it bytyd [1–1 *corrected*]
As y shal syng on mayes day the thrid

(9)

This Pandare for al his wyse speche
Felt eke his *parte* of[e] lovis shottis kene
That cowd he neuere of[e] love so wele preche
hit made his hewe al day ful grene
So shope it þat fil hym þat day a tene
In love for which ful wo to bed he went
And made or hit were day ful meny a went

(10)

The swalow Songe. with a sorowful lay
whan morow cone gan make his waymenting[e]
whi she forshapyn was and euere lay
Pandare a bed half[e] in slombryng[e]
Till she so ny [hym] made her chiteryng[e]
how Thereus gan forth her sustir take
That with þe noyse of her he gan awake

(11)

And gan to calle & dressyn hym to rise [*last 17, back*]
Remembring hym his erndo was to done
From Troylus and eke his grete emprise
An cast & knew in good plyte was the mone
To do viage and toke his wey ful sone
vn-to his neeis paleys þer by side
Now Ianus god of entre þow hym gyde

(12)

Whan he was come to his neeis place
Wher is my lady to her folk seyd he
And þei hym told & he forþ yn gan pace
And þere twey oþir ladyes sate & she
With yn a pavid parlour and þei thre
herd a maydyn rede hem al þe geest
Of þe sege of thebes whil hem lest

(13)

Ma dame quod Pandare god 3ow se
With al 3our book and al þe cumpany
Ey vncle now welcome y-wis quod she
And vp she roos and by þe hond in hy
She toke hym fast and þis night thry
To good mote it turne of 3ow y mette
And wiþ þat word she doun on bench hym sette

(14)

3e nece 3e shul fare wele the bette
If God wole al þis 3eer quod Pandarus
But y am sory that y have 3ow lette
To herkyn of 3our book 3e preysin thus
For goddis love what seiþ it tel it vs
Is it of love some good ye may me lere
vncle quod she 3our maystresse is not here

(15)

Sith þat þei gun laghe & þo she seyd
This romaunce is of Thebes þat we rede
And we have herd how þat kyng Layous deyd
Thurgh Edippus his sone & al þat dede
And here we styntyn at þes lettres rede
how þe bisshop as þe book gan telle
Amphiorax fil þurgh þe ground of Helle

(16)

Quod Pandarus al þis know y my selue [leaf 18] 106
And al þe sege of thebes and the care
For her-of þer be made bokys twelve
But let be þis and telle me how ye fare 109
Do wey your barbe & shew your face bare
Do wey your book rise vp let vs daunce
And lete vs to to may some observaunce 112

(17)

I god forbede quod she be so mad 113
Is þat a wydowis lyf so god yow save
ye make me by Iovis sore a-drad
ye be so wyld hit semith as ye rave 116
hit sate me wel bet ay in a kave
To byd and rede of holy seyntis lyvis
lete maydenis go daunce & yong wyvis 119

(18)

As euere thrive y quod Pandarus 120
yet cowd y telle yow a thing to do yow pley
Now vncle dere quod she tell it vs
For goddis love is þan þe sege awey 123
I am of þe grekis ferd þat y dey
Nay nay quod he as euere mote y thryve
hit is a thing wel bet þan such fyve 126

(19)

ye holy god quod she what þing is that 127
What bet þan such fyve y leve it not ywis
For al þis world ne can y rede what
Hit shold be some iape I trowe y-wis 130
And but your self telle vs what it is
My wit is forcarid it al to leve
As god me help y not what ye mene 133

(20)

And y *your* borow no neuere shul for me
This þing be told to yow so mote y thrive
And vncle why so why *quod* she
By God *quod* he for þat wole y telle as blyve
For prudder woman is þer none on lyve
And ȝe wist it in al þe toun of Troye
I iape not so *euere* have y ioy

(21)

Þo gan she wondryn more þan byfor [leaf 18, back]
A M fold and doun her eyen cast
For neuere seth tyme þat she was bor
To know a thing desirid she so fast
And with a sike she seyd at the last
Now vncle myn y wole ȝow not displese
To aske more þat may do yow disese

(22)

So aftir þis with meny wordis glade
And frendly talis and *with* mery chere
Of this & þat þei pleyd & gan wade
In meny vncouþe glad & depe matere
As frendis whan þei be met yfere
Tul she gan ask hym how þat Ector ferd
That was þe tounys wall & grekis yerd

(23)

Ful wele y thank god *quod* Pandarus
Save in his arme he hath a wound
And eke his fresh brothir Troylus
The wyse worthy Ector þe secound
In whom þat euery vertu lest abound
In all trouþe and all ientilnesse
Wysdom honour fredom and worthines

(24)

In good faith Eme quod she it likith me
They faryn wele god save hem boþe two
For truly y hold it grete deynte
A kyngis sone in armys wele to do
And to be of good condicions þerto
For grete power & moral vertu here
Is seldom seyn in o persone y-fere

(25)

In good faiþ þat is soth quod Pandarus
But be myn heed þe kyng haþ sonis twey
That is to mene Ector and Troylus
That certeynly þogh þat y shold dey
They be as voyd of vices dare y sey
As eny man þat lyvith vndur þe sonne
her myght is wyde know & what þe konne

(26)

Of Ector nedith no þing to telle [leaf 89]
In al þis world þer nys a better knyght
As he þat is of worthynes welle
And he wel more vertu hath than myght
þis knowiþ meny a wyse & worthy knyght
The same prys of Troylus y sey
God help me so y note not such twey

(27)

By god quod she of Ector þat is sothe
Of Troylus þe same þing trow y
For dredles men telle þat he dothe
In armys day by day so worthily
And berith hym here so gentilly
To euery wight þat al pris hath he
Of hem þat me were levest praysid be

(28)

Ye soy right wele quod Pandarus
For yesterday who so had wiþ hym bene
Might haue wondrid vp on Troylus
For neuere yet so þik a swarm of bene
Ne flyen as grekis fro hym ded flene
And þurgh þe feld in euery wightis ere
þer nas no cry but Io Troylus is here

(29)

Now here now þere he hunted hem so fast
This nas but grekys blood & Troylus
Now hym he hurt & hym a doun he cast
Ay wher he went hit was arayed þus
he was her dope & sheld of lyf for vs
þat as þat day þer durst none wiþstond
Whil þat he held his blody sword in hond

(30)

Ther-to he is þe frendliest man
Of so grete astate þat euere y saw in my lyve
And wher hym lyst best felawship can
To such as hym thinkiþ able to thrive
And with þat word þo Pandarus as blyve
he toke his leve & seyd y wyl go heune
Nay blame have y quod she vnkil þenne

(31)

What eylith 3ow to be thus werysom [leaf 19, back] 211
And namely of woman wil 3e so
Nay sittith doun by god y have to done
Wiþ 3ow to of wysdom or ye go 214
And euery wight þat was about hem tho
That herd þat gan ferre a wey to stond
Whil þat þei two had þat hem lyst on hond 217

(37)

1 "What does this mean?"

(32)

Whan þat her tale was broght to þe ende
Of̃ her astate and of̃ her gouernaunce
Now quoð Pandarus is it tyme y wende
But 3et y sey a-rise and lete vs daunce
And castith yowr wydowis habit to myschaunce
What lyst yow þus your self̃ to disfigure
Seth yow is tyd so glad an aventure

(33)

A wele bypoght for love of̃ God quoð she
Shal y now wytyn what 3e mene of þis
Nay this thing askith leyser þan quoð he
And me wold greve right sore y-wis
If y it told and 3e it toke a-mys
3et were it bet my tung for to stille
Than sey a sothe þat were ayen 3our wille

(34)

For nece by þe goddesse minerve
And iubiter þat makiþ þe þundir ryng
And by þe blesful venus þat y serve
3e be the woman þat in þis world lyving
wiþout paramour to my wytyng
þat y best love & lothest am to greve
& þat 3e wite wel 3our self̃ y leve

(35)

Iwys myn vncle quoð she graunt mercy
3our frendshipe have y found euere yet
I am to no man holdyn trewly
So mych as yow & have so litil qwyt
And wiþ þe grace of god so ferforþ as myght
As in my gilt y shal neuere offende
And if y have or þis y will amende

(35)

7 And in her beautiful face
8 He took to looking hard.

(36)

Bvt for þe love of̃ god y ȝow besoche [leaf 32] 246
As ȝe be he þat y most love and trust
let be to me your frend manere speche
And sey to me ȝour nece what yow lust 249
[1]And with that worde anone hir vncle hir kust[1]
And he seyd gladly leve nece dere [1—1 *rather later hand*]
Take it for good þat y shal sey ȝow here 252

(37)

Wiþ þat she gan her eyen doun cast 253
And Pandarus to cogh bygan a lyte
And seyd nece alwey to þe last
how so it be þat some men hem delite 256
with sotil art or talis to endyte
ȝet for al þat in her entencion̄
her tale is al for some conclusion 259

(38)

And seth þe ende is euery talis strengthe 260
An this mater is so behouely
What shold y peynt or draw it on lengþe
To ȝow þat be my frend so feithfully 263
And wiþ þat word he gan right inwardly
Byholdyn her and lokyn in her face
And seyd on such a myrrour good grace 266

(39)

Than þoght he þus if̃ y my tale endyte 267
Oght hard or make a processe eny while
She shal no sauour have þerin but lyte
And trow y wold her in my wil begyle 270
For tendir wittis wenyn al be wyle
Wher as þei can not pleynly vndirstond
þerfor her wit to servyn wil y fond 273

(36)

Chryseis, who sees him, smiling
Said: "Cousin, didst thou never see me,
That thou go'st thus scrutinizing me?"[1]
To whom replied Pandarus: "Thou well knowest
That I have seen thee, and intend to see thee.
'You look prettier than ever.'

'Every one has a chance in life, but not a second chance. Do you take yours: it is for me, poor wretch, to be moping.

[1] "Che tu mi vai così *mente tenendo*:" literally "fixing thy mind," like Chaucer's "avise."

(37)

"Because thine is the best-fortuned
Face that ever woman had in this world.

'There is one who loves you.' Chryseis blushes, and says: 'Don't make game of me. The man must have very little to think about, and such a thing never occurred to me since the day I was born.' *Pand.*: 'Did you never perceive the fact?' *Chrys.*: 'No; although indeed I do sometimes see

(40)

And lokyd on her on a-vysy wyse
And she was ware þat he byheld her so
And seyd lord so fast ȝe me avise
What sey ȝe me neuere er than tho
yes yes *quod* he & bet wole or y go
But by my trouthe y þoght not if ȝe
Be fortunate for now mes shul it se

(41)

For euery wyght some goodly aventure [leaf 98, back]
Sumtyme is happy if he can hit receyve
And if þat he wole take of hit no cure
Whan þat it comith but wilfully it weyve
No noþer cas þat fortune hym deceyve
But right his owne sloupe & wrecchidnes
And such a wight is to blame y gesse

(42)

Good auenture bele nece have ye
Ful lightly found & ye kun hit take
And for þe love of god & eke of me
Takiþ it anon lest auenture slake
What shold y lenger processe to yow make
Yeve me ȝour honde for in þis world is none
If þat ȝow list a wight so wel bygone

(43)

And y speke of good entencioun
As y ȝow have told wole here byforn
And love as wele your honour & renoun
As creature in al þis world yborn
By all þe othis þat y have ȝow sworn
If ȝe be wroþe þerfor or wene y ly
Ne shal y neuere se ȝow eft with eye

a man prowling round the house. I have no idea who he is.' Pandarus divines that this cannot be Troilus. He tells her that the lover to whom he has been referring is far too illustrious a personage to be thus unrecognized, and eulogizes him on all sorts of grounds.

Chrys.: 'Are you in earnest? Who can have perfect pleasure of me unless he were my husband? Who is the man?' *Pand.*: 'No common man—Troilus.'

(44)

Beth not a-gast ne qwakith not wherto
Ne chaungeþ not for fere so ȝour hewe
For hardily the worst of this is do
And þogh my tale to ȝow be new as newe
Yet trustiþ me ȝe shul me fynd trewe
And were it þing me thinkith vnsittyng
To ȝow wold y no such talis bryng

(45)

Now my good eem for goddis love y pray
Quod she come of & telle me what it is
For boþe y am a-gast what ȝe wol say
And eke me longith to wityn it ywis
For whepir it be for wele or be a-mys
Sey on let me not in this fere dwelle
So wol y do now herkenith how y telle

(46)

" He is indeed a citizen,
And not of the lowest, and much my friend.

He lives in plaint, miserable and woebegone,
So much does the splendour of thy visage burn him:
And, that thou mayst know who loves thee so much,
Troilus is he who so greatly desires thee.

(46)

Now nece myn þe kyngis dere sone [line 21]
The good wyse worthy fressh fre
Which alwey to do wele is his wone
The noble troylus so lovith the
þat but ȝe help it hit wole his bane be
lo here is al what shold y more sey
Do what yow lyst make hym lyve or dey

(47)

Bvt if ȝe lete hym dy y wole sterve
have here my trouþe nece y wil not lyen
As shold y wiþ this knyf my throte kerve
Wiþ þat the teris brest out at his eyen
And seyd if þat ȝe do vs boþe dyen
þus giltles þan have ȝe fisshid fayre
What wyn ȝe þogh we boþe apaire

(48)

Alas he that is my lord so dere
þat trew man þat noble worþi knyght
That noght desirith but ȝour lovely chere
I se him dey þere he goth vpright
And hastiþ hym wiþ al his ful might
To be slayn if̃ his fortune assent
Alas þat god ȝou such a bewte sent

(49)

If it so be þat ȝe so cruel be
þat of his dethe ȝe lyst not to recche
That is so trew and worthy as we se
No more þan of̃ a iaper or a wrecche
If ȝe be such ȝowr beaute may not strecche
To make amendis of̃ so cruelt a dede
Avisement is good ay byfor þe nede

(50)

Wo worþe the fair gemme vertules
Wo worþ þat herbe also þat doþ no boot
Wo worth þat bewte also þat is rowtheles
Wo worth þat wight þat tret eth vndur foot
And ye þat be of̃ bewte crop and rote
If þer-wiþ-al in yow be no routhe
þan is it harme ȝe lyvyn by my trouþe

(51)

And also þenk wele þat it is no gaude [leaf 21, back]
For me were lowere that ȝe and y and he
Were hangid þan y shold be his bawde
As hy as men might on vs se
I am thyn Eme þe shame were to me
As wel as if̃ y shold assent
þurgh myn abettyng þat he þin honour shent

(52)

Now vndirstond for y 3ow not require
To bynd yow to hym by no byheste
But only þat 3e make hym betier chere
Than 3e have do or this & more feste
So þat his lyf be savid at the leste
This is al & some & pleynly our entent
God help me so y neuere othir ment

(53)

Lo this request is not but skyl y-wis
Ne dowt of reson parde þer is none
I set þe worst lest 3e dreddyn this
Men wold wondur to se hym come & gone
Ther-a-yens answere y thus anone
That euery wight but he be fole of kynd
Wole deme it love of frendship in his mynd

(54)

What he wil deme þogh he se a man
To temple go þat he þe ymagis etith
Thenk eke how wele and bysily þat he can
Gouerne hym self þat he no þing forȝetith
þat wher he comith he þank & pris hym getith
And eke þerto he shal come here so seld
What fors were it if al þe toun byheld

(55)

Such love of frendis regnip in al þis toun
And conere 3ow in þat mantel euermore
And god so wis be my saluacioun
As y have seyd your best is to do so
But good nece alwey to stint his wo
lete your daunger sugryd bene a lyte
þat of his dethe 3e be no þing to wyte

(43)

3 "If thou become his, as he
4 Has become thine.

(54)

7 "Lose no time: reflect that old age
8 Or death will take away thy beauty."

"Chryseis then remained dumbfoundered, looking at Pandarus; and such she became as at dawn the air is discoloured."

(47)

4 And with difficulty she kept back the tears,
5 Already come to her eyes to fall.

(48)

7 "What will others do, when *thou* dost try hard

8 To make me follow the monarchy of Love!"

(55)

Cryseyd which þat herd hym in þis wise [leaf m] 386
Thoght y shall fele what he menith ywis
Now Eme quod she what wold ȝe devise
What is your rede y shold done of þis 389
That is wel seyd quod he certeyn best is
þat ȝe hym love a-yen for his lovyng'
As love for love is skylful guerdonyng' 392

(57)

þenk eke how elde wastiþ euery houre 393
In eche of' yow a partie of' bewte
And þerfor or age yow devoure
Go love for old þer wole no wight of' þe 396
Lete þis prouerbe a lore vn-to ȝow be
To late y was ware quod bewte at last
And eld dauntith daunger at þe last 399

(58)

The kyngis fole is wont to eryen lowd 400
Whan þet hym þinkith a woman beriþ her hy
So longe mote ye lyve and al prowd
Til crowis feet be wox vndur your ey 403
And send yow þan a mirrour in to pry
In whiche ȝe may se ȝour face a morow
I kepe þan wisshe yow no more sorow 406

(59)

Wiþ þis he stint & cast a doun his hede 407
And she bygan to wepe right anone
And seyd alas for wo why ner y dede
For of' þis world þe faiþ is al a gone 410
Alas what shold straunge folk' to me done
Whan he þat for my best frend y wend
Bet me to love and shold it me defend 413

(48)

1 " I thought, Pandarus, if I
Had ever fallen into such folly,
That, if Troilus had ever come into my desire,
Thou wouldst have beaten me—

5 Not to speak of reproving.

" 'Well I know that Troilus is great and valorous, and the greatest of ladies ought to be content with him. But, since my husband was taken from me, my liking was ever far from love; and still is my heart in pain of his dire death, and always will be while I shall be in life,—his departure recurring to my memory. And, were *any* one to have my love, certes I would give it to *him* [Troilus], if merely for fancying he would like it.'" 'But (she continues) you know love is evanescent; leave me to my lot—it is my duty to continue chaste. He can find plenty of other women. Give him this reply, and do your best to keep up his spirits.' Pandarus was somewhat nettled, and rose to go. But at last he said: 'I have only given you the same advice that I would give to my sister, daughter, or wife if I had one; for Troilus is worth something much higher than your love, and is now brought to a dreadful

(60)

Alas y wold have trustyd doutles 414
If y thurgh my disauenture
had lovid oþer hym or Achilles
Ector or ony othir creature 417
ȝe nold han had no mercy ne mesure
On me but alwey had me in repreſe
This fals world alas ho shal it leve 420

(61)

What is þis al þe ioy & al þe feſt [Leaf 77, back] 421
þat ȝe of so made is þis my blisful eas
Is þis þe verrey mede of ȝour byheſt
Is this al þis peyntid proces alas 424
Right for þis o lady myn pallas
þou in þis dredful eas for me purveȝ
For so astonyd am y that i dey 427

(62)

Wiþ þat she gan ful sorowfully to syke 428
A may it be no bet *quod* Pandarus
By god y shal no more come here ' is wyke
And god to-forn þat am mistrowid þus 431
I se wel þat ȝe set lyte of vs
Or of our deþe alas y woful wreeche
Might he ȝet lyve of me is not to reeche 434

(63)

O cruel god o despitous Marte 435
O furious ire of helle on ȝow I cry
So lete me neuer out of þis hous deperte
If y ment harme or eny vilany 438
But seth y se my lord mote nedis dye
And y with hym here y me shrive & seȝ
þat wikkydly ȝe done us boþe to dey 441

pass. He is most secret, faithful, and loyal, and you are his sole desire; and you, still young in widow's weeds, are permitted to love.' "Lose no time: reflect that old age or death will take away thy beauty." "'Alas!' said Chryseis, 'thou speakest true; thus do the years bear us onward little by little; and most people die ere completing the path marked out by the heavenly fire. But let us now leave the thought of this; and tell me whether I can still have solace and pastime in love, and [in what manner, &c.].'" 49—56. (Here Boccaccio seems to make Chryseis give in rather readily to a very common-place reflection made by Pandarus as to the flitting of youth and beauty. Perhaps we are to understand that her previous resistance was not quite so doughty as in her words it appeared.)

(64)

But seth it likiþ ȝow þat y be dede
by neptunus þat god is of þe see
Fro þis forþ shal y neuere etyn brede
Til y myn own hert blode may se
For certeyn y wil dey as sone as he
& vp he stert & forth his wey he raght
Til she ayen hym by þe lape caught

(65)

Cryseyde þat welny starf for þat fere
So as she was þe frelyest wight
þat might be & herd eke wiþ her ere
& saw þe sorowful ernest of þe knight
And in his prayer eke saw non vnright
And for the harme eke þat might fal more
She gan to rewe & drede her wondur sore

(66)

And þoght þus vnhappis fallyn þik [leaf 81]
Al day for loue in such maner cas
And men be cruel in hem self & wyk
And if þis man here sle hym self alas
In my presence hit nel be no solas
What men wold of yt deme y can not sey
hit nediþ me ful slely for to pley

(67)

And wiþ a sorowful syke she seyd thrie
A Lord me is bytid a sory chaunce
For myn astate lith yn a iuperdye
And eke myn emys lyf in balaunce
But natheles wiþ good gouernaunce
I shal so done myn honour for to kepe
And eke his lyf & stynt for to wepe

(68)

Of harmys two þe lasse is for to chese
Yet have y lever make hym good chere
In honour than myn emys lyf to lese
ȝe sey ȝe me no thyng requere
No y-wis quod he myn own nece dere
Now wele quod she & y wole do my peyne
I shal my hert a-ȝens my lyst constreyne

(69)

Bvt þat y nel not holdyn hym in hond
Ne love no man þat can no wight ne may
Aȝens his wille but ellis wol y fond
Myn honour safe plese hym fro day to day
Ther-to nold y not ones have seyd nay
But þat y drede as yn my fantasy
But cosyd cause ay cocith malady

(70)

Bvt here y make a protestacion
That in þis proces if ye depper go
That certeynly for no saluacion
Of ȝow þogh ye sterve bothe two
þogh al þe world on o day be my foo
Ne shal y nevere on hym have oþer rouþe
I graunt wele quod Pandare by my trouþe

(71)

Bvt may y trust wele to ȝow quod he [leaf 22, back]
That on þis thing þat ȝe have hight me here
Ye wol it holdyn trewly to me
ȝe doutles quod she myn vncle dere
Ne þat shal y have cause in þis matere
to pleyne or ofter ȝow to preche
Why no parde what nedith more speche

(55)

6 "And tell me . . . .
7 . . . . . in what manner
8 Thou first found'st it out of Troilus."

Pandarus here gives a fictitious narrative of how Troilus implored Love to inspire some (unnamed) lady with pity of him. It would be all the more glory to Love to light his flame in a widow's breast.

(56)

1 Then Pandarus smiled, and answered:
2 "I will tell thee, as thou wouldst know it.
3 The other day, things being in a calm
4 Through the truce then made, a fancy took
5 Troilus that I with him through shady woods
6 Should go for pastime.

(56-57)

'We began talking of love. Then he sang to himself. I was not close by, but strained to overhear him.
And, as far as I can remember,
He plained to Love of his torment,
Saying: 'My lord'—

(72)

Þo fillyn þei in other talis glade
Til at þe last o good eme quod she tho
For love of god þat vs bothe made
Tel me how first ȝe wist of his wo
Wote none of it but ȝe · he seyd ho
kan he wel speke of love y pray
Tel me for y þe betir shal me purvay

(73)

Þo Pandarus a litil gan to smyle
And seyd be my trouþe y shal ȝow telle
This oþir day not gone ful long while
Wiþ in þe paleys in a gardyn by a welle
[*Line blank in MS.*] [caret]
So forth we spekyn of an ordinaunce
How we the grekys myghtyn disauaunce

(74)

So aftir þat bygun we for to lepe
And cast wiþ our dartis to and fro
Til at þe last he seyd he wold slepe
And on the gras a-doun he leyd him tho
And yn a fere gan rennyn to and fro
Til y herd as y walkyd alone
how he bygan ful sorowfully to grone

(75)

Þo gan y stalk hym softly behynd
And sikirly the sothe for to seyn
As y gan clepe a-ȝen to my mynd
Right þus to love he gan hym to pleyn
he seyd lord have routhe vp-on my peyn
Al have y be rebel in myn entent
Now mea culpa lord y me repent

(61)

"And, having said this, sighing hard,
He bowed his head, saying I know not what.

(76)

O god þat at thy disposicion [leaf 24] 526
ledist forth thyn by iuste purviaunce
Of euery wight my lowe confession
Accepte in gre and send me penaunce 529
As likith the but from desperaunce
þat may my gost al-wey departe fro þe
Thow be my sheld for thy benignite 532

(77)

For certis lord so sore hath she me woundid 533
That stood in blak wiþ lokyng of her eyen
That to my hertis bottme it is soundid
Thurgh which y wote þat y must nedis dyen 536
þis is þe worst y dare me not bywryen
And wele þe hattere bene þe gledis rede
þat men hem wryen with asshyn pale as lede 539

(78)

Wiþ þat he smote his heed a-doun a-none 540
An gan to motre y note ner what trewly
And y wiþ þat gan stiH a-wey to gone
And lete þer-of as wist no þing had y 543
And come azen a-none & stode hym by
And seyd a-wake ze slepyn al to long
Hit semith not þat love doþ zow long 546

(79)

þat slepyn so þat no man may yow wake 547
Who sey euer or þis so dul a man
ze frend quod he do ze zour hedis ake
For love & lete me lyve as y can 550
But þogh he for wo was pale & wan
Yet made he þo as fresshe contenaunce
As þogh he shold have led þe newe daunce 553

(62)

"But no opportunity for this occurred to me
Till to-day, when I found him all alone;
Entering his chamber, in doubt
Whether he was there, he was on the bed;
And, seeing me, he turned aside.

(62)

6 Whereof I conceived some suspicion;
7 And, coming nearer, I found he was weeping
8 Sore, and sorely he lamented.

(63)

"I comforted him the most I could;
And, with new art and wily device,
I got out of his mouth what ailed him,
First giving him my faith in pledge.

(63-64)

"This pity moved me, and for him I come
To thee.
What wilt thou do? Wilt thou remain unbending,
And leave him—who has no care of himself
Through loving thee—to come to so dire a death?

(80)

This passid forþ til now þis oþir day
hit fel þat y come rennyng a-lone
In-to his chaumbre & fond how he lay
Vp on his bed but man so sore grone
Ne herd y neuere none & þat was his mone
Ne wist y not for y was comyng
Al sodenly he left his compleynyng

(81)

Of which y toke sumwhat suspecion [leaf 24, back]
And ner y come & fond he wept sore
And god so wys be my savacion
As neuere of þing had y roupe more
For neiþer wiþ engyn ne wiþ lore
vnneþis might y fro þe deþe hym kepyn
þat 3et fele y myn hert for him wepyn

(82)

And god wote neuere seth þat y was born
Was y so bysy no man to preche
Ne neuere was to wight so depe sworn
Or he me told he myght be his leche
But now to 3ow rehercyn al his speche
Or al his woful woordis for to sowne
Bid 3e me not but 3e wol se me swowne

(83)

Bvt for to save his lyf & ellis not
And to none harme of 3ow þus [am] y dryvyn
And for þe love of god þat vs hath wroght
Such chere hyw doþe þat he & y may lyvyn
Now have y plat to 3ow my hert shryvyn
And seth 3e wyte þat myn entent is clene
Take hede þer-of for y non evil mene

(43)

"Well is the gem set in the ring,
If thou art wise as thou art beautiful.
Nor was ever damsel
So well joined to any damsel
As thou with him, if thou be wise:
Blessed thou if thou but know it!"

Chryseis: "'God so make him joyful and healthy, and me also, as pity for him has come on me through thy talking. I am not cruel, as thou fanciest, nor bare of pity.' And, stopping awhile, after a great sigh, being already heartstruck, she pursued: 'Ah me! I see whither thy pitying wish draws thee: and I will do it, for satisfy thee I must, and he is worthy of it. Be content if I look at him. But, to avoid shame, and worse perchance, pray him to be discreet, and to do what shall be no discredit to me, nor yet to himself.'" Pandarus pledges himself to this.

(68)

1 Pandarus being gone, alone

2 Into her chamber went Chryseis fair;

Within her heart revolving every least word
And statement[1] of Pandarus.

[1] "Novella"—item of *news*, narrated fact. Perhaps this word was in Chaucer's mind, rather wrested from its true bearing, when, in st. 87, he spoke of "the newe cas."

(84)

And right good thrift y pray to god have ȝe 582
That have such on eaght in-to ȝour nette
And be ȝe wys as ȝe be fair to se
Wel in the ring is þan þe rubie sette 585
Ther wer neuere two so wele y-mette
Whan ȝe be his al hole & he is ȝoures
Þat mighty god as graunt to se þo houris 588

(85)

Ther-of spak y not a ha quod she 589
As help me god ȝe shende euery dele
A merey dere nece a-none quod he
What so y spak y ment but wele 592
By mars þe god þat helmyd is of stele
Now be not wroþe my blood my nece dere
Now wele quod she foryevyn be hit here 595

(86)

With þis he toke his leve & home is went [Dear as] 596
ȝe lord she was glad and wel bygone
Cryseyde a-ros & neuere she stent
But streight to her chambre went a-non 599
And sate þere as still as eny stone
And euery word gan vp & doun to wynd
That he had seyd as it cam to her mynd 602

(87)

And wax anoudele astonyed in his þoght 603
Right for þe newe cas but whan þat she
Was ful avisid þo fonde she right noght
Of perill why she ought a-ferd to be 606
For a man may love of possibilite
A woman so his hert may to-brest
And she not love ayen but if her lest 609

(81)

And with all leisure
Alone with Pandarus he went, to see the beauty
Of Chryseis.

(88)

Bvt as she sat alone & þoght thus
In þe skye roos a skarmisshe al wiþ-out
And men cried in þe strete tho Troylus
haþ right now put to flight þ^e^ grekis rout
Wiþ þat gan aH þe meyne for to shout
A go we sene cast vp the latis wyde
For þurgh þis strete he must to paleys ride

(89)

For o*þ*er wey is fro þe ȝatis none
Of Cardanus þer opyn is the eheyne
Wiþ þat come he & al his folk anone
An esy pas ridyng in routes tweyne
Right as hit happid sothe to seyne
For which mes sey may not destourbldid be
That shal betyde of necessite

(90)

This Troylus sate vp on his bay stede
Al armyd save his heed richely
And woundid was his hors & gan to blede
On which he rood a pas ful softely
But such a knyghtly sight trewly
As was on hym was not wiþ-out faile
To loke on Mars þat god is of^ bataiH

(91)

So lyke a man of^ armys & a knygHt [leaf 78, back
he was to sene fulfild of^ hys þrowesse
For hope he had body and myght
To do þat thing^ as wel as hardynesse
And eke to se hym in his gere hym dresse
So fresshe so yung^ so weldy semyd he^
hit was an hevyn on hym for to se

(82)

She stood at a window,
And perhaps expected what happened:
She did not show herself severe or harsh
Towards Troilus, who was gazing on her;
But alway, along the right breast,
Looked towards him modestly.

(82-83)

Troilus rendered thanks to Pandarus and to God. Chryseis, charmed with his air, no longer remained lukewarm or hesitating, but "desires him above all other bliss; and much regrets her lost time, when she knew not of his love."

(84-88)

Troilus gets discreet glances at Chryseis; she, equally discreet, "showed herself to him from time to time, lovely and cheerful." This could not last long without renewed pangs to Troilus. He often poured out his soul to Pandarus, and invoked the absent Chryseis to have pity on him. "'Oh were I but with thee one winter's night,[1] and then to stay a hundred and fifty in hell!'"

[1] "*Winter's* night" because (no doubt) the nights are long in that season.

(71-78)

"This man is handsome, noble, wise, and discreet,
Who loves thee,—and fresher than a garden-lily;
Of royal blood and of highest valour.

(72)

6 "Hearest thou not the anguish of his plaint?[2]

[2] This is a line from Dante's *Inferno*.

(92)

His helm to-hewyn was in xx places
That by a tissewe hing his bak' behind
his sheld to-dasshyd was wiþ swerd & maces
In which men might meny an arwe fynd
That thrillid hath boþe nerf' and rynd
And ay þe peple cried here comiþ our ioy
And next his broþer holder vp of troy

(93)

For which he wax a litil rede for shame
Whan he so herd þe peple on hym crien
þat to byhold it was a noble game
how sobrely he cast a-doun his eyen
Cryseyd anon gan al þe chere aspyen
And lete it in her hert so softly synk'
þat to her self' she seyd ho ȝeviþ me drink'

(94)

For of' her owne þoght she wax al rede
Remembring her right þus lo þis is he
Which þat myn vncle swerith he mote be dede
But y on hym have mercy or pite
And for þat þoght pure ashamyd she
Gan in her hede pul & þat as fast
Whil he & al the peple for-by past

(95)

And gan to cast & rolle it vp & doun
Wiþ-in her þoght his excellent prowesse
And his astate & also his renoun
His wit his shap & eke his gentilnesse
But most her pauour was for his distresse
Was al for her & thoght it were routhe
To sle such on if þat he ment but trouþe

(96)

Now myght some envious ianglyn þus [leaf 86] 666
This was a sodeyn love how might þis be
That she so lightly lovyd Troylus
Right for the ferst sight parde 669
Now who þat seith so neuere mote he the
For euery þing a byggynnyng hath nede
Or al be wroght wiþ-out eny dredo 672

(97)

For y sey not þat she so sodenly 673
Yaf hym her love but she bygan encline
To like hym þo & y have told ȝow why
And aftir þat his manhood & his pine 676
Made love wiþ-in her hert for to myne
For which by processe & by good servise
he wan her love & in no sodeyn wise 679

(98)

And also blisful venus wel arayed 680
Sate in her viȝ. hous of hevyn þo
Disposyd wele & wiþ aspect payed
To help sely Troylus of his wo 683
And soth to sey she nas not his fo
To Troylus in his natiuyte
God wote þat wele þe sonner sped he 686

(99)

Now lete vs stynt of Troylus a throw 687
That ridiþ forth and lete vs turne fast
vnto Cryseyd þat hing her heed ful low
Ther as she sate alone and gan to cast 690
Wher-on she wold apoynt her at þe last
If it so were her eme wold sese
For Troylus vp on her for to prese 693

(72)

7 "Oh! how much bliss wilt thou yet have with him,
8 If thou love him as he loves thee!

(100)

And lord so she gan in her hert argue
Of þis matere of which y have þow told
& what to do best were & what teschewe
That plytid she ful oft in meny fold
Now was her hert warm now was it cold
And what she þoght sumwhat y shal write
As to me myn autour lest for to endyte

(101)

She þoght ferst þat Troylus persone [leaf 86, back]
She knew by sight & eke his gentilnes
And seyd þus al were it not to done
To graunte hym love al for þe worthines
hit were honour wiþ pley & wiþ gladnes
In honeste with such a lord to dele
For myn astate & also for his hele

(102)

Eke wele wote y my kingis sone is he
And seth he hath to se me such delite
If y wold vttirlich his sight fle
Parauenture he myght have me in dispite
Thurgh which y myght stond in wors plite
Now were y a fole me hate to purchace
Wiþ-out nede wher y may stond in grace

(103)

In euery þing y wote þer lith measure
For thogh a man for drunkennesse
He had forbode þat euery creature
Be drinkles for al wey as y gesse
Eke seth y wote for me is his distresse
I oght not for þat thing hym dispise
Seth hit is so he menith it in good wise

(70)

3 "I know not yet in all this city
4 Any woman without a lover; and most people,
5 As I know and see, make love.

(70-71)

'I am losing my time and my youth: to do as others do can be no sin.

(69)

"I am young, beautiful, charming, and gladsome.

(104)

And eke y know of longe tyme agone
his thewys and þat he is not nyce
Ne auauntour certenly he is none
To wys is he to do so grete a vice
Ne as y nel neuere so hym cherice
That he may make auaunt by iuste cause
he shal me neuere bynd wiþ such a clause

(105)

Now set y a cas thus y-wys
Men myght demyn þat he loviþ me
What dishonour were it to me this
May y hym lette why nay *parde*
I know also & alday here and se
Men *lovyn wymmes al þis toun about*
Be they þe wors nay wiþ-outyn dout

(106)

I thenk' eke how able he is to have
Of' al this noble toun the thriftyest
That woman is so she her honour save
For out and out he is þe worthiest
Save only Ector which þat is þe best
& yet his lyf' lith now in al my cure
But such is love & eke myn auenture

(107)

Ne me to love a wondir is it noght
For wele wote y my self' so god me spede
As wold y þat no man wist of' þis þoght
I am one þe fayrest with-outyn drede
And goodliest ho so takith hede
And so men seyn in al þe toun of' troy
What wondur is it þogh he on me have ioy.

2 "A widow, rich, noble, and beloved.

4 "Why should not I be in love?

(69)

5 "If perchance honour forbids me this,
I will be prudent, and will keep my liking so hidden
That it shall not be known
That I have ever held a lover in my heart.

(75)

And staying awhile she then turned
To the opposite side, saying: "Unhappy,
What wilt thou do?" &c.

(73-75)

'This is no time for marrying. Besides, it is better to keep one's liberty, and husbands are by no means so ardent as lovers. Stolen waters are sweet. "'Then do thou heartily receive thy sweet lover, who has certainly been sent thee by God, and satisfy his hot desire.'" But next came a revulsion of feeling.

(108)

I am myn owne woman wele at ese
I thonk' it god aftir myn astate
Right yung & stond vntyd in lusty lese
Wiþout ielosy or eny such debate
Shal none husbond sey to me chekmate
For eiþer þei be ful of ielosye
Or maystreful or lovyn nouelry

(109)

What shal y do to what fyn lyve y þus
Shal y not love in cas þat me lyst
What pardo y am not in religious
& þogh þat y myn hert set at rest
vpon þis knyght þat is the worthiest
And kepe alwey myn honour & my name
By al right y may do me no shame

(110)

Bvt right as whan þ' sunne shynith bright
In marche þat chaungith oft tyme his face
And þat a cloud þat put þe wynd to flight
þe which ouerspred þe soune as for a space
A clowdy þoght gan þurgh her hert pace
þat ouer-spred her eþir thoghtis all
So þat for fere almost she gan to fall

(111)

That þoght was þis alas seth y am free [leaf 27, back]
Shold y now love & put in iupardy
Mi sikirnes and thrallyn liberte
Alas how durst y thenk þat foly
I may wele in othir folk aspy
her dredful ioy her *constreynt* & pleynt
þer liviþ none wiþ-out hope care & peyn

(75-78)

"Knowest thou not how dreadful
A life is led languishing with love?"

'Love is full of sighing and jealousy. And then Troilus is too great a man for me, and will soon leave me forlorn. And the thing will be discovered, and I shall lose my reputation. Then let me leave such lovemaking to those who like it.' Next she began to sigh hard, "and could not expel from her chaste bosom the handsome face of Troilus."

(112)

For love is ȝet þe most stormy lyf
Right of hym self þat euere was bygun
For euere some mystrust or nice strif
Ther is in love some cloudis in þat sunne
Þerto we wreechyd wymmen ne kun
Whan vs is wo but sit wepe & think
Oure wreche is our owne wo to drink

(113)

Also þes wikkyd tunges be so prest
To speke vs harm eke mens be so vntrew
þat right a-none [as] cesid is her lest
So se[s]ith love & for to love a new
But harme ydon is don who so it rew
For þogh þes men for love hem self vnrende
Ful sharp bygynnyng breckith oft at ende

(114)

How oft tyme may men rede & se
þe tresoun þat to wymmen hath be done
To what is such love y can not se
Or wher bycomiþ it whan it is gone
þer is no wight þat wote y trow none
Wher it bycomiþ lo no wight on it spurniþ
þat arst was no thing in to no þing it turniþ

(115)

How busy eke if y love y must be
To plesyn hem þat ianglyn of loue & demen
And koy hem þat thei soy non harme by me
For þogh þer be no cause ȝet hem semyn
Al be for harme þat folk her frendis quemyn
And who may stoppe euery wikkid tunge
Or soun of bellis whil þei ben y-runge

(78)

7 { The first result always recurred,—
Now censuring, now commending.

(116)

And after þat her þoght bygan to clere [leaf 88] 806
And seyd he that no thing vndirtakith
No þing eschewiþ be hit love or dere
And wiþ a-noþer þoght her hert quakith 809
Þus slepiþ hope & aftir drede awakith
Now hote now cold but þus bytwix twey
She rist her vp & went her for to pley 812

(117)

Adoun þe staire a-non right she went 813
Into a gardyn þere wiþ her neeis thre
And vp & doun þei madyn meny a went
Flexipe & she tarke and Anteigne 816
To pley that it ioy was to se
And oþer of̃ her wymmes a grete route
her folowdyn in þe gardyn al about 819

(118)

Þis ȝerd was large & mylyd þ^e Aleyes 820
And shadowyd wele with̃ blosmy bowis grene
I-benchid new & sandid al þe weyes
In which she walkiþ arme in arme bytwene 823
Til at þe last Anteigne the shene
Gan on a troian lay to syngyn clere
þat it an hevyn was for to here 826

(119) [*Anteigne's Song of Love.*]

She seyd love to whom y have & shall 827
Be humble suget trew in myn entent
As y can best lord ȝeve y all
For euermore myn hertis lyf̃ to rent 830
For ȝet þi grace no wight sent
So blisful cause as me my lyf̃ to lede
In al ioy and seurte out of̃ drede 833

(120)

Ȝe blisful god have me so wele y-sette
In love y-wis þat al þat berith lyf
Ymagine ne coupe how to be bet
For lord wiþ-out ielousy or strif
I loue on which is moost ententif
To servyn wele vnwery & vnfeynid
þat euere was & lest wiþ harme distreynid

(121)

As he þat is þe welle of worthinesse [leaf 35, back]
Of trouthe ground mirrour of goodlyhede
Of wit apollo stoñ of Sikernesse
Of vertu rote fynder of lyst & hede
þurgh which is all sorow fro me dede
Iwis y love hym best so doth he me
Now good thrift have he wher so þat he be

(122)

Whom shold y thonk but ȝow god of love
Of al þis blys which þat y bathe yn
And þankyd be þow god for þat y love
This is þe right lyf þat y am yn
To flemе al manere vice and synne
This doth me so to vertu entende
þat day by day y am in wil amende

(123)

And who þat seith þat for to love is vice
Or thraldom þogh he fele in hit distresse
he is oþir envious or nyce
Or is vnworthy for his shrewdenesse
To love for which manere folk y gesse
Diffamyn love as þei of hym no þing know
þei spekyn mych but þei bent neuere his bow

(124)

What is þe sunne wors of kynd right
Thogh þat a man for feblenes of^ eyen
May not endure to se on hit for bright
Or love þe wors þogh wrecches on hit crien
Now wele is he worth þat may no sorow drien
& for þi who þat hath an hede of^ verre
Fro caste of^ stonys ware hym in þe werre

(125)

But y wiþ al myn hert & al my might
As y have wel love vn to my last
My dere hert and al myn owne knyght
In which myn hert is growyn so fast
And his in me þat it shal euere last
Alle dred y ferst to love hym to bygynne
Now wote y wele þer is no peyn ther yn

[*End of Anteigne's Love-Song.*]

(126)

And of^ her song right with þat word she stynt (hasten)
And þerwith-all now nece quod^ Cryseyde
Who made þis song wiþ so good entent
Anteigne answerid anone & seyde
Ma dame y-wis the goodliest mayde
Of^ grete astate in al the toun of^ Troy
And led her lyf^ in most honour & ioy

(127)

Forsothe so it semith by her song
Quod^ þo Cryseyd & gan þerwiþ to sike
And seyd is þer such blisse among^
þes lovers as þei kun faire endite
Ze y-wis quod^ fressh Anteigne þe white
For al þe folk^ þat have or bene on lyve
Ne kun wele þe blisse of^ love discryve

(128)

Bvt wene ȝe that eny wrecche wote
The *parfit* blys of love nay y-wys
Þei wene al be love if one be hote
Do wey þei wote no þing of this
Men must ask of seyntis if it is
Ogħt fair in hevyn why for þei can telħ
And axe of fendis if it be foul in helħ

(129)

Cryseyd *per*-to her no þing answerde
But seyd y-wis it wil be night as fast
But euery word which þat she of herd
She put hit in her hert fast
And ay gan love her las for to gast
Þat ded her oft sykyn in her hert
That she wax able sumwhat to *conuerte*

(130)

The dayes honour & the hevenis eye
The nightis foo al þis clepe y the sonne
Gan wrestyn fast & donward for to wry
As he þat had his dayes cours y-ronne
And whit þingis gan to wexe donne
For lak of light and sterris to apere
Þat she and alħ her folk went home y-fere

(131)

So whan it likyd her to go to rest [leaf 19, back]
And voydyd were þo þat voyd shold out
She seyd þat slepyn wele her lest
her wemen sone vn-to her bed her broght
Whan al was shet þat lay she stil & þoght
Of alħ þe thinges þe manere & ȝe wyse
Rehersyn[1] it nediþ not for ȝe be wise [[1] MS. Reħsyn]

(79)

Pandarus went to Troïlus, and from afar called to him: 'Be of good cheer, for I've already managed a great part of the affair.'

(132)

A nyghtyngale vpon a cedre grene
vndur þe chambre was þer as she lay
Ful lowd song a-ȝen þe mone shene
Peraauntur in his briddis wise a lay
Of love which þat made her hert gay
her herkenyd she so long in good entent
Til at þe last dede slepe her hent

(133)

And as she slepe a-non right þo her[1] met [1 MS. h]
how þat an Egle fetherid whit as bone
vndur her brest her long clawis set
And out her [1]hert rent & þat anone
And ded his hert in to her brest gone
Of which no þing she abasshid ne smert
And forth he fly wiþ hert left for hert

(134)

Now lete we her slepe & forth our talis hold
Of Troylus þat is to paleys ridyn
For þe scarmyssche of þe which y told
And in his chambre syt and hath abydyn
Til ·ij· or iij of his messagers ȝedyn
For Pandare & soghtyn hym so fast
Tul þei hym foundyn & broghtyn at þe last

(135)

This Pandare come lepyng yn at ones
And seyd þus who hath be wel y-bete
To day wiþ swerdis & with slyngstonys
But Troylus þat hath caght hym an hete
And gan to iape & seyd lord so ȝe swete
But rise & lete vs sope & go to reste
And he answerd do we as the leste

(79)

7 He told him quickly,
8 With no demur, how the matter had gone.

(80)

As flowrets, bent and shut by nightly frost,
When the sun whitens them,
All open straight upon their stem;
Such, from his wearied powers, became[1]
Troilus then:—and, looking up to heaven,
He began, like a man of mettle:
"Praised be thy supreme goodness,
Beautiful Venus, and that of thy son Love!"

[1] These lines are borrowed by Boccaccio almost *verbatim* from Dante: also the next line but one.

(136)

With al þe hast goodly þat þei myght [last so] 946
They sped from her soper to her bed
And euery wight out at þe dore hym dight
& wher hym list vp-on his wey hym sped 949
Troylus þat þought þat his hert[1] bled [[1] MS. ht]
For wo tul he herd some tydyng'
he seyd frend shal y now wepe or syng' 952

(137)

Quod Pandarus ly stil and lete me slepe 953
And do doun þin hood þi nedis sped be
& chese if þou wilt daunce or syng' or lepe
At short wordis þou shalt trust to me 956
Sir my nece wole do wele by the
And love þe best by god & be my troupe
But lak of pursute make it in þi sloupe 959

(138)

For þus ferforþ have y þi work begunne 960
Fro day to day tul þis day by þ' morow
her love of frendship to þe have y wonne
And þer-to haþ she leyd her feiþ to borow 963
Algate sumwhat y have lessid þi sorow
What shold y lenger sermon of yt hold
As ȝe have herd[2] byfor he al hym told [[2] MS. hd] 966

(139)

Bvt right as flouris þurgh cold of nyght 967
I-closid stoupyn her stalkys lowe
Redressyn hem a-yen þe sonne bright
And spredyn in her right cours by row 970
Right so gan Troylus his eyen vp to throw
This Troylus and seyd venus dere
Thy might þi grace y-heried be it here 973

(81)

1 Then he embraced Pandarus a good thousand times;

2 So delighted
3 That he would have been no more so if
4 A thousand Troys had been given him.

(89)

1 "What shall I do, Pandarus? Thou sayst nought."

(90)

2 "Nor have I dissembled,
Nor ever shall dissemble, to give succour to thy pains;
And I am always braced
To do for thee, not only what befits,
But all things whatever.

(140)

And to Pandare he held vp boþe his hondis 974
And seyd lord al thyn be þat y have
For y [am] hole al brostyn be my bondis
A thowsand Troyes ho so þat me yave 977
Eche aftir oþir god so wis me save
Ne might so me gladyn lo myne herte
But spredith so for ioy it wil to-sterte 980

(141)

Bvt lord how shal y do how shal y lyvin [leaf 99, back] 981
Whan shal y next my dere hert se
how shal þis long tyme a-wey be dryvin
Til þow be ayen at her fro me 984
Thow mayst answere abyde abyde but he
That hangith by þe nek' þe soþe to seyn
In grete dissese abydith for the peyn 987

(142)

Al easyly now for þe love of Marte 988
Quod' Pandarus for euery thing' hath tyme
So long' abyde til þat the night departe
For also siker as þow lyest here by me 991
And god tofor y wole be þer at pryme
And for thy work sum what as y sey
Or on some oþer wight þis charge ley 994

(143)

For pardé god wote y have euere yet 995
Be redy the to serve & in-to þis night
have y not feynid but euere for my wit
Done al þi list & shal do wiþ my might 998
Do now as y shal sey & fare aright
And if þou nelt. wyte al þi self' þe care
On me is not along' þin evil fare 1001

(90-91)

"I know that, in all matters, six to one,
Thou seest better than I: but nevertheless,
Were I in thee, I would write
The whole of my pain to her with my hand;
And hereupon I would beseech her by God,
And by love and of her courtesy,
That she would have some thought of me.

(91)

7 "And, this being written,
8 I will take it to her without delay."

(144)

Y wote wele þat þow wiser art than y 1002
A M^l fold but if^e y were as thow
God help me so as y wold vtturly
Right of^e myne owne honde write her now 1005
A lettre in which y wold telle her how
I ferd a-mys & her byseche of roupe
Now help þi self^e & leve it for no slouthe 1008

(145)

And y my self^e shal þerwith to her gone 1009
& whan þow wost y am with her there
Worthe þou vpon a curser right anone
3e hardily right in thi best gere 1012
And ride for-by þe place as noght ne were
And þou shalt fynd vs if y may sittyng^e
In some wyndow in-to þe strete lokyng^e 1015

(146)

And if^e þou list þan mayst þou vs salewe [leaf 31] 1016
And vp-on me thow make thi contenaunce
But be thi lyf^e be ware þat þow eschewe
To tarien oght god sheld it fro mischaunce 1019
Ride forth and hold thy gouernaunce
And we shul speke sumwhat of^e þe y trowe
Whan þow art go to do þin eris glowe 1022

(147)

Towchyng this þou art wyse ynow 1023
I wote þow wilt it dignlych it endite
Or make it with þes argumentis tow
Ne scryvenlich or craftily þow it write 1026
Biblotte it with teris eke a lyte
And if^e þow write a goodly word al softe
Thogh it be good reherce it not to ofte 1029

(93)

This counsel pleased Troilus much;
But, as a timid lover, he replied:
"Alas! Pandarus, thou wilt see,
As it is known that women are shamefaced,[1]
That Chryseis will reject the writing that thou shalt take,
For shame, with injurious words."

[1] This has no direct equivalent in Chaucer; but his expression "I am *ashamyd*," &c. may be a sort of reflex from it.

(94)

To this Pandarus replied: "If it please thee,
Do what I say, and then leave me to act;
For, so may Love set me in his peace,
I expect to bring thee back an answer thereto
Written with her hand; and, if thou likest not this,
Timid and sad thou mayst have to bide.
Thou wilt then repent for thy torment;
It will no more be in me to make thee happy."

(148)

For þogh the best harpour vp-on lyve 1030
Wold vp-on þe best sownyd ioly harpe
That euere was wiþ al his fingris fyve
Touche euere o strenge or euere o werble harpe 1033
Were his naylis poyntid neuere so sharpe
he shold make euery wight to dulle
To here his gle and of his strokis full 1036

(149)

Ne iompre eke no discordant thing in fere 1037
As þus to vse termis of physik
In lovis termes hold of thy matere
The fourme alwey & do þat it be lyk 1040
For if a peyntour wold peynt a pyk
Wiþ assis feet & heed it as an ape
Hit cordid not so nere it but a iape 1043

(150)

This counceil likyd wele to Troylus 1044
But as a dredful lover he seyd this
Alas my dere brothir Pandarus
I am ashamyd for to write y-wis 1047
lest of myn innocens y seyd a-mys
Or þat she nold hit for despite receyve
þan wer y dede þer might no þing me weyve 1050

(151)

To þat Pandare answerid if þow lyst [leaf 31, back] 1051
Do that y sey lete me þer-with gone
For by that lord that formyd est & west
I hope of hit to bryng answerd anon 1054
Right of her hond & if þow nelt none
lete be & sory mote he be his lyve
Ayens þi list þat helpith þe to thrive 1057

(95)

Then said Troilus: "Be
Thy pleasure done. I am going, and will write:
And I pray Love, of his courtesy,
The writing and the letter and the mission
He make fruitful."
To his dearest lady he wrote
A letter quickly, and thus he said.

(96-98)

'I cannot, as is the wont, send you a salutation, for in myself is no salubrity.

"I cannot avoid that which Love wills,
Who has erst made daring a viler than I;
And he constrains me to write the words.
'Your image is always present to me.
"And me give pardon,
Prythee, my sweet hope.
"I well know that never
Was that for which I come deserved by service of mine.

(103-106)

'Be pitiful as you are lovely: you will understand me. I had much else to say, but will only implore of Love "'that, as I am thine, so some day thou mayst become mine, and never be severed from me.'"

(100, 102, 107)

"From these things, lady, is born a fire
Which day and night tortures my soul,
Without allowing me to find stay or pause."
You alone can console me: for God's sake do it.
Having therefore written all these things
In a paper, he folded it orderly.

(152)

Quod Troylus deparden y assente
Seth þat þe list y wole aryse & wryte
And blisful god pray ich in good entent
The viage & þe *lettre* y shal endite
So spede it and þow Minerua it write
3eve þow me wyt my *lettre* to devise
& sete hym doun & wrote right in this wyse

(153) [*Troilus's Letter.*]

Ferst gan he her his right lady calle
his hertis lyf his list his sorowis leche
his blis & eke his oþer termes alle
That in such cas þes lovers al seche
And in ful humble wyse as in his speche
he gan hym recomaunde to her grace
To telle al how hit axith mychil space

(154)

And aftir ful lowly he her prayd
To be not wroth þogh he of his foly
So hardy to telle to write and seyd
þat love it made or ellis must he dy
And pytously gan mercy for to cry
And aftir he seyd and lyed lowd
he was litel worth and lesse he cowd

(155)

And þat she shold have his cunnyng excusid
That litel was & eke he drad her so
And his vnworthynes he ay accusid
And aftir þat þan gan he telle his wo
And [1]that was infynyte for Ay & oo[1] [1–1 *in a rather later hand*]
And how he wold him alwey in trouþ hold
And his adew made and gan it fold

[*End of the Letter.*]

(107)

'You alone can console me: for God's sake, do it.
And on his cheeks all tearful
He bathed the gem, and then sealed it.
And first he kissed it a hundred times and more—

Saying: "My letter, thou wilt be
Blessed, in hand of such a lady shalt thou come."

Pandarus, taking the moving letter,
Went to Chryseis,—who,

(108)

When she saw him come, leaving
The company in which she was,

(109)

Said: "What affair
Now brings thee hither?"

(156)

And wiþ his salt teris gan he bathe [leaf 32] 1086
The ruby in his signet & hit sette
vp-on þe wex delinerlich and rathe
Ther-wiþ a *thousand* tymes or he lette 1089
he kyssid þo þe lettre þat he shet
And seyd *lettre* a blisful destyne
The shapyn is my lady shal þe se 1092

(157)

This Pandare vp þerwiþ & þat he tyme 1093
On morow & to his necis paleys sterte
And seid slepe 3e and it is pryme
And gan to iape & seyd þus myn hert 1096
So fressh is it thogh love it smert
I may slepe *neuere* a mayes morow
I have a ioly wo & a lusty sorow 1099

(158)

Criseyd whan þat she her vncle herd 1100
With dredful hert and desirous to here
þe cause of his comyng þus answerd
Now by 3our feith myn vncle *quod* she dere 1103
What manere wynd gydith 3ow hidir here
Tel vs 3our wo and 3our penaunce
how ferforþ be 3e put in lovis daunce 1106

(159)

By god *quod* he y hope alwey behynd 1107
And she to laghe as þogh her hert[1] to-brest [[1] MS. ht]
Quod Pandarus loke al wey ye fynde
Game in myne hood but herkith if 3ow list 1110
þer is right now come in-to þis toun a gest
A greke a spye and tellith newe thinges
For which come y to telle 3ow tydynges 1113.

"And some answer will make him joyous.
"Him whom for thee I seem to see
Dying, so little hast thou care of him."

Chryseis remained timorously,
Without taking it; and a whit her pleasant
Countenance changed.

"Oh! leave it not with me, my Pandarus!
"Have regard
Somewhat for me—not only for the young man.

"Look now whether that which thou askest is befitting.

"And see whether I do well in taking it [the letter].
"And whether, to alleviate the pains
Of another, one ought to do an act dishonest in oneself.
"Carry it back, for the love of God!"

(160)

In-to þe gardyn go we & ȝe shul here
Al pryvily of þis a long sermon
Wiþ þat they arme in arme y fere
In-to þe gardyn fro the chaumbir doun
And whan þat he so ferre was þat þe soun
Of his wordis no man here myght
He seyd þus & out þe lettre plight

(161)

Lo he þat is al holy youris fre [leaf 22, back]
Recommaundith hym as lowly to ȝour grace
And sent to yow this lettre here by me
Avisith ȝow on hit whan ȝe have space
And some goodly answere ȝow purchace
Or help me god so pleynly for to seyn
he may not longe lyvyn for his peyn

(162)

Ful dredfully þo gan she stonde stiH
And toke hit not and al her humble chere
Gan for to chaunge and seyd hym tiH
For love of god þat touchiþ such matere
Ne bring me none and also vncle dere
To myn astate have more reward y pray
Than to his lust what sholde y more say

(163)

And lokith now if this be resonable
And letiþ noþer for favour ne for slouthe
To sey a sothe now were hit conenable
To myn astate by god & by your trouþe
To takyn it or havyn of hym rouþe
In harmyng of my self or in repreve
Bere it a-ȝen for hym þat ȝe on leve

Pandarus, a little perturbed at this,
Said:

(164)

Pandare þan bygan for to stare 1142
And seyd now is þis þe most wondre
þat euere y say lete be þis nice fare
To dęþe mote y smytyn be wiþ thundre 1145
If for þe Cite which þat stondith yondre
Wold y a lettre to ȝow bring or take
To harme of ȝow what list ȝe þus to make 1148

(165)

"This is a strange thing to think on—
That what is most desired by women,
Of this they all show themselves loth and indignant,
Before other people.

"Now this deny me not."
She took it, and put it in her bosom.

Bvt þus ȝe faryn wel ny al and some 1149
That he þat most desirith ȝow to serve
Of hym ȝe reechyn lest wher he bycome
Or whethir he dye or ellis sterve 1152
But for al þat þat euere y may deserve
Refuse ȝe it not quod he & hent her fast
And in her bosom doun þe lettre cast 1155

(166)

And seyd cast it now a-wey anone [leaf 88] 1156
That folk may se & gawryn on vs twey
Quod she y can abyde tul they be gone
And gan to smyle and seyd hym Eme y pray 1159
Such answere as ȝow lyst hym purvey
For truly y nel no lettre wryte
No than wol y quod he so þat ȝe endite 1162

Chryseis smiled, hearing him.

She promises to read the letter; protests that, if she is acting amiss, it is done to please Pandarus; and prays God to guide her simplicity. Then Pandarus goes; and she leaves her women.

(167)

Therwith she lough and seyd go we dyne 1163
And he gan at hym self tho iape fast
And seyd y have so grete a pyne
For that euery othir day y fast 1166
And gan his best iapis forþ cast
And made her so laghe at his foly
That she for laghtir went for to dy 1169

She went into her chamber.

She read and re-read it with pleasure.

She perceives that Troilus is indeed smitten. This pleases her, for she is the same, altho' she had not allowed it to appear. She says to herself: 'I must find time and place to extinguish this fire. Otherwise people will discover that I am love-lorn; and it is no intention of mine to die, or to make some one else die, when I can heal both to our mutual satisfaction. Next time Pandarus comes, I will show no coyness. "'No one shall have to call me pitiless to Troilus: ah, were I but now in his sweet arms, clasped face to face!'"—Pandarus returns to Chryseis.

And smiling he said: "Lady, what
Think'st thou of my friend's writing?"

(168)

And whan þat he was come in to þe hall 1170
Now Eme quod she we wol go dyne anon
And gan some of her wymmen call
And gan streight vn-to her chaumbre gon 1173
But of her bysynes this was one
Among oþer thynges out of drede
Ful pryvily þis lettre for to rede 1176

(169)

Avisid word by word in euery lyne 1177
And fond no lak she þoght he cowd good
And put hit vp & went her for to dyne
But Pandarus þat in a study stood 1180
Ar he was ware she toke hym by þ hood
And seyd ȝe were caught or ȝe wyst
I wouche saf quod he doth right as ye lyst 1183

(170)

Tho wysshyn þei and setyn doun to ete 1184
And aftir none ful slely Pandarus
Gan draw hym to þe wyndow next þ strete
And seyd nece he hath arayed thus 1187
þe ȝondur hous þat stont a foryens vs
Whiche hous quod she & come for to byhold
And knew it wele & whos it was hym told 1190

(171)

And fillyn forþ in speche of þingis smale [leaf 33, back] 1191
And setyn yn þe wyndow boþe twey
Whan Pandare sawe tyme vn to his tale
And saw wele her folk were a-wey 1194
Nece myn quod he tel on y sey
how like ye þe lettre þat he wrote
Kan he þer-on for by my trouþ y note 1197

She immediately turned red,
Without saying any more but "God knows."
"Pray," said Pandarus, "think how to content him."

[1] *I. e.* (according to the context in the *Filostrato*) to send a reply in writing.

[2] If Chryseis yields to the pity which she feels for Troilus, we might expect that he would thereby be *much* (not "little") contented. The meaning appears to be that, tho' she is willing to content him as far as circumstances admit, regard for her reputation will make his fruition scanty

And she to him: "I hardly know how to do it,[1]
Chryseis promises to write, as Pandarus presses her so much.

"But pray God the thing may go well!"

And she, in one corner
Of her chamber,

Sat down to write in this manner.

'I shall be glad to content you, so far as my honour and chastity may allow. I received your letter; but know not how to meet your wishes, "'as I mean to keep well and whole that which is most to be prized in the world—namely, to live and die in honour.'" To gratify you would be well, if the world were what it ought to be; but, such as it is, so we must use it, or else suffer the consequences.

To the pity which made me feel for thee,
In my own despite, I must nevertheless yield—
Whereby thou will be little contented by me."[2]

(172)

Therwith al rosy hewyd þo wax she
And gan to humme & seyd so y trow
Aqwyte hym wel for goddis love quod he
My self þe medis wol þe *lettre* sow
& held his hondis vp & fil on know
Now good nece be hit neuere so lyte
3ef me þe labour hit to sow & plite

(173)

3e for y can so write quod she þo
And eke y note what y shold hym sey
Nay nece quod Pandare sey not so
3et at þe lest thonk hym y prey
Of his good wil & doth hym not to dey
Now for þe love of me my nece dere
Refusith not at þis tyde my prayere

(174)

Depardeux quod she god leve al be wele
God helpe me so þis is þe ferst *lettre*
þat euere y wrote 3e alle & euery dele
And in a closet for to vyse her bettre
She went & bygan her hert vnfettre
Out of disdeynous prison but a lyte
And sate her dõun & gan her *lettre* write

(175)

Of which to tell in short is myn entent
The effect as y can vndirstonde
She þonkyd hym of al þat he wel ment
Towardis her but holdyn hym in honde
She nold not ne make her selfe bonde
In love but as his suster hym to plese
She wold ay fayn to do his hert an ese

She folded it, and sealed it, and gave it to Pandarus.

'You will make allowances. Were it not derogatory, I would willingly do as you wish. Possibly the time will yet come. Be as patient as you can. "'I say no more, but that I pray God to content thy desire and mine.'"

'But she will change her tone ere long.'

(176)

She shet it & to Pandare yn to gone [leaf 34] 1226
Þere as he sate and lokyd in to the strete
And doun she set her by hym on a stone
Of Iaspar on a cusshyn wiþ gold ybete 1229
And seyd As wysly help me god þe grete
I nouere dyd a thing wiþ more peyne
Þan write þis to which ȝe me constreyne 1232

(177)

And toke it hym he þonkyd her & seyd 1233
God wote of thing ful lothe byguune
Comith ende good & nece myn cryseyd
Þat of hard to hym now be ȝe wonne 1236
Oght ȝe be glad by god & ȝondur sonne
For why men seyn impressions lyght
Ful redy bene ay lighty to the flight 1239

(178)

Bvt ȝe have pleyd þe tirraunt ny to long 1240
And hard was it your hert for to grave
Now stynt þat ȝe no lenger on it hong
Al wold ye þe fourme of daunger save 1243
But hastiþ ȝow to do hym ioy have
For trustith wele to long don hardnes
Causith despite ful oft for distres 1246

(179)

And right as þei declarid þis matere 1247
Io Troylus right at þe stretis ende
Come rydyng wiþ his x' sowme y fere
Al softely and þidirward gan he bende *1250*
Þer as þei sate as was his wey to wende
To paleys ward & Pandare hym aspyde
And seyd nece y se ho comiþ here ryde 1253

(180)

O fle not yn he seyd as y suppose
lest he may think' þat 3e hym eschewe
Nay nay quod' she & wax as rede as rose
Wiþ þat he gan her humbly to salewe
Wiþ dredful chere & oft his hewis newe
And vp his look' debonerly he cast
And bekkyd on Pandare & forþ he past

(181)

God wote if he sate on his hors a-right [leaf 34, back]
Or goodly was byseyn þat ilk day
God wote wher he was lyk' a mawly knyght
What should y drecche or telle of' his aray
Criseyd which þat all þis þing say
To tel' in short she lykyd al in fere
his persone aray his loke & his chere

(182)

His goodly manere and his gentilnesse
So wele þat neuere seth þat she was born
Ne had she suche rouþe of' his distresse
& how so she hath bene hard here byforn
To good hope hath she caght a thorn
She shal nat pul it out þis next weke
God send mo suche þornes on to steke

(183)

Pandare whiche þat her stood fast by
Felt þe iryn hote and he gan to smyte
And seyd nece y pray 3ow hertily
Tel me þat y shal axyn now a lyte
A woman þat were of' his deþe to wyte
Wiþ-out his gilt but for her lak' of' rouþe
Were it wele do nay quod' she by my trouþe

1254 1257 1260 1261 1264 1267 1268 1271 1274 1275 1278 1281

Who soon, seeking for young
Troilus, went to him with it.

(184)

God help me so quod he ȝe seyn ful sothe
ȝe folyn wele ȝour self þat y no lye
Io ȝend he ridith ȝe quod she so he doþe
Wele quod Pandare as y have told ȝow thrie
lete be ȝour nycete and ȝour foly
And spekiþ wiþ hym in esyng of his hert
lete nycete not do ȝow boþe smert

(185)

Bvt þevon was to heve & to done
Considerid al þing wele it may not be
For why for speche & it were al to sone
To graunte hym so grete a liberte
Eke pleynly her entent as seyd she
Was for to love hym vnwist if she myght
& gwerdon hym wiþ no þing but with sight

(186)

Bvt Pandare þoght it shold not be so [leaf 33] *
If that y may this nyce opinion
Shal not be hold fully ȝeris two
What shold y make of þis a long sermon
he must assent on þat conclusion
Al for þe tyme & whan it was eve
And al was wele he roos & toke his leve

(187)

And on his wey ful fast homward he sped
And right for ioy he felt his hert daunce
And Troylus he fond alone a bed
That lay as done þes lovers in a traunce
Bytwix hope and derk des; eraunce
But Pandare right at hys in-comyng
he song as who seith sumwhat y bryng

1282 1285 1288 1289 1292 1295 1296 1299 1302 1303 1306 1309

And presented it to him with supreme delight.

Who, taking it, read what was written therein,
With haste, and sighing,
Changing his heart according to the words.

But yet at last, pondering within himself
Well everything that she had written,
He said inly: "If I understand her,
Love constrains her; but, like a misdoer,
She still goes covering herself under shield."
And the like appeared also
To Pandarus, with whom he spoke out all;
Wherefore Troilus takes heart more than his wont,
Somewhat laying aside his sad distress.

(188)

And seyd he is in his bed so sone 1310
I-beried þus hit am y frend quod he
Who Troylus nay help me so þe mone
Quod Pandarus þow shalt arise & se 1313
A charme þat was sent right now to þe
The which can hele þe of thyn accesse
So þat þow do forth thy bysinesse 1316

(189)

Ye þurgh þe myght of god quod Troylus 1317
And Pandare gan hym þe leffre take
And seyd *pardie* god hath holp vs
Have here a lyght & se þes leffres blake 1320
lord oft gan his hert glade & quake
Of Troylus whil þat he gan it rede
So as þe wordis yave hym hope or drede 1323

(190)

Bvt finaly he toke al for þe best 1324
þat she hym wrote for sumwhat he byheld
On which he þoght he myght his hert rest
Al couerid she þe wordis vndur sheld 1327
þes to þ' more worþi parte he hym held
That what for hope & Pandarus byhest
his grete wo foryede he at þe lest. 1330

(191)

Bvt as we may al day our selvyn se [leaf m, back] 1331
The more wode or cole þe more fere
Right so encres of hoop of what it be
Therwith encresith eke desire 1334
Or as an oke comyth of a litil spire
So þurgh his leffre which þat she hym sent
Encresyn gan desire of which he brent 1337

From day to day his ardour grew the more;
And, altho' hope sustained him
To endure, yet was it heavy to the heart.

Wherefore more than once, from his great fervour
It may be guessed, he wrote letters.

To which sometimes a glad and sometimes a bitter
Reply came to him,—and often, and rare.

He often complained of Love, and of the procrastination of Chryseis. Pandarus frequently used his urgencies with her—"who, altho' she listened willingly to him, said: "'I can no more: I do towards him as thou badest me, dear my brother.'" *Pand.*: 'This is not enough: you must console him and speak to him.' *Chrys.*: 'Never: I will never yield up to him my honour. I will always love him as a brother.' *Pand.*: "'This crown [of chastity] the priests praise in those from whom they cannot filch it. They all talk like saints; and then they catch you all napping. No one will ever know anything about Troilus.'" Do good while the chance offers.' *Chrys.*: 'In aught not touching my honour, I am his.' *Pand.*: 'Then why would you have him die?' *Chrys.*: 'Ah, Pandarus! you are my ruin! I shall lose my honour!' '"Now I can no more: since such is thy pleasure, I am content to do his will.'" But, for Heaven's sake, keep it secret, and make Troilus do the same.' *Pand.*: 'No fear of that.' *Chrys.*: 'As your own honour also is at stake, I can believe you will be silent.' *Pand.*: 'When shall Troilus come to speak to you? The sooner the better.' *Chrys.*: "'Thou know'st

(192)

Wherfor y sey alwey bope day & nyght
This Troylus gan to desiryn more
Thurgh hope and dede his myght
To pres on as by Pandarus lore
And wrote to her of his sorowis sore
For day by day he lete her not refreyde
þat by Pandare sumwhat he wrote or seyd

(193)

And dede also his othir observaunces
That to a lover longyn in that cas
& after þat his dees turnyd in good chaunces
So was he outher glad or seyd alas
And held aftir his gyltes & his pas
As aftir which answers as he had
So were his dayes sory and glad

(194)

Bvt to Pandare was alwey his cours
And pytously gan alwey to hym pleyne
And hym bysoght of rede & sone socours
And Pandare þat sawe his wood peyne
Wax wel ny dede the sothe to seyne
And bysily with al his hert gan cast
Some of his wo to slo and þat as fast

(195)

And seyd lord & frend & brothir dere
God wote thy dissese dope me wo
But wilt þow stynt al þis woful chere
And be my troupe or hit be dayes two
And god to-for 3et shal y shape it so
þat þow shalt come vn to a certein place
þere as þow mayst thy self pray her of grace

that in this house there are women and others with me, some of whom will have to go to the forthcoming feast; and then I will be with him. He must not be vexed at this delay. I will then talk with thee of the manner, and of his coming. Only see to his being discreet, and managing well to conceal his ardour.'"

(196)

And certeinly y note if þow it woost [Leaf 86] 1366
But þo þat bene expert in love hit sey
hit is on of þe thingis þat furthrip most
A man to have a leyser for to prey 1369
And a sykir place his wo to wrey
For in good hert yt mote some wo impresse
To here and se þe giltles yn distresse 1372

(197)

Parauntir þinkyst þou if it be so 1373
That kynd wold do her for to bygynne
To have a manere routhe vp on my wo
Seiþ daunger þan þou shalt me neuere so wyn 1376
So rulith her her hertis gost with yn
þat thogh she bend yet stont a root
What in effect is þis vn to my boot 1379

(198)

Thenk her-ayens þat whan þe sturdy okes 1380
On whiche men hakkyn oft for þe nones
And receyvid haþ þe gret fallyng strokes
þe grete sweyf doþ it þan fal at ones 1383
As done þes rokkes or þes mylstones
For swyfter cours comiþ þing þat is of weight
Whan it descendith þan do thingis light 1386

(199)

Bvt rede þat blowiþ doun with euery blast 1387
lyghtly oesid þe wynd it wil vp ryse
But so nel not an oke whan it is cast
hit nediþ me not þe long for to wyse 1390
Men shul reioyse of a grete emprise
Achieve it will & stond wiþ-out dout
Al have men be þe lenger þer about 1393

(200)

Bvt Troylus telle me if þe lyst
A thing which y shal axyn þe
Which is þi brothir þat þow lovist best
As þi verrey hertis pryvite
I-wis my brothir deiphebus quod he
Quod Pandare or oures þries twelve
He shal þe ese vnwist of hit hymselve

(201)

Now lete me alone & work as y may (leaf 88, back)
Quod he & to deiphebus went he tho
Which had his lord & grete frend ben ay
Save Troylus no man he lovid so
To telle in short with-out wordis mo
Quod Pandare y pray þow deiphebus þat þe be
Frend to a cause which þat touchiþ me

(202)

Jes parde quod deiphebus wel þow woost
In al þat euere y may and god to fore
Al nere hit but for men y love most
My brother Troilus but sey wherfor
hit is for seth þe day that y was bore
I nas ne neuere to be y thenk'
Ayens a thing þat myght þe forthenk'

(203)

Pandare gan hym to thank' & seyd
Lo here y have a lady in this toun
That is my nece and callid is Cryseyd
Which some men wold done oppression
And wrongfully have her possession
Wherfor y of þour lordship þow byseche
To be our frend wiþout more speche

(204)

Deiphebus answerd o is not this
That þow spekist of to me þus strongly
Of Cryseyd my frend he seyd 3is
Than nedith quod deiphebus hardily
No more of þis for trustith wele þat y
Wole be her champioñ with spere & 3erd
I roght not þogh al her foos hit herd

(205)

Bvt tel me how for þou woost of this matere
hit might best now availyn lete se
Quod Pandare if 3e my lord so dere
Woldyn as now do this honour to me
To prayen her to morow to þat she
Come vn to 3our hous 3our pleyntis to devise
her aduersaries woldyn of hit grise

(206)

O if þat more y durst pray as now [lear sr]
& charge 3ow to have so grete travaile
To have some of 3our bretherin wiþ 3ow
That might in her cause bet availe
Than wote y she might neuere faile
To be holp what at 3our instaunce
What with her othir frendis sustenaunce

(207)

Deiphebus which þat comyn was of kynd
To al honour and bounte to consente
Answerd hit shal be do & I can fynd
3et gretter help of this in myn entent
What wolt þow seyne if y for Eleyn sent
To speke of þis y trow it be the best
She may ledyn Paris as her lest

(208)

Of Ector which is my lord my brothir
hit nedith not to pray hym frend to be
For y have herd hym bothe o tyme & oþer
Speke of Criseyd which honour þat he
May sey not bet such hap to hym hath she
So nedith not vs more help to crave
he shal be such right as we wole hym have

(209)

Speke þow thy self also to Troylus
On my byhalve & pray hym wiþ vs dyne
Sir al this shal be done quod Pandarus
And toke his leve and neuere gan to fyne
But to his neces hows as streight as lyne
he come & fond her fro the mete arise
And sate hym doun and spak right in þis wise

(210)

He seyd a verray god so y have ronne
Lo nece myn se ȝe not how y swete
I note whether ȝe me the more thonk conne
Be ye not ware how þat fals polyfete
Is now about eftsones for ȝow to plete
And bring on ȝow aduocasies newe
I no quod she & chaungid al her hewe

(211)

What is he more a-bout me for to dreeche [Dar'st, tack]
And do me wrong what shal y do alas
Yet of hym self no þing wold y reeche
Ner it for Antenore and Eneas
þat bene his frendis in such maner eas
But for þe love of god myn vncle dere
No fors of yt lete hym have al y fere

(212)

Wiþ-out þat y have y-now for vs
Nay quod Pandare it shal no þing be so
For y have right now spoke with deiphebus
And Ector and myn othir lordis mo
And shortly made eche of hem his fo
þat be my thrift he shal it neuere wyn
For ought he can whan so þat he bygyn

(213)

And as þei castyn what was best to done
Deiphebus on his owne curtesy
Come her to pray in his propre persone
To hold on þe morow cumpany
At dyner which she nold not deny
But goodly gan to his prayer obey
he thonkid her & went vp on his wey

(214)

Whan þis was done þis Pandare vp anone
To tel in short & forth he gan to wende
To Troylus as stil as eny stone
And al þis thing he told hym word & ende
& how þat Deiphebus gan he to blende
And seid now is tyme if þat þou kunne
To bere þe wele to morow & al is wonne

(215)

Now speke now pray now pitously compleyne
Leve not for nice shame or drede or sloupe
Some tyme a man must telle his peyne
Byleve it & she wil have on þe roupe
þou shalt be savid by thi feiþ & troupe
But wele wote y þou art now in a drede
And what it is y ley y can it rede

(216)

Þow þenkist now how shold y do al this [leaf 32] 1506
For by my chere mustyn folk' aspye
That for love is þat y fare a mys
Yet had y lever vnwist for sorow dye 1509
Now þenk not so for þou dost grete foly
For y right now have found me matere
Of sleight to keneryn al thy chere 1512

(217)

Þow shalt go to nyght & þat as blyve 1513
To deiphebus hous as for to pley
The malady awey þe bet to dryve
For why þou semist sike the sothe to sey 1516
So aftir þat doun in þi bed þe ley
And sey þou mayst no lenger vp endure
And be right tabide þin aventure 1519

(218)

Sey þat þe feuere is the wont to take 1520
The same tyme and last til a morow
& let se now how wel þou canst it make
For pardie sike is he þat is in sorow 1523
Go now fare wele and venus here to borow
I hope & þow þis purpos hold ferme
Thy grace she shal fully the conferme 1526

(219)

Quod Troylus ywis now nedeles 1527
Counceilist þou me þat sike y me feyne
For y am seke in ernest douteles
So þat wel ny y sterve for the peyne 1530
Quod Pandare þow shalt þe betir pleyne
And hast þe lesse nede contrefete
For hym mes deme hoot þat men se swete 1533

(220)

Lo hold þe at thy tristre clos and y
Shal wele þe dere vn to thy bowe dryve
þerwiþ he toke his leve al softily
And Troilus went to paleys as blyve
So glad was he neuere in al his lyve
And to Pandarus rede gan al assente
And to Deiphebus hous at nyght he went

(221)

What nedeþ me to telle ȝow al þe chere [leaf 98, back]
That Deiphebus vn to his broþer made
Or his actis or his sikly manere
how men gan hym with cloþes for to lade
Whan he was leyd & how men wold hym glade
But al for noght he held alwey þe wise
þat ȝe han herd Pandare or þis devise

(222)

Bvt certeyn is or Troylus hym had leyd
Deiphebus had hym prayd ouer nyght
To be a frend & helpyng to Criseid
God wote þat grauntid he a-none right
To be her ful frend with al his might
But such a node was to pray hym þen
As to pray a wodeman for to ren

(223)

The morow come & neighyn gan þ' tyme
Whan þat þe faire quene Eleyne
Shope her to be an hour aftir prime
With Deiphebus whom she wold not feyne
But as his sustur homly þe sothe to seyne
She come to dyner in her pleyn entent
But god & Pandare wist non what it ment

(224)

Come eke Criseid innocent of þis
Anteigne her sustur Marbe also
But fle now prolixite best is
For love of god & lete vs fast go
Right to þe effect wiþ out talis mo
Whi al þis folk assemblid in þis place
& let vs of her salwyng pace

(225)

Grete honour ded hem Deiphebus certein
And fed hem wiþ al þat might lyke
But euermore alas was his refrein
My good trew broþir the sike
lith 3et & þerwiþ-al gan he sike
& after þat he peynid hym to glade
hem as he might & good chere hem made

(226)

Compleynid eke Eleyn of his siknesse [leaf 99]
So feithfully þat pite was to here
And euery wight gan wexe for þe accesse
A leche a-none and seyd on þis manere
Men curith folk þis charme y wol þe lere
But þer sat on al lest her not to teche
That þoght best cowd 3et be his leche

(227)

Aftir compleynt hym gunnyn þei to plese
As folk do 3et whan some men have bygun
To preise a man & vp wiþ þris him reise
A Mi fold 3et hier þan þe sun
he is he can þat fewe lordis kun
And Pandarus of þat þei wold afferme
he not foryat her preysing to conferme

(228)

Herd alwey þis criseid wele ynow
And euery word gan for to notifie
For which wiþ sobre chere her hert logh
For ho is he þat nold her glorifie
To wyn such a knyght to lyve or dye
But al passe y lest y to long dwelle
For o peyn is not al þat y of telle

(229)

Þe tyme come fro dyner to ryse
And as hem oght þei risyn euerychone
And gun a while of þis & þat devise
But Pandare bruk al þat speche anon
And seid to Deiphebus wil ze gone
If it zour wil were as y zow prayd
To speke here of þe nedis of Crisayd

(230)

Eleyne which þat by þe hond her held
Toke ferst þe tale & seyd go we blyve
And goodly on Criseid she byheld
And seid Iovis lete hym neuere thrive
þat doþ zow harme or bryng hym sone of lyve
& zeve me sorow but he shal it rewe
If þat y may & al folk be trewe

(231)

Tel þou þi necis cas qwoþ Deiphebus [leaf 39, back]
To Pandare for þou canst it best telle
Mi lordis & my ladies it stont þus
What shold y longer make zow dwelle
he rong out þe processe as a belle
vp on her foo þat hight Poliphete
So haynous þat men might on hit spete

(232)

Answerd of þis eche wors of hem þan oþer
And Poliphete gun they to warien
hangid be such on were he my broþere
& so he shal for he ne may not tarien
What shold y lenger in þis tale tarien
Pleinly at ones al þei her hightyn
To be her fredis al þat þei mightyn

(233)

Spak þan Eleyne & seid þan Pandarus
Wote ogħt my lord my broþer þis matere
I mene Ector or wote hit Troilus
He seid her ȝe but he seid wol ȝe here
Me thinkith seth þat Troilus is here
It were good if ȝe will assent
She told hym her self al þis or she stent

(234)

For he wil have more her grefe at hert
By cause lo þat she a lady is
& by ȝour leve y wole but right yn stert
And do ȝow wyte & þat a-none y-wis
If þat he slepe or wil not here of þis
And yn he lepe & seid hym in his ere
God have þi soul y-broght y have þi here

(235)

To smylyn of þis þo bigan Troylus
And Pandarus þo wiþ-out rekenyng
Out went a-non to Eleyn and Deiphebus
And seid hem so þer be no tarying
Ne more pres he wole wele þat ȝe bring
Criseide my lady þat is here
& as he may endure he wol ȝow here

(236)

Bvt wele ȝe wote þ^e^ chambre is but lyte [leaf 46] 1646
& few folk^e^ may lightly make hym warme
Now lokiþ for y wole have no wyte
To bring in prese þat might do hym harme 1649
Or him dissese for my betir harme
Wher it be betir to byde tul eftsones
Now lokiþ ȝe þat wite what to done is 1652

(237)

Y sey for me best as y can knowe 1653
þat no wight yn wend now but ȝe twey
But it were y for y can in a throwe
Reherce her cas vnlike þat she can sey 1656
And aftir þis she may hym ones prey
To be good lord in short & take her love
þis may not mychil of^e^ his ese hym greve 1659

(238)

And eke for she is *straunge* he wil forbere 1660
his ese which hym ogħt not for ȝow
Eke oþir þing^e^ þat touchiþ not to here
he wil ȝow tel y wote it wel right now 1663
þat secrete is & for þe tounis prow
And þe þat no þing knew of^e^ his entent
Without more to Troilus yn þei went 1666

(239)

Eleyne in al her goodly soft wyse 1667
Gan hym salue & womanly him plye
And seid y-wis ȝe must algate arise
Now fair broþer be al hole y pray *1670*
& gas her arme on his right shuldir lay
And hym wiþ al her wit to comforte
As she best coupe she gas hym disporte 1673

(240)

So after þis quod she we ȝow byseche
My dere broþir Deiphebus and y
For loue of god and so Pandare eke
To be good lord & frend ful hertily
Vn to Criseid whicli þat certeinly
Receyviþ wrong as wote wel here Pandare
þat can her cas wel bet þan y declare

(241)

This Pandare gan now his tung' a-vyle [leaf 86, back]
And al her cas reherce & þat a-none
What it was he seid sone aftir in a while
Quod Troillus as sone as y may gone
I wole right fayn wiþ al my might alone
have god my trouþe her cause susteno
Good þrift have ȝe quod Eleyne þe quene

(242)

Quod Pandarus And hit ȝour wil be
þat she may take her leve or þat she go
Or ellis god forbede it quod he
If þat she vouchiþ safe to do so
And wiþ þat word quod Troylus ȝe to
Deiphebus & my sustir leve & dere
To ȝow have [y] to speke of a matere

(243)

To be avisid by ȝour rede þe bettre
And had as hap was at his beddis hede
þe copie of a tretis & a lettre
That Ector had hym sent to axin rede
If such a man was worthy to be dede
Note y not how but in a grisly wise
he prayed hem on it a-none a-vise

(244)

Deiphebus gan þis lettre to vnfolde
In Ernest grete so ded Eleyne þe qwene
And romyng vutward fast it gan byhold
Donward a stair in to an herber grene
Þis ilk þing þei reddyn hem bytwene
And largely þe mountaunce of an hour
Þei gun on hit to redyn and to pour

(245)

Now lete hem rede & turne we anone
To Pandare þat gan ful faste prie
Þet al was wele & out he gan to gone
Into þe grete chambre and þet in hye
And seid god save al þis cumpanye
Come nece myn my lady qwene Eleyne
Abidith yow & eke my lordis tweyne

(246)

Rys take wiþ yow your nece Anteigne [leaf 43]
Or whom yow lyst or no fors hardily
þe lasse prese the bet com forth with me
And lokiþ þat ye þonk[e] humbly
hem al thre & whan ye may goodly
Your tyme is takiþ of[e] hem your leve
lest we to long[e] his restis hym byreve

(247)

Al innocent of Pandarus entent
Quod þo Criseyd go we vncle dere
And arme in arme ynward with hym she went
Avising her wele of[e] her wordis & chere
And Pandarus in ernefullest manere
Al folk for goddis love y pray
Styntith right here & softly yow play

(248)

Avisiþ 3ow what folk be her yn
And in what plite on is god him amende
And ynwardly þus ful softly begynne
Nece y coniure & holy 3ow defende
On his halfᵉ which vs soule hath sende
And in þe vertue ofᵗ corounys tweyn
Sle not þis man þat hath for 3ow þis peyn

(249)

For on his dele þenk one which he is
And in what plite he lith come ofᵗ a-none
Thenk al such taried tyde lost it is
þat wil ye bope seyn whas 3e bene one
Secondly þer it deigneth none
vp on 3ow two come ofᵗ ifᵗ 3e kun
Whil folk is blent lo al þis tyme is won

(250)

In tyteryng in pursute & delayes
þe folkᵉ devyne at waggyngᵉ ofᵗ a stre
þat þogh 3e wold have aftir mery dayes
þan dore ye not for why she & she
Spak such a word þus lokyd he & he
lest tyme be lost y dare not wiþ 3ow dele
Come ofᵗ þerfor & bring 3e hym to hele

(251)

Bvt now to 3ow 3e louers þat bene here [leaf 41, back]
Was Troilus not in a kankerdorte
þat lay & myght the whistryng of hem here
And þoght a lord now rennith my sort
Fully to dethe or have a-none comfort
And was þe forst tyme he shold her prey
Of loue a myghty God what shal he sey

[*End of Book II.*]

Boccaccio now reinvokes his lady, as he prepares to recount the amorous bliss of Troilus. The Prince, tho' still longing for more, was well pleased with the amount of favour he already enjoyed from Chryseis. Pandarus, after leaving her, rejoined him in a temple, drew him aside, and said:

'I have fashioned Chryseis to your will.'

'The delight will be mine: to you am I beholden for it.' Pandarus was contented with the assurances of Troilus.

Meanwhile the appointed time arrived. Chryseis called for Pandarus, and told him as much. Pandarus regretted that Troilus had gone away on some warlike emergency, but sent a messenger to recall him. The two friends concerted together their course of action. They then went secretly to the house of Chryseis, the night being dark and thick; and Troilus entered alone into a private quarter of the mansion, already hushed. "Chryseis had well heard him enter, and, as had been agreed, she coughed so that he should hear. And, in order that he might not be wearied in waiting, she often spoke in a decisive tone, and hastened all her people off to sleep, saying that she felt so drowsy that she could no longer keep awake." She then went down at once to the lurking-place of Troilus, torch in hand. "Him she saluted; then said, as best she could, "'Sir, if I have offended by keeping shut up in such a place thy royal splendour, I pray thee for God's sake to pardon me, sweet my desire.'" To whom said Troilus: "'Fair lady, sole hope and bliss of my mind, the star of thy beautiful face, splendid and lucent, has ever been before me, and this little den has been dearer to me, certes, than my palace: and to ask pardon for such a matter is out of place!" Then he embraced her, and they kissed mouth to mouth. A thousand kisses and caresses succeeded, and they mounted the stairs to the chamber.

They undressed, and entered the bed; where the lady, already in her last smock, said to him playfully: "'My mirror, new brides are shamefaced the first night.'" To whom said Troilus: "'My soul, I pray thee let me have thee in my arms naked as my heart longs for.'" And she then: "'Away with it!'" "And, throwing off her smock, she quickly nestled into his arms; and, clasping one another with fervour, they knew the last bliss of love."

'And I should hope to return in due time.'

'Love has so enthralled me for you that, even if I wished to be heart-whole, I could not succeed.'

'I will recall you as soon as ever I can.'

He returned at night to the same place of concealment in the house of Chryseis. She also came down as before.

Chryseis protests her love in terms of the most fervent emphasis: Troilus does the like. They are both profuse in lovers' prattle and in caresses.

The sun seems to them to have risen much earlier than usual.

[1] All this, which in Chaucer is an apostrophe proper to the poet, is in Boccaccio a speech of Troilus.

[2] Mr. Bell, in his edition of Chaucer, speaks of the phrase "with vapour eterne" as being obscure. It comes straight out of Boccaccio—"Con eterno vapor." This word "vapor" may readily be understood as meaning "effluence, influence."

[3] Mr. Bell gives "hem" (them) in this line, and in lines 5 and 6 of the same stanza. It seems to be either a miswriting or a misprint; for the true sense, in Chaucer as in his prototype Boccaccio, is conveyed by "him."

BOOK III.

(1) [*Proem.*]

O Eternal Light, whose glad splendour [1]
Makes the third heaven beautiful, from which rain down to us
Pleasure, loveliness, pity, and love!
Loved one of the Sun, and daughter of Jove,
Benign lady of every gentle heart,
Certain cause of the good which moves me
To the sweet sighings of my weal,
Ever be thy virtue praised!

O blisful light of which þe bemes clere 1
Adornith al þe thrid hevyn faire
O sonnys lef O Iovis doghtir dere
Plesaunce of loue O goodly debonayre 4
In gentil hertis redy to repeire
O verray cause of hele & of gladnes
I-heried be þi might and þi goodnes 7

(2)

Heaven, earth, the sea, and hell,
Each feels in itself thy potency,
O clear Light! And, if I discern the truth,
The plants, the seeds, and the grass, in like wise,
The birds, the beasts, the fish, with eternal
Vapour [2] feel thee in the pleasant time,—
And men and gods: nor does a creature
In the world avail or endure without thee.

In hevyn & hell in erthe & salt see 8
Is felt þi myght if þat y wil discerne
As man · bird · best · fissh · herbe & grene tre
To fele in tymes wiþ vapour eterne 11
God louith & to loue wil not werne
And in þis wirk no lyvis creature
Without loue is worth or may endure 14

(3)

Thou first to the high effects
For which all things live and are
Movedst Jove joyous, O beautiful goddess; and mild
Thou often makest him [3] to the troublous works
Of us mortals; and merited weeping
Thou turnest into glad and delightful feasts;
And thou hastsent him down hither in a thousand forms,
When thou hast wounded him now for one woman and now for another.

3e Iovis first to þilk effectis glade 15
þurgh whiche þat thinges lyvin al & be
Commodious & amerous hem made
Vnmortal þing & as 3e lyst ay 3e 18
3af hym in love ese or aduersite
And a Mt fourmes doun hym sent
For loue in erþe & whom 3e list 3e hent 21

Thou, at thy pleasure, makest fierce Mars benign
And humble, and chasest away all ire:
Thou expellest cowardice, and with high disdain
Thou fillest him who sighs for thee, O Goddess!
Thou deserving and worthy of lofty lordship
Makest every one according as he desires;
Thou makest all courteous and well-mannered
Who are a whit inflamed with thy fire.[1]

'Hercules was in love: why not I? I bless the moment I fell in love with so perfect a creature—and all my love-pangs; and most of all God for having created her. For others be realms, riches, arms, horses, woods, hounds, birds, the studies of Pallas, and the prowess of Mars! For me my lady suffices, and exalts me above Jove. Oh may she never be another's!'

Thou in unity houses and cities,
Realms and provinces and the whole world,
Holdest, beautiful Goddess; thou of friendships
Art certain cause, and dear fruit of them;
Thou only knowest the hidden qualities
Of things—whence thou formest such a construction[2]
That thou makest to marvel
Any who know not how to estimate thy power.

Thou, O Goddess, settest law to the universe,
Whereby it maintains itself in being:
Neither is any one adverse to thy son
But he repents of it, if he endures to be.

[1] It is curious to observe how Chaucer sometimes shuffles about Boccaccio's lines. In this stanza we have Chaucer's line 1 corresponding to Boccaccio's 1 and 2; 2 to 5; 3 to 8; 4 to 3; 5 to 7, but with the word "benigne" coming out of line 1, where the Italian poet applies it to Mars; 6 to 6; 7 corresponds perhaps to 4, rather than any other line.

[2] "Onde il costrutto vi metti tal," &c. This phrase is not entirely clear to me, but I understand it in the sense which the translation conveys. Chaucer's expression "may not construe," &c. is evidently derived herefrom.

(4)

3e fers Mars apesyn of his yre
& as 3ow list 3e makyn hertis digne
Algatis hem þat 3e wil set a fyre
Þei dredyn shame & vices þei resigne
3e do hem curteys to be and benigne
& hye or low aftir þat a wight entendith
Þe ioyes he hath 3our myght hym sendith

(5)

3e holdyn regne and hous in vnyte [Leaf 87]
3e sothfast cause of frendshipe bene also
Ye know al thilk' couerid qualite
Of þingis which þat folk on wondrin so
Whan þei may not construe how it may io
She lovith or why he lovith here
As whi þis fissh not comith to þe were

(6)

3e folk of lawe have set in vniverse
And þus know y by hem þat louers be
Þat who so stryvith wiþ 3ow hath þe wers
Now lady bright for þi benignyte
At reuerence of hem þat servyn þe
Whos clerk' y am so techith me devise
Some ioy þat is felt in þi servise

(7)

Ye in my nakyd hertis sentement
Inheld & do me shewe of swetnes
Caliope þi voys be now present
For is now nede seest þou not my distres
how y mote telle a-non right þe gladnes
Of Troylus to Venus herying'
To which gladnes he nede god hym bring'

(8) [*The Story.*]

Lay al þis mene while Troylus
Recordyng his lesson in þis manere
Ma fey þoght he þus wul y sey and þus
Thus wole y pleyne vn to myn hert dere
þat word is good & þis shal be my chere
þis wole y not forȝetyn in no wyse
God leve hym werk as he gan deuise

(9)

And lord so as his herte gan to quappe
heryng her come & short for to sike
And Pandarus þat led her by the lappe
Come nere and gan yn at þe curtyn pike
And seid god do bote on al syke
Se who is here ȝow comyn to visite
lo here is she þat is ȝour dethe to wyte

(10)

Þerwith it semyd as he wept almost [leaf 81, back]
Aha god help *quod* Troylus so rewfully
Wher me be wo o myghty god þow wost
Who is ther y se not trewely
Sir *quod* Cryseyde it is Pandare and y
Ye swete hert alas y may not rise
To knele & do ȝow honour in some wise

(11)

And dreasid hym vpward & she right þo
Gan bo̧e her hondis vp on hym ley
O for loue of god do ye not so
To me *quod* she ey what is þis to sey
For comyn am y for causis twey
Ferst ȝow to thank & of ȝour lordship eke
Continuance y wold ȝow byseke

(12)

This Troylus þat herd his lady pray
hym of lordship was neiþer qwykˢ ne dede
No myght o word for shame to hit sey
Al þogh men sholden smytyn ofˢ his hede
But lord so he wax sodenly rede
& *sir* his lessonˢ þat he had werid had kun
To prayen her was þurgh his hert yrunˢ

(13)

Cryseyd al þis aspyed wel y-now
For she was wys lovid hym neuere þe les
Al nere he malapert or made avowe
Or was to bold to syng a fole a mes
But whan his shame gan somwhat to passe
his wordis as y may rymes holde
I wole 3ow telle as techyn bokys olde

(14)

Hym chaungid voys right for his verrey drede
Which voys quoke & also his manere
Goodly abasshid & now his hewe is rede
Now pale vn to Cryseid his lady dere
With loke doun cast & humble 3ohiyn chere
lo alþerferst word that hym a-stert
Was twies mercy mercy my dere hert

(15)

And stynt a while & whan he myght out bryngˢ [leaf 42]
The next was god wote for y have
As ferforthly as y have kunnyngˢ
Bene youres so god my soule save
And shal tul that y woful wight be grave
& þogh y ne dare ne can vn to 3ow pleyne
I-wys y suffre not the lesse peyne

(16)

Thus myell as now O womanlich wyf
I may out bring and if it 3ow displese
That shal y wreke vp on myn owne lyf
Right sone y trow and do 3our hert ese
If wi3 my dethe y may 3our hert apese
For soth ye have herd me summwhat sey
Now reeche y neuere how sone 3at y dey

(17)

Therwith his manly sorow to byhold
hit might have made an hert of stone to rewe
And Pandare wepe as he to watir wold
And seyd wo bygone bene hertis trewe
And procurid euer his nece new & newe
For loue of god make of hym an ende
Or sle vs both at onys or we wende

(18)

Y what quod she be god & by my trouthe
I note not what 3e wold y sey
y what quod he 3et 3e have of hym routhe
For goddis loue and doth hym not to dey
Now this quod she y wold hym prey
To tell me 3e fyn of his entent
Yet wist y neuere wele what 3at he ment

(19)

What 3at y mene swete hert dere
Quod Troilus goodly fressh and fre
That with 3e streme of 3our eyen clere
ye wold some tyme on me rewe and se
And 3at ye agreyn 3at it may so be
Wi3-out braunche of vice in eny wyse
In trou3e alwey to do 3ow my servise

(20)

As to my lady chef & right resorte [leaf 43, back] 134
With al my wit and al my diligence
And y to have right as yow list comforte
Vndur 3our 3erde eke to al myn offence 137
As dope if þat y breke your defence
And yow deigne me so honoure
Me to comaundyn oght in eny houre 140

(21)

And y to be your verrey humble trewe 141
Secrete & yn my peynes pacient
And euermore desiryn freshe newe
To serve and bene y-lyke diligent 144
And with good hert al holy your talent
Receyve in gre how sore þat me smert
Io this mene y myn owne swete hert 147

(22)

Quod Pandarus Io here an hard request 148
And resonable a lady for to werne
Now nece by natal Iovis feest
Were y a god ye shold sterve as yerne 151
þat heryn wel þis man wole no þing werne
But 3our honour & sene hym almost sterve
And bene so lothe to suffryn hym 3ow serve 154

(23)

Wiþ þat she gan her eyen on hym cast 155
Ful esily and ful debonerly
Avisid her and hyed her not to fast
With neuere a word but seyd hym sobrely 158
My honour save y wol trewly
And in such fourme as y can now devise
Receyvin hym fully to my servise 161

(24)

Bysechyng hym for goddis love þat he
Wold in honour of trouth and gentilnes
As y wel mene3 mene eke wele to me
And myn honour with wit & bysynes
Ay kepe & if y may do hym gladnes
Fro hens-forth ywis y wole not feyn
Now both al hole no lenger þat 3e pleyn

(25)

Bvt natheles this warne y yow quod she [leaf 44]
A kynges sone þogh ye be y-wis
Ye shul no more have souereynte
Of my love þan right in þis cas is
Ne y wil forbere if 3e do a-mys
To wratthyn yow & whil þat 3e me serue
Cherise yow right as ye deserue

(26)

And shortly dere hert & al my knyght
Beth glad & drawith yow to lustines
And y shal trewly with al my myght
your bittre turne al in to swetnes
If y be she þat may do yow gladnes
For euery wo 3e shul recouere a blis
And hym in armys take and gan hym kys

(27)

Fil Pandare on knees and vp his eyen
To hevyn threw & held his hondis hye
Immortal god quod he þat mayst not dyen
Cupide y mene of þis mayst þow glorifi
And Venus þow mayst make melodie
Withoutyn hond me semith þat in toun
For þis miracle y here eche belle soun

(28)

But ho no more now of þis matere
For whi this folk wol come vp a-none
þat haue þe lettre lo y here hem here
But aiorne Criseide and one
And þo Troilus whan þat þow mayst gone
þat at my hous ye be at my warnyng
For y ful wel shal shape for your comyng

(29)

And esith þer 3our hertis right y-now
And let se which of 3ow shal bere þe belt
To speke of loue a-right þer y-now
For þere have 3e a leyser for to telt
Quod Troillus long shal it not dwelt
Or this be don. quod he whan þou mayst rise
This þing shal be right as y devise

(30)

With þat Eleyne and eke Deiphebus [Sext st. ends]
They come vpwardis at þe stairis ende
And lord so gronith Troylus
his beoþer and his sustir for to blende
Quod Pandare it tyme is þat we wende
Take nece myn 3our leve at al thre
And let hem speke & comith forth with me

(31)

She toke her leve at hem ful thriftily
As she wel couthe / & þei her reuerence
vn to the ful dedyn hardily
And wondur welo speke in her absence
Of her in prayseyng her excellence
her gouernaunce her wit & her manere
Comendid it was ioy to here

(5)

3 "My friend, I felt so much for thee,
4 When this year I saw thee languishing
5 So strongly for love, that my heart suffered
6 In itself, for thee, great part of thy torment:
7 For, to give thee comfort, I have never rested
8 Until I have found it.

(32)

Now lete we her wend to her owne place
And turne we to Troylus a-yen
That yaf ful lightly of þe pace
þat deiphebus had in þe gardyn seyn
And of Eleyne and hym he wold feyn
Deliuerid be and seid þat hym lyst
To slepe & aftir tales have rest

(33)

Eleyne hym kyst & toke her leve as blyve
Deiphebus eke & home went euery wight
And Pandarus as fast as he may dryve
To troilus come þo as blyve a right
And on a paylet al þat glade nyght
By troyllus he lay with blisful chere
To tale & wel was hem þei were in fere

(34)

Whan euery man was voidid but þei two
And all the doris were fast y-shet
To tell in short with-out wordis mo
This Pandare with-out eny lette
vp roos & vp on his beddis syde hym set
And gan to spekyn in a sobre wyse
To Troylus & how y shal yow devise

(35)

My alther levest lord and brofir dere [Text 4]
God wote and þow it sat me so sore
Whan y þe sawe so langwisshyng to yeer
For loue of which þi wo wax al wey more
That [y] with al my wit and al my lore
have euere sith do my bysinesse
To-bring þe to ioy out of distresse

(6)

1 "For thee I have become a go-between.

(6)

3 "For thee have I corrupted the pure breast
4 Of my sister,[1] and have set in her heart
5 The love of thee: nor will long time pass
6 But thou wilt see this with more sweetness
7 Than my speaking can give thee,
8 When thou shalt have beautiful Chryseis in thine arms.

(7)

1 "But, as God [knows] who sees all,
2 And as thou knowest, to this not
3 Hope of reward has induced me, but only the faith
4 Which as a friend I bear thee, and which has brought
5 Me to work that thou mayst find mercy.
6 "Wherefore I pray thee—so be not broken to thee
7 The desired bliss by evil Fortune!—
8 That thou do act as a wise man ought.

(8)

1 "Thou knowest that her fame is
2 Sacred among the people; nor was ever said
3 By any one anything but all good of her.

[1] "Sorella"; but this cannot be understood literally, as we have seen (Canto 2, st. 20) that Chryseis is the *cousin* of Pandarus.

(36)

And have it broght to such plyt as þou wost
So þat thurgh me þow stondist now in wey
To faryn wele y sey it for no boste
And wost þou why for shame it is to sey
For þe have y bygun a game to pley
Which þat y shal neuere do for othir
Al þogh he were a *thousand* fold my brothir

(37)

That is to sey for the am y bycomyn
Bytwix game and ernest such a mene
As makyn wymmen vn to men to comyn
Thow wost þi self what þat y wold mene
For the have y my nece of vices clene
So fully made thy gentilnes to trist
þat al shal be right as thy selvyn lyst

(38)

But god þat al wote take y to witnes
þat neuere y for couetise þis wroght
But only to abregge thy distresse
For which welny þow deydist as me þoght
But good brothir now as the ogh
For goddis loue so help her out of blame
Seth þou art wys so save al wey her name

(39)

For wele þou wost the name yet of here
Among þe peple as who seith halowid is
For that man is vnbore y dare wele swere
þat euere 3et wist she did a mys
But wo is me þat y þat cause al this
May thenk þat she is my nece dere
And y hir eme and tmytour eke y-fere

(8)

6 "This can never happen
7 Without great shame to me, who am her relative,
8 And likewise her pimp.[1]

(9)

1 "Wherefore I pray thee all I can
2 That this business be occult between us.

(10)

4 But, for God's sake, mind that the thing be unspoken,
5 And by no chance issue forth from thy breast,
6 O my dear friend! nor be displeased
7 If many a time I beseech thee of this:
8 Thou seest well that my prayer is befitting.

[1] "Trattator"—one who treats or negociates, a go-between. Chaucer's word "traytour" is no doubt taken from "trattator"; but not with strict correctness (if, as I presume, he means "traitor" in the modern sense of that word), for "traitor" is in Italian "traditor."

(40)

And were it wyst þat y þurgh myn engyn [leaf 45, back] 274
had in my nece put such a fantasie
To do þi lyst and holy to be thyn
Whi al þe pople would vp on hit cry 277
And sey þat y þe worst trecherie
Ded in this cas þat euer was byguune
And she fordone & þow right noght y-wunne 280

(41)

Wherfor or y wole forþer go a pas 281
þe pray y eft al-þogh þow shuldest dey
That pryvite go with vs in this cas
That is to sey þat þow neuere vs wrey 284
And be not wrothe þogh y the oft prey
To holdyn secre such a matere
For skilful is þow wost wel my prayere 287

(42)

And thenk' wo þer hath be-tid or this 288
For makyng avaunt as men rede
And what mischef' yet in þis world þer is
Fro day to day yet for that wikkid dede 291
For which these wise clerkis þat ben dede
han euere prouerbyd yet to vs yonge
þe first vertu is to kepe wele þe tonge 294

(43)

And ner it for that y wole abregge 295
diffusion' of' speche y couthe almost
A *thousand* old stories the alegge
Of' wymmen lost þurgh fals & folis bost 298
Prouerbis canst þi self' y-now and wost
Ayens þat vice as for to bene a blabbe
þogh meu soth seid as oft as þey do gabbe 301

(44)

O tung' alas so oftyn here byforn
hath made ful meny a lady bright of hewe
Seyd wel a wey þe tyme þat y was born
And meny a maydenes sorow for to newe
And for þe more p*ar*te al is vntrewe
þat men of yelp and it were to preve
Of kynd none auauntour is to leve

(45)

For avauntour & a lyer al is one [leaf 46]
As y suppose a woman grauntith me
her love and seith þat oþer wol she none
And y am sworn to hold it secre
And aftir y go telle hit two or thre
I-wis y am avauntour at þe leest
And a lyer for y breke myn hest

(46)

Now loke þan if' þei be oght to blame
Such manere folk' what shal y clepe hem what
That hem avaunte of' wymmen and be name
That neuere yet behight hem þis ne that
Ne knowyn hym [no] more þan myn old hat
No wondur is so God me sende hele
þogh women drede with vs men to dele

(47)

I sey not þis for no mistrust of yow
Ne for no wyse man but for folis nyce
And for þe harme þat is in þe world now
As wele for folye oft as for malice
For wele wote y þat in wyse folk þat vice
No-woman dredith if she be wel a-visid
For wyse men by folys oft be chastisid

(10)

1 "And nothing but time lacks to this effect."

(11)

1 Who could tell entire the joy
2 Which the soul of Troilus felt,
3 Hearing Pandarus't for his sadness
4 Went the more waning the more *he* spoke.
5 The sighs which he had in great abundance
6 Gave way, and the evil pain
7 Departed.

(12)

1 And as the new spring
2 Of a sudden reclothes with fronds and flowerets the
3, 4 Which have been naked in the rigid season, [bushes

(12)

7 Thus full forthwith of new joy
8 Troilus laughed, serene in countenance.

(48)

But now to purpos leue brothir dere
have al þat y have seyd in mynde
And kepe the clos & be now of good chere
For at þi day þow shalt me trewe fynde
I shal thy processe set in such a kynd
And god to-forn þat it shal the suffise
For it shal be right as þow wylt devise

(49)

For wele y wote þow menyst wele parde
Therfor y dare this wel vndurtake
þow wost eke what þi lady grauntid the
And day is set-thy chartris vp to make
have now good nyght y may no lenger wake
And byd for me seth þou art now in blis
þat god me send dethe sone or lysse

(50)

Who myght telle half þe ioy or þe fest [leaf 46, back]
Which þat the soul of Troylus tho felt
heryng þeffect of Pandarus by-heste
his old wo þat made his hert swelt
Gan þo for ioy to wastyn & melt
And al þe rehetyng of his sikes sore
At ones þei fled he felt of hem no more

(51)

But right so as þes holtes and þes hayes
That hane in wyntre dede be and drye
Reuestyn hem in grene whan þat may is
Whan euery lusty lestith best to pley
Right in that self wyse sothe to sey
Wax sodenly his hert ful of ioy
þat gladder was þer neuer none in troy

(13)

1 And, after a little sigh, looking
2 Pandarus in the face, he said: "Dear friend,
3 Thou must remember both how and when
4 Thou erewhile found'st me weeping, in the bitter
5 Time that I used to have through love;
6 And also the like when thy words sought
7 To get to know
8 What was the cause of my sorrowing.

(14)

1 "Thou knowest how long I held back from revealing it
2 To thee, who sole art my only friend:
3 Nor was there notwithstanding any peril in saying it.
5 Now therefore think how I could ever do such a thing—
6 Who, whilst I am saying it to thee,
7 Tremble for fear lest any one else should hear it.

(15)

1 "But none the less I swear to thee by that God
2 Who equally governs heaven and earth,—
3 And so may I not come within the hands of hard
4 Agamemnon,[1]—that, if my life were eternal,
5 As mortal it is, thou mayst live secure
6 That, to the best of my power, this knowledge
7 Shall be in my own breast.

[1] At this point, Chaucer substitutes Achilles for Agamemnon; but he only postpones the king of men, who comes in in St. 55, l. 4. Perhaps he was guided by the reflection that Troilus did actually, at last, fall by the hand of Achilles.

(52)

And gan his eyen vp on Pandarus cast 358
Ful sobrely and frendly vn to se
And seid frend in April the last
As well þow wost if þow remembre the 361
how ny þe dethe for wo þou fondist me
And how þow dedist al thy bysines
To know of me þe cause of my distres 364

(53)

Thow wost how long y hit forbare to sey 365
To the þat art þe man þat y most trist
And peril none was it to the [be]wrey
That wist y wele but telle if the list 368
Seth I so loth was that thy self wyst
how durst y mo tellyn of this matere
That quake now & no wight may vs here 371

(54)

But napeles by þat god y the swere 372
þat as hym list may al this world gouerne
And if y lye Achilles with his spere
Myn hert clene al were my lyf eterne 375
As y am mortal if y late or yerne
Wold hit bewrie or durst or shold kun
For al þe good þat god made vndur sun 378

(55)

That raþer dye y wold and determyne [leaf 47] 379
As thinkith me stokkid in prison
In wrecchidnes in filthe & in vermyne
Captif to cruel kyng Agamynon 382
And þis on al the templis of þis tou
vp-on þe goddis al y wole the swere
To morow day if it lyke the to here 385

(16)

1 "How much for me thou hast said and done
2 I sufficiently know and manifestly see;
3 Nor could I ever recompense thee
4 For every act.

(16)

6 "But by our friendship I beseech thee
7 That thou no more give thyself that vile name.

(17)

1 "Leave it to the money-loving wretches
2 Whom gold induces to such a service:
3 *Thou* hast done it to save me from the bitter
4 Plainings I was in,—
7 As should be done by a friend.

(18)

1 "And, that thou mayst know how full
2 Good-will is borne towards thee by me,
3 I have my sister Polyxena,
4 Prized above others for beauty,
5 And also there is along with her Helen,
6 Most beautiful, who is my sister-in-law;
7 Open thy heart, if any of them is to thy liking,—
8 Then leave me to go to work with any one of them.

(56)

A that þow hast y-do so mychc for me
That y ne may hit neuermore deserve
This know y wele al might y now for þe
A *thousand* tymes on a morow sterve
I can no more but þat y wole the serve
Right as thyn own whidir so þow wende
For euermore vn to my lyves ende

(57)

But here with al myn hert y þe bysoche
That neuere in me þow deme such foly
As y shal sey me þoght by thy speche
þat þis which þow me doost for cumpany
I shold wene hit were a bawdery
I am not wood al-þogh y lewd be
hit is not one þat wote I wele perde

(58)

But he þat gothe for gold or for ricchesse
On such message cal hym as þe lest
And þat þow dost cal hit ientilnesse
Compassion felawship and trist
Deporte it for wyde wher is wyst
how þat þer is diuersite requirid
Bytwix thinges lyk as y have lerid

(59)

And þat þow know y þenk it not ne wene
That this servise a shame be or a iape
I have my fair sustir Polixene
Cassaundre Eleyne or eny of þe frape
Be she neuere so fair or wele y-shape
Tel me which þow wilt of' euerichon
To have for þin & let me þan alon

(19)

1 "But, since thou hast done so much, far more than I

2 Could have prayed thee, bring to the effect
3 My desire when it shall seem to thee the time."

(20)

1 Pandarus remained contented with Troilus,

(20)

2 And each looked after his own affairs.
3 But, although to Troilus every day appeared a hundred
4 Ere he should be grappling-to with her,
5 Yet he endured, and with the utmost self-control
6 He swayed the amorous assaults.

[1] Chaucer reverses the position of these two lines, as they stand in Boccaccio. Further on, st. 72, Chaucer uses the noticeable expression—

"Ther was som lettre hem bytwene
That wold, *as seith myn autor*, wele contene
Ny half this booke, of the which hym lest not write."

I do not find any such expression in Boccaccio: who does, however (as we have already seen), speak of an interchange of letters, in B. 2, st. 131, and again in B. 3, st. 3. Another somewhat similar instance occurs further on, in st. 83 of the present B. of Troylus. Chaucer says:—

"Noght lest myn autour fully to declare
What that she thoght whan that he seid so:"

but, in point of fact, Boccaccio does not only omit a detailed statement of Chryseis' thoughts on this occasion, but the occasion itself —the entire incident—is in Chaucer alone, and not at all in Boccaccio.

(20)

8 Giving the day, with his men, to laborious Mars,

7 [And] the night-time to thoughts of love.[1]

(60)

Bvt seth þow hast y-do me þis servise [leaf 47, back] 414
My lyf to save and for no hope of mede
So for the love of god þis grete emprise
Parfourme it out for now is most nede 417
For hy or lowe with-outyn eny drede
I wole alwey this hestis all kepe
have now good nyght & let vs bope slepe 420

(61)

þus held eche of hem with oþir so a-payed 421
That al þe world hit might not bet amend
And on the morow whan þei were bope arayed
Eche to his own nedis gan entende 424
But Troillus þogh as þe fire he brend
For sharp desire of hope & of pleasaunce
he not foryat his wyse gouernaunce 427

(62)

Bvt in hym-self with manhod gan restreyne 428
Eche rukil dede & eke vnbridelid chere
That al þo þat lyvyn soth to seyne
Ne shold have wyst by word ne by manere 431
What þat he ment as touching þis matere
From eche in that as ferre as is the cloude
he was / so wele dissimulyn he cowde 434

(63)

And al þis whil þat y now devise 435
This was his lyf with al his ful myght
By day he was in martis hye servise
That is to sey in armes as a knyght 438
And for þe most parte the long nyght
he lay & thoght how þat he myght serve
his lady best her thonk for to deserve 441

(64)

Nel y not swere alþogh he lay softe
þat in his thoght he was somewhat dissesid
Ne þat he turnid on his pilwis oft
And wold of þat he nyssid have be sesid
But in such cas men be not alwey plesid
For oght y wote no more þan was he
That y can deme of possibilite

(65)

But certeyn is to purpos for to go [leaf 48]
That in þis while as writyn is in geest
he sey his lady sumtyme and also
She with hym spak whan þat she durst & lest
And by her bore avys as was the best
Apoyntedyn ful warly in this nede
So as þei durst how ferre þei wold procede

(66)

But hit was spoke in so short a wyse
In which aweyte alwey & in which fere
lest eny wight devynid or devise
Wold in þis speche or to hit ley an ere
þat al þis world so leef to hem ne were
As þat cupide wold hem space sende
To make of her speche a right ende

(67)

But þat litil þat they spake or wroght
his wise gost toke ay of al such hede
hit semyd her he wist what she thoght
Wiþ-out word so þat it was no nede
To bid hym noght to do ne noght forbede
For which she þoght al-þogh he come late
Of al ioy had openyd her þe yate

(68)

Al shortly to þis processe forth to passe
So wele his work' his wordis he byset
þat he so ful stode in his lady grace
þat xx thowsand tymes or þat she let
She thonkid god þat euere she wiþ hym met
So couthe he hym gouerne in seruise
That al the world ne myght it bet devise

(69)

For why she fond hym so discrete in all
So secrete and in such obseruaunce
þat wele she felt he was to her a wal
Of stele and shold from euery displesaunce
That to hem in his good gouernaunce
So wys she was þat she was more a-ferd
I mene as fere as it oght be requerd

(70)

And Pandarus to quyke evir þe fire [leaf 98, back]
Was euere ylyk' prest and diligent
To ese his frend was set al his desire
he shove ay on [&] to and fro he went
he lettres bare whan Troylus was absent
That neuere man as in his frendis nede
Ne bare hym bet þan he wiþ-outyn drede

(71)

But now peraunter some men waytin wold
That euery sond or word or loke or chere
Of Troilus þat y rehercyn shold
In al þis wise vn-to his lady dere
I trow it were a long thing for to here
Or of that sight þat stont in such disioynt
his wordis alle or euery loke to poynt

(72)

Forsope y have not herd it don or þis
In story none ne no man here y wene
And þogh y wold y couthe not y-wis
For þer was some lettre hem bytwene
þat wold as seith myn autour wele contene
Ny half þis booke of þe which hym lest not write
how shold y þan a lyne of it endyte

(73)

But to þe grete effect þan sey y thus
þat stondyng in corde and in quiete
This ilk twey Cryseid and troylus
As y have told & in þis tyme swete
Savely oft myght þei not mete
No leyser have her speches to fulfille
þat hit byfel right as y shal yow telle

(74)

þat Pandare which þat euere ded his myght
Right for þe fyn þat y shal speke of here
As for to bring to his hous sum nyght
his faire nece and Troylus y-fere
Wher as at leyser al þis hye matere
Touching her love were at ful vp bound
had out of doute a tyme to hit found

(75)

For he with grete deliberacion (leaf 82)
had euery þing þat herto might availe
Forcast and put in execucion
And neiþer left for cost ne for trauaile
Come if hem lest hem shold no þing faile
Ne for to bene in oght aspyed there
That wist he an impossible were

(76)

Dredles hit was clere in the wynd
Of^ euery pye and euery letgame
Now al is wele for al þis world is blynd
In this matere bothe frende & tame
This tymbre is al redy for to frame
vs lakkith noght but þat we wytyn wold
A certein hour in which we comyn shold

(77)

And Troylus þat al this purveaunce
knew at the ful and waytid on hit ay
had here-vp-on eke made his ordinaunce
And found his cause & þer-to al the aray
þat if þat he were missid nyght or day
The while he was about þis servise
Than he was gone to done his sacrifise

(78)

And moost at such a temple a lone wake
Answerid of^ Apollo for to be
And ferst to se þe holy Laurere quake
Or þat the god spak out of^ the tre
To telle hym next whan þat þe grekis shold fle
And for-thy let hym no man god forbede
But prayeth Apollo help hym in his nede

(79)

Now is þer litil more for to done
But Pandare vp & shortly for to seyn
lo sone vp chaungyng of^ the mone
Whan lightles is þe world a nyght or tweyn
An that þe welkyn shope hym for to reyn
he streight a morow vn-to his nece went
Ye have wele herd the fyn of^ his entent

(80)

Whan he was come he gan a-none to pley [leaf 4o, back]
As he was wont & of hymself to iape
And fynaly he swore and gan her sey
Be þis & that she shold hym not ascape
Ne done hym lenger aftir her to gape
But certeinly she must by her leve
Come soupe in his hous with hym at eve

(81)

At which she lough & gan her fast excuse
And seyd it reynith lo how shold y gone
let be quod he no stond we þus to muse
This must be don ye shul be þer a-none
So at þe last herof they fil at one
Or ellis soft he swore her in her eve
he wold neuere come more a-yen þere

(82)

Sone aftir this she gan to hym rowne
And axid hym if Troïllus were there
he swore her nay for he was out of toun
And seyd y suppose that he were there
Yow durst have neuere the more fere
For raþer þan men myght hym ther aspye
Me were lever a *thousand* fold to dye

(83)

Noght lest myn autour fully to declare
What þat she thoght whan þat he seid so
That Troilus was out of toun y-fare
As if he seyd therof sothe or no
But þerwith out with hym to go
She grauntyd hym seth he her bysoght
And as his nece obeyed as her oght

(84)

Bvt yet natheles she hym did byseche
Al-þogh wiþ hym to go it was no fere
For to be ware of gosisshe[1] peple speche [1 ? *for* godissbe]
Þat dremyn thinges which þat neuere were
& wele avise hym what þat he broght þere
And seid Em seth y must on yow trist
loke al be wele y do now as ye lyst

(85)

He swore her by stokkis & by stones [leaf 98]
And by the goddis þat in hevyn dwell
And ellis wer hym lever soul & bones
With Pluto kyng as depe be in helle
As Mancalus what shold y more telle
Whan þis was do he roos & toke his leve
And she to soper come whan it was eve

(86)

With a certeyn of her owne men
And wiþ her fair nece Anteigne
And her wymmen wele a .ix. or .x.
But who is glad who now as trow ye
But Troilus þat stood & myght it se
Thurgh-out an hole wiþ-yn a litil stewe
Ther he beshit tul mydnight was in mewe

(87)

Unwist of euery wight but of Pandare
But to þe point now whan she was come
With al ioy and al frendis fare
Her eme anone her hath in armes nome
And aftir to the Soper all and some
Whan tyme was ful soft þei hem set
God wote þer was no deynte for to fe

(88)

And aftir soper gun they for to rise
At ese wele with hertis fressh & glade
And wele was hym þat best coupe devise
To lykyn her or þat laughe made
he song she pleyd he told þe tale of Wade
But at þe last as euery thing hath ende
She toke her leve and nedis wold wende

(89)

But o fortune executrice of werdis
O influens of thes hevenis hye
Soth is þat vndre god ye bene our herdis
þogh to vs bestis is þe cause y-wrye
I mene it now for she gan home to hye
But execut was al byside her leve
þe goddis will for which she must byleve

(90)

The bente mone wiþ his hornys pale [leaf 80, back]
Saturne & Iovis in cancro Iovis were
þat madyn such a reyne fro hevyn a-vale
That euery manere woman þat was there
had of þis smokis rayn a verrey fere
At which Pandare lough & seid then
Now were it tyme al best to go hen

(91)

Bvt good nece if y might euere plese
Yow with eny þing þan pray y yow quod he
To do myn hert as now so grete an ese
As for to dwell here al þis night with me
For whi þis is your own hous parde
Now be my trouth y sey it not a game
To gone as now hit were to me a shame

(92)

Cryseide which þat coude as mich good
As half a world toke hede of his prayere
And sey hit rone and al was on a flood
She þoght as good chepe may y dwellyn here
And graunte hit frendly wiþ a frendis chere
And have a þonk as gnoche & þan abyde
For home to go it may not wele betyde

(93)

Ywis quod she myn vncle leue and dere
Seth þat 3ow list it is skil hit be so
I am right glad wiþ 3ow to dwellyn here
I seyd but a game þat y wold go
I-wis graunt mercy nece quod he tho
Were it a game or none þe soþe to telle
Now am y glad seth þat 3e wolyn dwelle.

(94)

Þus al is wele but þe bygan a right
The newe ioy and all þe feest a-yen
But Pandare if goodly he had myght
he wold have hyed hym to bed fayn
And seid lord þis is an honge payn
Þis were a wedir for to slepyn yn
And y rede vs some for to begynne

(95)

And nece wyte ye wher y wil 3ow ley [leaf 51]
For þat we shul not lye ferre a sundre
And for ye sholdyn neiþer dare y sey
here noyse of rayn ne of thundre
By god right yn my litil closet yondre
And y wole in this litil hous alone
Ben wardeyn of yow wymmen euerychone

(96)

And in þis middil chaumbre þat ye se
Shul your wymmen slepe wele & softe
And þer y seyd shal your selvyn be
And if ye ligge wele to night comith ofte
And carith not what wedris be alofte
Goth yn a-none & whan so þat ye lyst
Go we slepe y trow it is the best

(97)

Ther is no more but her aftir sone
They voydid & drunk & curtyns drew anone
Gan euery wight þat had not ellis to done
More in þat place gan out of chambre gone
And euermore so sternelich it rone
And blew þerwith so wondirliche lowd
þat welny no man heryn othir cowd

(98)

þo Pandare her Eme right as hym ogh̄t
Wiþ women such as were her moost about
Ful glad vn to her beddis syde broght
And toke his leve & gan ful lowe to lout
And seyd here at þis closet dore wiþ-out
Right ouerthwart your womes liggyn all
þat whom yow lyst of hem ye may her call

(99)

So whan she was in þe closet leyd
And al her wymmen forth̄ by ordenaunce
A bed werin þere as y have said
There was no more to skipe ne to traunce
But bodyn gone to bed with myschaunce
If eny man was steryng eny where
And lete hem slepe þat abed were

(100)

And Pandare þat cowd wel eche a dele [leaf 51, back] 694
The old daunce & euery poynt ther-in
Whan þat he wist þat al þing was wele
he þoght he wold vp on his werk' bygin 697
And gan þe stewe dore al soft vnpyn
And stil as stone wiþout more let
By Troylus a-doun right he hym set 700

(101)

And shortly to þe poynt right to gone 701
Of al þis werk' he told hym word & ende
And seyd make the redy right a-none
For þou shalt to hevyn blis wende 704
Now blisful Venus þou me grace sende
Quod Troylus for neuer yet no nede
Had y or now ne halvyndel the drede 707

(102)

Quod Pandare ne drede þe neuere a dele 708
For hit shal be right as þow wilt desire
So thryve y þis night y shal make it wele
Or cast al þe grewel in the fire 711
Now seynt venus þis night þou me enspire
Quod Troylus as wisly y the serve
And euere bet & bet shal tul y sterve 714

(103)

And if y had o venus ful of mirthe 715
Aspect had of Mars or of Saturne
Or þow cumbrid or let were in my birthe
Thy fadir pray al þilk' harme disturne 718
Of grace & þat y glad a-yen may returne
For love of hym þow lovedist in þi sawe
I mene Adon þat wiþ þe bore was slaw 721

(104)

O Ioue for þe loue of fair Europe
þe which in forme of bole a-wey þou fet
Now help mars wiþ þi blody cope
For þe love of Ciphis þat þow ne lette
O Phebus þenk whan diane her self shet
vndur þe bark & lawrer wax for-drede
Yet for her love o help me at þis nede

(105)

Mercury for þe love of hyerce eke [leaf 32]
For which Pallas was with aglauros wroþe
Now help & diane eke y the byseke
That þis viage be not in the lothe
Of fatale sustrin which or eny cloþe
Me shapyn was my destyne me spoune
Now helpith to þis werk þat is begoune

(106)

Quod Pandare þou wreechid mousis hert
Art þow a-gust lest she wole þe byte
Why do on þis furrid cloke on thi shert
And folow me for y wol have þe wyte
But byde & lete me go byfor a lyte
And wiþ þat word he gan vn-do þe trappe
And Troilus he broght yn by þe lappe

(107)

þe sterne wynd so lowd gan to route
þat no wight otheris noyse myght here
And þei þat lyen at the dore withoute
Ful sykirly þei slepyn al y-fere
Quod Pandare with a ful sobre chere
Goth to dore a-none with-oute lette
Ther as þei lay and softly hit shet

(108)

And as he come a-yenward pryvily
his nece a-woke & seid ho goth there
My dere nece quod Pandare it am y
Ne wondrith not ne have of it no fere
And nerre he come & seyd her in her ere
No word for loue of god y now byseche
let no wight a-rise & here of our speche

(109)

What which wey be ye comyn benedicite
Quod she & how thus vnwist of hem all
her at þis secre trapdore quod he
Quod þo Criseide Let me suen wight call
Ey god forbode þat it shold fall
Quod Pandare þat ȝe such foly wroghtyn
þei might deme þing þei neuere ere þoghtyn

(110)

Hit is not good a slepyng hound to wake [leaf 32, back]
Ne yeve no wyght a cause to devyne
Your wymmen all y dare vndirtake
Slepe þat for hem myght þis house myne
And slepe willyn tul the sonne shyne
And whan my tale is broght to an ende
vnwist right as y come so wole y wende

(111)

Now nece myn ye shal wele vndirstand
Quod he so as ye wymmen demyn all
þat for to hold in love a man in hand
And hym her lyf and her dere hert call
And makyn hym a howe a-boue a call
I mene as love a nothir in þis while
She doth her self a shame and hym a gyle

(112)

Now wherby þat y telle yow al this
Ye wote your self as wele as eny wight
how þat your love fully graunted is
To Troylus þe worthiest knyght
On of þis world & þerto trouþe y-plight
þat but it nere one a long ye nold
hym neuere falsyn whil ye lyve shold

(113)

Now stant it þus þat sethe y fro yow went
This Troylus platly for to seyn
Is þurgh a gotur by a pryve went
In-to my chambre y-come in al þis reyn
vnwist of eny maner wight certeyn
Save of my self as wisly have y ioy
And by þat feith y ow Pryam of troy

(114)

And he is come in such peyn & distresse
þat but he be al fully wood by this
he sodenly mote fal in-to woodnes
But if god help & cause whi is þis
he seiþ hym told is of a frend of his
how þat ze shold love on hat honaste
For sorow of which þis night wol be his last

(115)

Cryseid þat which of þis wondur herd [leaf 24]
Gan sodenly a-bout her hert cold
And with a sike ful sorowfully answerd
Alas y wend who so talys told
My dere hert wold me not hold
So lightly fals alas conseites wrong
What harme þei done for now y lyve to long

(116)

Horast alas and falsyn Troylus
I know hym not god help me so quod she
Alas what wikkid spiryt told hym þus
Now certis Eme to morow & y may hym se
I shal of þat as fully excuse me
As did euere woman if þat hym lyke
And with þat word she gan ful sore to sike

(117)

God quod she so worldly selynesse
Which clerkis callyn fals felicite
Y-medlid is with many a bittirnes
Ful anguisshous it is god wote quod she
Condicion of veyne prosperite
For two ioyes comyn not y-fere
Or ellis no wight hath hem long here

(118)

Bbrotul wele of mannys ioy vnstable
Wiþ what wight þow be how so þat þou pley
Eiþer he wote þat þow ioy art mevable
Or wote it not it mote be on of twey
Now if he wote it not how may he sey
That he hath verrey ioy & selynes
þat is of ignorauncе ay in derknes

(119)

Now if he wote þat ioy is transitorie
As euery ioy of worldly þing must fle
þan euery tyme he hath þat in memory
The drede of lesyng makith hym þat he
May in no perfite selynes be
& if to lese his ioy he set not a myte
þan semith hit þat ioy is worth ful lyte

(120)

Wherfor y wold devyne in þis matere [leaf 58, back] 834
That trewly for oght y can aspye
Ther is no verrey wele in þis world here
For o þow wikkid serpent ielosye 837
Thow mysbylevid envyous folye
Why hast þou þus troylus me made vntrust
þat neuer yet a-gilt hym þat y wist 840

(121)

Quod Pandare þus fallyn is þis cas 841
Why vncle quod she ho told hym this
Whi doth my dere hert þus alas
ȝe wote ye nece myn quod he what is 844
I hope al shal be wele þot is a mys
For ye may quench al þis if ye lest
And doþ right so for y hold it þe best 847

(122)

So shal y do to morow ywis quod sho 848
And god to-forn so þat it shal suffise
To morow alas þat wer fair quod he
Nay nay it may not stond in þis wyse 851
For nece myn þis writyn clerkis wise
þat peril is with drecchyng in y-drawe
Nay such a-bodis be not worth an hawe 854

(123)

Nece al þing haþ tyme y dare avowe 855
For whan a chambre a fyre is or an haH
hit nedith more sodenly hit to rescow
Than to dispute & axe amongis aH 858
how is þis candeH in þe straw y-faH
A benedicite for al among þat fare
þe harme is don & fare-wel feldyfare 861

(124)

And nece myn take hit not a grefe
If þat ȝe suffre hym al night in þis wo
God help me so ye had him neuere lefe
þat dare y wele sey now þer is but we two
But wele y wote ye wol not do so
Ye bene to wys to do so grete foly
To put his lyf^e al nyght in iupardy

(125)

Had y hym neuere lefe. be god y wene [leaf 54]
yet had y neuere thing so lef^e quod she
Now be my thrift quod he it shal be sene
For seth ye make þis ensample of me
If y hym al wold in sorow se
For al þe tresour in þe toun of troy
I pray to god y neuer more have ioy

(126)

Now loke þan if ȝe be his love
Shal he put his lyf^e al night in Iupardy
For þing^e of noght now by þat [god] a-bove
Not only þis delay comiþ of foly
But of^e malice if^e y shal not lye
What platly & ȝe suffre him in distresse
Ye done hym neiþer good ne gentilnesse

(127)

Quod þo Cryseid wil ȝe done o thing^e
And ȝe þerwith shul styntyn his dissese
havith here & berith hym þis blew ring
For þer is no þing^e might hym better plese
Saf^e y my self^e ne better his hert apese
And sey dere hert that his sorow
Is nedeles þat shal be seyn to morow

(128)

A ringe quod he ye hasilwode is shakyn
3e nece myn þat ring must have a stone
That might dede men a-lyve makyn
And such a ring trow y 3e have none
Discrecioun is out of your hede gone
þat fele y now quod he & þat is routhe
O tyme y-lost wel may þow cursyn sloupe

(129)

Wote ye not wele þat hie & noble corage
Ne sorowith not ne styntith eke for lyte
But if a fole were in a ielouse rage
I nold set his sorow at a myte
But feest hym with a few wordis white
Anoþer day whan þat I myght hym fynd
But þis þing stont al in a noþer kynd

(130)

This is so gentil & so tendre of hert [leaf 34, back]
þat with his deþe he wole his sorow wreke
For trustith wele how sore þat hym smert
he wil to yow no ielous word speke
And for-þi nece or þat his hert to-breke
So speke your self to hym of þis matere
For with o word ye may his hert stere

(131)

Now have y told what peril he is yn
& his comyng vnwist is to euery wight
And pe*r*de harme may here be none ne syn
I wil my self be wiþ 3ow al þis nyght
Ye know wele eke he is 3our own knyght
And þat be right ye must vp on hym trist
And y am prest to fet hym whan ye lyst

(132)

This accident so pitous was to here
And eke so lyke a soth at prime face
And Troilus her knyght vn-to her so dere
his pryve comyng & þe sikir place
That þogh tho she did a tho a grace
Conciderid al thing as þei stood
No wondur is for she did al for good

(133)

Cryseide answerd as wysly god at rest
My soul bryng as me is for hym wo
Eme y-wis fayn wold y do þe best
If that y had grace to do so
But whedyr þat ze dwelle or for hym go
I am tul god me bettir wit sende
At Bulcarnon right at my wittis ende

(134)

Quod Pandare ye nece wol ye here
Bulcarnon clepid is flemyng of wrecchis
hit semith hard for wrecchis nel hit here
For verrey slouþ & oþer wilful tecches
þis seid is by hem þat be not worth two fecches
But ze be wys & þat we have in hond
Is neiþer hard ne skilful to withstond

(135)

Than eem quod she doth her-of as ye lyst [leaf 55]
But or he come y wil ferst a-rise
And for þe loue of god seth al my trist
Is on zow two & ye be bothe wyse
So wurkiþ now in so discrete a wyse
þat y honour may have & he plesaunce
For y am here al in your gouernaunce

(136)

This is wel seid quod Pandare my nece dere
Þat good thrift on Þat wys gentil hert
But liggith stiH and takith hym right here
Hit nedith not for hym ferþer to stert
& eche of yow ese oþeres sorowes smert
For loue of god & venus Þat y herie
For sone y hope we shul bene al meryo

(137)

This Troylus on knees sone hym set
Ful sobrely right by her beddis hede
And on his best wyse his lady gret
But lord so she wax sodenly rede
And Þogh she sholde a-non have be dede
She coude not o woord out bring
So sodenly for his sodeyn comyng

(138)

But Pandare Þat so wele coupe fele
In euery Þing to pley anone by-gan
And seyd nece how wel lord can he knele
Now for your trouþe y sey Þis gentil man
And wiþ Þat word he for a cusshyn ran
And seid knelith now whil Þat 3ow lyst
Þere god 3our hertis sone bryng at rest

(139)

Kan y not seyn for she bad hym not rise
If sorow it put out of her remembrounce
Or ellis she toke it in such a wyse
Of dewte as for his obeisaunce
But wele find y she did hym Þis pleasaunce
Þat she hym kyssid al-Þogh she syghid sore
And bad hym sit doun wiþ-out more

(140)

Quod Pandare now wol ye wele bygynne [leaf 35, back] 974
Now doth hym syttyn now good nece dere
Vp-on ȝour beddis syde al þer with-yn
þat eche of yow þe bet may oþir here 977
And wiþ þat word he drow hym to þe fere
And toke a light & fond his contenaunce
As for to loke vp-on an old romaunce 980

(141)

Cryseyde þat was Troylus lady right 981
An clere stode on ground of sikirnes
Al þoght she her seruaunt & her knyght
Shold of right non vntrouþ in her gesse 984
Yet natheles considerid his distresse
And þat loue is in cause of such foly
þus to hym spak' she of his ielosy 987

(142)

Lo hert myn as wold the excellence 988
Of loue a-yens þe which no wight may
Ne oght eke goodly make resistence
And eke by cause y felt wele & say 991
your good trouþe & servise euery day
And þat your hert al myn was soþ to seyn
þis drove me to rewe vp-on ȝour peyn 994

(143)

And your goodnes have y found alwey yet 995
Of which my dere hert & al my knyght
I thank it yow as ferre as y have wyt
Al kan y not as mich as it were right 998
And y aftir my kunnyng' & my myght
have & ay shal how sore þat me smert
Be to yow trew wiþ al my hert 1001

(144)

And dredles þat shal be found at preve
But hert myn what al þis is to seyn
Shal wele be told so þat ȝe yow not greve
þogh y now ryght on yow self pleyn
For þerwith mene y finaly þe peyn
þat holt your hert & myn in heuynes
Fully to sle & eche wrong to redresse

(145)

Now good hert myn note y for why ne how [leaf 36]
þat Ielosye þe wikkid serpent wythir
Thus causeles is cropyn in-to yow
þe harme of which y wold fayn deliuer
Alas þat he al hole or of hym a shyvre
Shold have her refute in so digne a place
þat Ioue out hym some of your hert race

(146)

But o þou Ioue O auctour of nature
Is þis an honour vn-to your dette
þat folk vngilty suffryn her hure
And who þat gilty is al quyt goþ he
O were it leful for to pleyn to the
þat vndeservid suffrist ielosye
Of þat y wold vp-on þe pleyn & crye

(147)

EKe al my wo is þis þat folk now vsyn
To sey right þus þat ielosye is loue
And wold o husshelt of ielosy excuse
For þat o greyn of loue is in it sowe
But þat wote hy god þat syt a-bove
If it be like or loue or hate or graine
And aftir þat hit oght bere his name

(148)

BVt certeyn some manere Ielosye
Is excusable more þan some y-wis
And wher cause is & some with fantesy
With pite so wele repressid is
þat hit vnnethe doþe or seith a-mys
But goodly drynkith vp al his distresse
And þat excuse y for the gentilnes

(149)

And some so ful of furie is & despite
þat surmountith his reprehension
But hert myn ȝe be not in that plyte
þat þonk y god for seth your passion
I wil not clepe it but illusion
Of Abundaunce and bysy cure
þat doþ your hert þis dissese endure

(150)

Of which y am right sory but not wroþe [leaf 56, back]
But for my devoir & my hertis rest
Wher ye wil by ordinal or by othe
verrey sed or in what wise ye lest
For loue of god let preve it for þe best
And if y be gilty do me to dey
Allas what myght y more done or sey

(151)

Wiþ þat a fewe bright teris newe
Out of her eyen fel & þus she seyd
Now god þow west in þoght & dede vntrewe
To Troilus was neuere yet Cryseide
Wiþ þat her heed doun in þe bed she leyd
And wiþ þe shete hit wrie & sighid sore
And held her pees þat o word spak no more

(152)

Bvt now to quenchyn al this sorow
So hope y þat he shal for he best may
For y have seyn of a ful misty morow
Folowyn oft a mery somers day
And aftir wyntir comith grene may
Folk sene al day and eke men rede in story
þat aftir sharp shoures is oft victory

(153)

This Troylus whan he her wordis herd
Have ye no care hym lest not to slepe
Eke it þoght hym no strokes of a 3erd
To here or se his lady Cryseid wepe
But wele he felt a-bout his hert crepe
For euery tere with þat Cryseide a-stert
þe crampe of deth to streyn hym by þ^e hert

(154)

And in his mynd he gan þe tyme acurse
þat he cam-þere or þat he was borne
For now is wyk-y-turnyd in-to wurs
And al þat labghr he hath byforne
he went it lost he þoght it not but lorne
O Pandare he þoght alas þe whil3
Seryþ of noght so welawey þi wyle

(155)

[1]And þerwiþal he hinge adoun his heede [text st] 1079
And fel on knees and sorwfulli sight
what mi3t he sei3 he felt he nas but deed
For wrooþ was sche þat schulde hise daies li3t 1082
But nepeles whanne he þanne speke mi3t
þus seide he 3et god woot of þis game
whanne al is wist þanne am I not to blame 1085

[1 *A Scots hand, spelling sch for sh, 3 for y (yeux), hir for her, &c., writes 3 known mss.*]

(156)

Therwiþ for sorwȝ þat his hert swelt
þat from hise izen þer fel not a teere
And euery spirit his vigour eke inknitt
So þei a-stonied and oppressid were
þe felinge of his sorwȝ or of his feere
Or of ought ellis fledde was out of town
And doune he felle sodenly in a swoun

(157)

This was no litle sorw for to se
For al was schitt but Pandir vp als fast
O nece pees or we beeþ lost quod he
Beeþ not a-gast but certeyn at þe last
For þis or for þat he into þe bedde hiw cast
And seid oo þeef is þis a manes herte
And of he rente vn-to his bare schirte

(158)

And seide nece ȝe helpe vs now
Allas oure owne Troiles is lorn
y-wis so wolde I & I wist how
Ful fayn quod sche allas þat I was born
ȝhe nece wole ȝe pulle out þe thorn
þat stikeþ in his herte quod Pandare
Seie al forȝeue & stint is al þis fare

(159)

Ywhe þat me quod she leuere were
þan al þe good þe sunne aboute gooþ
And þerwiþ sche swoore him in his eere
I-wis my deere herte I am not wrooþ
Haue here my trouþe and maanye an oþer ooþ
Now speke to me for it am I Criseide
But al for nouȝt ȝit might he not abreide

(160)

Therwiþ his pous and pawmes of his hondes
þei gan to froote and wette hise templis tweyne
And to delyuere him from bittir bondis
Sche ofte him kiste & schortly for to seyne
Him to renoken sche dide al hir peyne
So at þe last he gan his breeþ to drawe
And of his swoun soone aftir þat adawe

(161)

And gan betir mynde and resoun to him take
But wondir soore I was abaschid I-wis
And wiþ a sigh whanne he gan bet a-wake
He seide. O mercy what þing is þis
whi do ȝe wiþ ȝoure seluen þus a-mys
Quod Creseid is þis a manaes game
wole Troilus do þus allas for schame

(162)

And þerwiþ hir arme ouer him sche leide
And al forȝaf and ofte tyme him kist
he þanked hir & to hir spak and seide
As fel to purpose of his hertis rest
And sche to þat answeride as hir list
And wiþ hir goodly wordis him disporte
he gan. & ofte hise sorwes to counforte

(163)

Quod Pandre for ouȝt I can aspien
þis liȝt nece I ne serueþ here of nouȝt
Liȝt is not good for sijke folkis iȝen
But for þe loue of god siþen ȝe ben brouȝt
In þis good pliȝt lete now non hevy þouȝt
Be hangingo in þe hertis of ȝou twey
And bare þe candel to þe chymeney

(164)

Soone aftir þis þouȝ it no nede were
whanne sche suche ooþes as hir list deuise
Hadde of him take hir þought þo no feere
Ne cause eke non to bidde him þenne rise
ȝit lesse þing þan þis may suffice
In manye case for euery wight I gesse
þat louеþ wel & meneþ but gentilnesse

(165)

But in effecte sche wolde wite anoone [leaf 38]
Of what man. & where. & also why
He Ielous was. siþen þer was cause noone
And eke þe signe þat he tooke it by
þat badde sche him to telle hir bisily
Or ellis certeyn sche bare him on honde
þat þis was done of malice hir to fonde

(166)

Wiþ-oute moore sehortly for to seyn
He muste obey vnto his ladies heest
And for þe lesse harme he most feyn
He seide whanne sche was at suche a feest
Sche miȝt on him haue loked at þe leest
Not I not what al dere y-now a rische
As he þat nedis most a cause fische

(167)

And sche answeride him swete al were it so
what harme was þat siþen I non yuel mene
For bi þat god þat wrouȝt vs boþe twoo
In al þing al myn entent is clene
Suche argumentis ben not worþe a bene
wole ȝe þe childische Ielousye countirfete
Now were it worþi þat ȝe were y-bete

(168)

Thanne Troillus gan sorwfully to sijke
lest sche be wrooþ him þouȝt his herte drede
And seide allas vppon my sorwes sijke
Haue mercy my swete herte my Criseide
And if þat in þe wordis þat I seide
Be any wronge I wole no more trespace
Doþ þat ȝou list I am al in ȝoure grace

(169)

And sche answeride · of gilt mysericorde
þis is to seie · þat I forȝeue al þis
And euermore on þis niȝt ȝe recorde
And beþ wel ware ȝe do no more a-mys
Naye deere herte myn quod he ywys
And now quod sche · þat I haue done ȝou smerte
Forȝeue it me myn owene dere herte

(170)

Thus Troillus wiþ blisse of þat vprised [leaf 88, back]
Putte al in goddis sonde as he þat ment
No þing but wel & sodenly A-vised
He hir in hise armes to him fast hent
And Pander wiþ a ful good entent
Leide him to slepe & seide if ȝe be wise
Swowneþ not now lest more folk a-rise

(171)

What miȝt or may þe sely larke seie
whanne þat þis sparhauk haþ it in his foote
I can no more but of þis ilke tweie
To whom þis tale sugre be or sote
þouȝ þat I tarie a ȝeere sumtyme I mote ·
Aftir myn autour telle hir gladnesse
As wel as I haue telde hir heuynesse

(172)

Criseid whiche þat felt hir þus I-take
As writen clerkis in her bookis oolde
Riȝt as an aspen leef sche gan to quake
whane sche him felt hir in hise armes foolde
And troillus al hool of cares coolde
Gan þanke þo þe briȝt goddis seuene
þus sundry peynes bryngeþ folk to heuene

(173)

Thus Troillus gan hir in armes streyne
And seide 'O suete' as euere mot I gone
Now be ȝe cauȝt now is þer but we tweyne
Now ȝeldiþ ȝou for oþer boote is noone
To þat Criseid answeride þus anoone
Nad I or now my swete herte deere
Be ȝolden I-wis I were now not here

(174)

Seoþ is seid þat yuel is for to kenne
As of a fyuer or oþir greet sijknesse
Men must drinke as men may often se
Ful bittir drinke & for to haue gladnesse
Men drinkeþ ofte peyne & greet distresse
I mene it. he as for this aventure
þat þoruȝ a peyne. haþ founden al his cure

(175)

And now swettnesse semeþ moore swete [leaf 58]
þat bittirnesse assaied was biforne
For cute of woo in blisse now þei flete
Noon suche þei felten seþen þei were borne
Now is it bettir þan boþe two were lorne
For loue of god take euery wommman hede
To wirke þus if it come to þe nede

(176)

Criseid al quite from euery drede & tene
As sche þat iuste cause hadde him to trẽste
Made suche feeste ioye it was to sene
whanne sche his troupe & entent elene wiste
And as aboute a tre wiþ manye a twiste
Bitrent and wriþen is þe swete woodbynde
Gan eche of hem in armes oþer wynde

(177)

And þe abaschid nigtyngale
þat stynteþ firste whanne sche begynneth singe
whanne þat sche heereþ any heerdis tale
Or in heggis any wight steringe
And aftir siker doþ hir vois out ring
Right so Criseid whanne hir drede stint
Opened hir herte & tolde him hir entent

(178)

And rigt as he þat seeþ his deeþ ychapen
And dien mote in ouzte þat he can gesse
And sodenly rescouse doþ þanne him ascapen
And from his deeþ is brouzt in sikernesse
For al þe world in suche a present gladnesse
was Troilus & haþ his lady suete
wiþ werse hap god lat vs neuere mete

(179)

Hir armes s̃male hir streigt bak & softe
Hir sidis longe fleishely smoope & white
He gan to stroke & good þrifte bad ful ofte
On hir snowe whit þroote hir breestis rounde & lite
Thus in this heyne he gan hym delite *(this line to a fuller sound)*
And þerwiþal a þousand tymes hir kist
þat what to do for ioye vnneþis he wiste

(180)

Thanne seide he þus .O. Ioue .O. Charite [leaf 99, back] 1254
þi modir eke sitheres þe swete
Aftir þi silf next heried be sche
Venus mene I þe wele wylly planete 1257
And next þat ymeneus I the grete
For neuere was man to goddis y-holde
As .I. whiche ȝe hane brouȝt from cares coolde 1260

(181)

Benienyng loue þou hooly god of þingis 1261
who so wole grace & liste þ^e^ not to honouryn
Lo his desire wole flie wiþouten winges
For noldist þou of bounte hem socouryn 1264
þat servyn best & alþermost labouryn [this line in corrector's hand]
ȝit were al lost þat dar I seie wel certis
But if þi grace passé alle oure desertis 1267

(182)

And for me þat coude leest disserue 1268
Of hem þat Ioinpred be to þi grace
haþ holpen hem [1]per y was lyke to sterve[1] [2nd[1] corrector's hand]
And me bistowed in so hiȝ a place 1271
þat ilke boundis may no blis pace
I can no more but laude and reuerence
Be to þi bounte & to þi excellence 1274

(183)

And þerwiþal Criseid anoon he kiste 1275
Of whiche certeyn sche felt no disese
And þus seide he now wolde god I wiste
Min herte swete hou I miȝte ȝou plese 1278
A what man quod he was euere þus at ese
As I on whiche þe fairest & þe best
þat euere I sey deineþ hir hert rest 1281

(184)

Here may ȝe se þat mercy passiþ riȝt
Þe experience of þat, is felt þerynne
Þat am vnworþi to so swete a whiȝt
But heereþ hert myn of ȝoure benygnite
So þinkeþ þoruȝ that I vnworþi be
ȝit mote I nede a-mende in sum wise
Riȝt þoruȝ þe vertu of ȝoure seruise

[2 *leaves*, 20 *stanzas*, *wanting in* Harl. 3943. *Filld in here, from the long ledgerlike* Harl. 1239, *leaf* 31, &c.]

(185)

[And for the loue of gode, my lady dere
Sith gode hath wrought me you to serue
As thus he wyll, how that ye be my stere
To doó me lyve, if that ye lust or sterve,
So techith me, how that I may deserve [1–1 *from* MS. Harl. 1239, leaf 31, back]
your thonke, so that [1thoruh myn ignorance
I do no thyng that 1] do you displesance

(186)

For certes, freesshe womanlich wyf
This dar I seyn, that trouhte And diligence
That shal ye fynde in me al my life[2] [2? MS. lif]
Ne I wole not certein breke your defense
And yf I doo, presente or in absence
For loue of gode, lat sle me witÅ that dede
yif that it like, vnto your womanhede

(187)

Iwys quod she, myn owne hertes truste
My grounde of ese, and al myn hert dere
Gramercy for on you, is al my truste
But let vs falle, a-way fro this matere
For this soufficeth, wyche that seide is here
And at oo worde, wythoute repentaunce
welcome my knyght, my pes, my soufficiance

(31)

1 Long would it be to recount the fruition,
2 And impossible to tell the delight,
3 Which they took together.

(33)

3 If to me were given the cunning,
4 Which the poets had, one and all,
5 It could not be expressed by me:
6 Let him conceive it who was ever so far on,
7 Thanks to Love, as these were.

(33)

1 Oh sweet night! oh much desired!
2 What a one wast thou to the two joyful lovers!

(34)

2 Holding each other embraced,
3. They felt as though they were bereft one of the other.
6 But they seemed to be dreaming of being embraced:
7 And the one oft-times asked of the other,
8 "Hold I thee in my arms, or do I dream, or is it indeed thou?"

(35)

1 They looked on one another with so much desire
2 That the one turned not eyes from the other;
3 And one said to other: "My love,
4 Oh can it be that I am with thee?"
5 "Yea, heart of my body, thanks be to God therefor,"
6 Many times replied one to other;
7 And, often clasping close,
8 They sweetly kissed together.

(188)

OF her delite. or Ioyes oon? of the leste [leaf 31, back, Harl. 1239] 1310
where impossible. to my wytte to say
But Iugeth ye that haue been at the feste
In suche gladnesse. yif that hem? lust to pley 1316
I can? no more. but thus this ilke twey
That nyght by-twyx. drede and sikernesse
They felte in loue. the grete worthinesse 1316

(189)

O blisful nyght. of hem? so longe ysought 1317
how blithe vnto hem bothe. to you were
why nade I. suche oon? wyth my soule bought
ye or the leste Ioye. that was there 1320
A-wey thou foule. daunger and thou fere
And let hem. in this heven? blisse dwelle
That so high is. that no man? can? it telle 1323

(190)

This ilke two. that been? in arme lefte 1324
So lothe to hem. a sonder gone it were
That eche from. other wende be byreft
Or ellys loo. this was hir moste fere 1327
lest al this thinges. but dremes were
For wych ful ofte. eche of hem seide o swete
Clippe I you thus or elles I hit mete 1330

(191)

And lorde so he gan godely on? her see 1331
That euer his eye. blent from hir? face
And seide o dere hert/ may it bee
That this be sothe. that ye be in this place 1334
yee hert myn?. gode thonke I. of his grace
Quod tho Creseide. and therwyth-al hym kyste
That were is spirit. was for Ioye he nyste 1337

(36)

1 Troilus often kissed the beautiful amorous eyes
2 Of Chryseis, saying:
3 "Ye set in my heart such fiery
4 Darts of love, wherewith I all burn up.
7 Ye keep me, and ever will keep me,
8 Beautiful eyes of mine, in the love-net."

(37)

1 Then he kissed them, and again re-kissed,
3 And the while
4 Did he pass without a thousand sighs;
5 Not of those sorrowful ones whereby one loses colour,
6 But of those loving[1] ones by which was shown
7 The affection which lay in his breast.

[1] "Pii," literally "pious."

[2] "Denari." Chaucer gives the same word, "penes": at the present day (at any rate) the term "denari" is used in Italian simply as equivalent to "money."

(38)

1 Ah! here of pitiful misers reflect—
2 Who censure a man that is in love,
3 And that has not wholly given himself up, as they do, to making pence[2]
4 In whatever way—
5 And let them see whether, by holding these most dear,
6 So much pleasure was ever felt by them
7 As Love gives in one sole point [fortune.
8 To a man whom he [Love] is conjoined with Good-

(192)

This troilus ful ofte. hir eyen twoo — [Harl. 1338]
Gan for to kysse. and seid o eyen clere
hit were ye. that wroughten me this woo
ye humble nettes. of my lady dere
Thogh ther be mercy. wryten in your chere
Gode wote that tixite. ful harde is sothe to fynde
how cowde ye me. wythouten bonde bynde

(193)

Therwyth he gan hir faste in armes take
And wel a thousand tymes. gan he sike
Neo suche sorowful sikes. as men make
For sorwe. or elles whan that folke been sike
But esy sikes. suche as been to like
That sweyd his affection wythinne
Of wych sykes. cowde he not blynne

(194)

Sone affter this spake they of sundry thinges
And fel to purpos. of her a-venture
And pleying. enchaunged hir ringes
Of wych I can not telle no scripture
But wel I wote. a broche golde and asure
Cresseide hym yafe. and stake it on his sherte
In wych a rubye. was sette like an herte

(195)

Lorde trowe ye. a covetours wreche
That blameth loue. and halt of hit despite
That of the peynes. that he gan moker and teche
was euer right yit. yeue hym suche delite
As in loue. a poynt in som plite.
Nay doutles. for as gode me sane
So parfit Ioye. may no negarde haue

(39)

1 They will say yes, but they will lie.

2 And this love they will call a piteous madness,
3 With laughter and jeers;
4 Without seeing that but one hour shall that be
5 When they shall lose themselves and their pence,
6 Without having known what joy is.
7 In all their lives God make them sad,
8 And give their gains to lovers!

(40)

1 The two lovers being together reassured,
2 They began to converse together,
3 And one to other to relate the past plainings

4 And anguish and sighs.

(40)

5 And such talks, one and all.

6 They often broke with fervent kissing

7 And, discarding their past annoy,

8 They took delightful joy together.

(196)

They wyl sey yis. but lorde so they lye [Harl. 1239] 1366
Thoo bosy wreches. ful of wo and drede
The clepen loue. a wodenesse for folye
But it shal fal hem. as I shal a-Rede 1369
They shall for-goo. the white and eke the Rede
And lyve in wo. there gode yeue hem myschance /
And euery louer. in his trouthe avance 1372

(197)

[As wolde god / these wrecches that despise [Harl. 3202, fol. 76, back] 1373
seruyse of loue/ had / heris as longe
as had / Mida / ful of coueitise Nota de crisobus Mida
and therto dronkin had / as hot & as strong 1376
as Crasus dide / for hise affectis wrong Quomodo crassus bibit
to techyn hem / that / coueitis is vice
and loue is vertu / thouh men hold it nyce] 1379

(198)

THis ilke two. of wyche I you seye [Deaf 32, Harl. 1239] 1380
whan that hir hertes / bothe assured were
Than gonne they. to speke and pleye
And eke rehersen how and when and where 1383
They knew hem first. but euer in woo and fere
That passed was. but al their besinesse
I-thonked gode. was tourned to gladnesse 1386

(199)

And eueremore whan that they fille to speke 1387
Of any woo. of suche. a tyme y-gonne
Wyth kyssyng. al that tale shulde breke
And fallen in a new Ioye a-non 1390
And diden al hir myght. sith they were con
For to Recouere blisse and been at ese
And passed woo / wyth Ioye countrepese 1393

(41)

1 No reckoning was there taken[1] of sleeping;

2 But their wish was that the night might not be too short
3 For keeping awake to good purpose long enough.
4 They could not satiate themselves one with the other;
5 Though much was the doing and the saying,
6 Such as they thought pertaining to that act.[2]

[1] "Ragion non vi si fece"—literally, "*reason* [reckoning] was not there made." We see that Chaucer, by a slight misconception or distortion of the sense, got hence his phrase "Resonwyl not that I speke," as well as "they toke of that ful litel kepe."

[2] Next after this, Chaucer adds:

"Bdt soth is, though I can not tellen alle,
As can myn auctour, of his excellence,
Yit have I seide, & God toforn shal,
In every thing the grete of his sentence."

The fact is, however, that the English poet has, up to this point of the amorous scene, given *more* details than the Italian, and has missed nothing of much consequence supplied by the latter. The close of the interview is varied by Chaucer—but not shortened; on the contrary, it is lengthened. This instance, and those cited on pp. 38, 39, might lead one to surmise that he worked from a poem somewhat amplified from the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio, as now printed: on other grounds, however, I should doubt this.

(42)

1 But, when, near to daytime, they heard the socks
2 Crow, for the dawn which was rising.

(43)

1 Which when Chryseis heard crow,
2 Sorrowful she said:

(200)

Resoun wyl not that I speke of slepe [Harl. 1239] 1394
For it a-cordith not. to my matere
Gode woote they toke / of that ful litel kepe
But leste this nyght. that was to hem so dere 1397
Ne shulde in vayne / escape in no manere
hit was bysette. in Ioye and besinesse
Of al that sovneth in to gentilnesse 1400

(201)

But how al thogh. I can not alle 1401
As can myn auctor. of his excellence
yit haue I seide. and god to-forn shal
In euery thing. the grete of his sentence 1404
And yif that I that loue Reuerence
haue ony thing. in eched for the beste
Doth therwythaule. Ryght as your self lyste 1407

(202)

For my wordes here. and euery parte 1408
I speke hem alle vnder correction
Of you that felyng. haue in loues arte
And putte hem. hole in your discrecion 141
Teneuereese. or make diminucion
Of my langage. and that I you beseche
But now to purpos. of my Rather speche 1414

(203)

Whan that the Cok comune Astrologer 1415
Gan on his brest. bete. and affyr crowe
And lucifer the dayes messanger
Gan for to Rise. and oute her stremes throwe 1418
And estward Roos. to hym that cowde it knowe
Fortuna maior. that a-noon Creseide
wyth hert sore. to Troilus thus seide 1421

(43)

2 "O my love,

3 It is getting time to rise,
4 If indeed we want to conceal our desire."

(44)

1 Troilus embraced her, almost weeping.

2 And, clasping her close, he kissed her.
5 Then he commenced, saying to her:

(204)

Myn hertis lyf / my trust and my plesaunce (Harl. 1239) 1422
That I was borñ. allas what me is woo
That day of vs. must make dissencraunce
For tyme it is. to Ryse and hens goo 1425
Or elles I am. but lost for euermoo
O nyght allas. why nylt thou houer vs houe 1427
As longe [as] whan Almena. lay by Ioue (end of Harl. 1239 fol)

(205)

[*Harl.* 3943 *again:* leaf 60.]

O blak niȝt as folke in.bookes reede 1429
Þat schapen art Þis world bi god to hide
At certeyn tymes wiþ Þi derke weede
Þat vndir Þat men miȝt in her nest abide 1432
Wel ouȝten beestis Þus pleyne & folkis chide
Þat Þere as day wiþ labour wolde vs brest
There Þou niȝt Þus fleest & deynest not vs rest 1435

(206)

Thou dost al so schortly Þin office 1436
Þou rakel niȝt Þat god maker of kynde
Þee for Þin hast and Þin vnkynde vice
So fast vn-to ȝoure emyspery bynde 1439
Þat neuere moore vndir Þe grounde Þou wynde
For now Þou hiȝest so [faste] out of troye
Haue I forgon Þus hastily my Ioye 1442

(207)

Thus Troillus Þat wiþ Þise wordis felte 1443
As þouȝte him Þe from pitouse distresse
Þe bloodi teeris from his hert melte
As he Þat neuere ȝit suche heuynesse 1446
Assaide hadde but of so greet gladnesse
Gan þerwiþal Criseid his ladi deere
In armes streyne & seide in Þis manere 1449

(44)

3 Cursing the day that was coming,
4 That separated them so untimely.

(44)

7 "How am I ever to part from thee?

(45)

1 I know not how I should not die, merely to think
2 That I have to go against my will,
3 And I have already taken leave of life.

(44)

8 For the bliss I feel, lady, thou giv'st it me.

(208)

O cruel ladi accuser of þe Ioye 1450
þat niȝt & loue haue stole & fast ywrien
Acursid be þi comyng in to Troye·
For euery bore haþ oone of þi bright yen 1453
Envious day what liste þee to aspien
What hast þou lost whi sekest þou þis place·
God þi liȝt quenche for his grace 1456

(209)

Alas what hane þise louers þee agilt 1457
Dispitouse day þine ben þe peynes of helle
For manye oone hast þou slayn and wilt
þi powringe wole lat hem nowhere dwelle 1460
What profrist þi liȝt here to selle
Go selle it hem þat smale seelis graue
We nile þee not: vs nedeþ no day to haue 1463

(210)

And eke þe sunne tytan gan he chide [leaf 60, back] 1464
wel mowen manye men þee dispise
þou hast þe dawnynge al niȝt þ^e biside
And suffrist hir to soone vp fro þee rise 1467
For to disese loueris in þis wise [1—5, 8, in a later hand]
What holde þi bed [1]there and eke thy morowe[1]
I bidde god so[2] ȝeve ȝou boþe sorwe 1470

(211)

Therwiþ ful sore he siȝed & panne he seid 1471
My ladi riȝt of my wele or woo
þe welle of roote of good likinge Criseid
And schal I rise alas and schal I so 1474
Now fele I þat my hert mot a twoo
For hou schulde I my lijf an our saue
Siþen þat wiþ ȝou al my lijf I haue 1477

(45)

5 "Neither know I about returning, how nor when.

(46)

1 "Ah what shall I do, if already, at the first step,
2 The longing to return so strains me

3 That life endures it not, woe is me!

(47)

1 "If I could think that I stand continually in thy mind,
2 My beautiful lady, as thee I hold
3 Within mine,
4 This would be dearer to me than the Trojan realm,

(47)

5 And I would be patient at this parting."

(48)

1 Chryseis sighing replied to him.

(212)

What schal I do for certis I not how 1478
No whanne allas I schal þe tyme se
þat in þis place I may be efte wiþ 3ou
And of my lijf god wote hou þat schal be 1481
So þat desire riȝt now [so] streineþ me
þat I am deed anoone but I returne
hou schulde I longe Alas soiourne 1484

(213)

But neþeles myn owene ladi briȝt 1485
3it were it so þat I wist vttirly
þat I 3oure humble seruaunt & 3oure kniȝt
Were in 3oure herte set als fermely 1488
As 3e in myn þe whiche þing truly
Me leuere were þan þis worldis tweyne
3it schulde I þe bettir endure al my peyne 1491

(214)

To þat Criseid answerid riȝt anoone 1492
And wiþ a siȝ sche sche[1] seide O hert dere [1 she]
þe game ywis so ferforþe now is gone
þat firste schal Phebus falle from his spere 1495
And heuene egle be as þe douves fere
And euery rock out of his place stert
Er Troillus out of Criseidis hert 1498

(215)

Ye be so depe riȝt in my herte graue [leaf 61] 1499
þat þouȝ I schulde turne it out of my þouȝt
As wisly god my soule sane
To die in þe peyne I couþe nouȝt 1502
And for þe loue of god þat vs haþ wrouȝt
Lat in 3oure herte no noyouse fantasie
So crepe þat it cause me to die 1505

(50)

1 "Therefore live assured of my love,
2 Which I never felt for any one else;
3 And, if thou desirest with fervour to return,

4 I desire it very far more than thou."

8 And, this said, she kissed him, sighing.

(51)

1 Troilus arose against his will,
2 After he had kissed her a hundred times;
3 But yet, seeing what needs must be,
4 He clothed him all.

(52)

1 Voice for replying came not to her,
2 So great annoy strained her at his departing.
3 But Troilus hence, with rapid step,
4 Wended his way towards his palace.

(216)

And þat ȝe wolde me haue als fast in mynde 1506
As I haue ȝou þat wole I ȝou biseche
And if I wist soþely þat to fynde
God miȝt not oo poynt of my ioyes eche 1509
But hert myn wiþ outen more speche
Beþ to me trewe or ellis were it rouþe
For I am ȝoures bi god and bi my trouþe 1512

(217)

Be glad for-þi & lyueþ in sikernesse 1513
Þis seid I neuere or þis ne schal to no mo
And if it to ȝow were a greet gladnesse
To turne aȝen soone aftir þat ȝe go 1516
Als fayn wolde I as ȝe þat it were so
As wisly god my herte bringe at rest
And him in armes took and ofte kist 1519

(218)

Aȝens his wille siþ it mot nedis be 1520
Þis Troillus vp roos & fast him cledde
And in hise armes toke his ladi fre
An .C. tyme & on his weie him spedde 1523
And wiþ suche vois as þouȝ his hert bledde
He seide farwel dere hert swete
þat vs graunt sound & soone to mete 1526

(219)

To whiche for sorwe no word sche answerd 1527
So sore gan his parting hir distreine
And Troillus to his paleis ferd
As woo-bigone as sche was soþ to seine 1530
þo hard him wrong of scharp desire þe peyne
For to be ofte þere he was in pleasaunce
þat it may neuere out of his remembraunce 1533

(53)

1 Returned to his royal palace, Troilus
2 Silently entered his bed,
3 To sleep, if he could, somewhat at ease:

4 But sleep could not enter his bosom;
7 Thinking within himself how far beautiful Chrysgis [excelled
8 What he had supposed.

(54)

1 And he went revolving every act
2 In his thought, and her wise talk.

(54)

7 And with such thoughts the more did he burn

8 Strongly in love, and he perceived it not.

(55)

1 Chryseis was with herself doing the same,
2 Talking of Troilus in her heart;

3 And, congratulating herself on such a lover,
4 She gave infinite thanks to Love for it;[1]
5 And it seems to her full a thousand years ere
6 Her charming lover returns to her.

(56)

1 In the morning Pandarus had come.[2]

[1] The word "touchinge" in Chaucer looks like a corruption of the text, instead of "thanking."

[2] "Had come" to *Troilus*, in Boccaccio—not to Chryseis, as in Chaucer.

(220)

And returned in to a rial palaise soone [sarst, hack] 1534
he softe in to his bed gan for to þrink
To slepe longe as he was wont to done
But al-for nouȝt he may wel lye & wink 1537
No slepp may þere in his hert synk
þenking hou sche fro whom he hende
A þousand folde was worþi more þan he wende 1540

(221)

And in his þouȝt gan vp & doun to wende 1541
hire wordis alle and euery countynaunce
And fermely impressid in his mynde
þe best poynt þat to him was plesaunce 1544
And verily of þilk remembraunce
Desire al newe him hent & lest [1]to hede [[1]—[1] in another hand]
Gan more þan arst & yet toke he non hede[1] 1547

(222)

Criseid also riȝt in þe same wise 1548
Of Troillus gan in hire hert to schete
his worþines his list hise dedis wise[2] [[2] wise, other hand]
his gentilnesse & hou sche with him mette 1551
Touchinge loue he so wel hir biscette
Desiringe ofte to haue hire herte dere
At suche a plizt þat sche durst him make chere 1554

(223)

Pandre on morwe whiche þat comen was 1555
Vn to his nice & gan hir faire grete
And seide al þis niȝt so reyned it allag
þat al my dredе is þat ȝe nece swette 1558
And hadden litle leiser to slepe or mete
Al niȝt quod he hap reyn do me wake
þat soomme of vs I trowe her heedis ake 1561

(56)

2 And saluted him [Troilus].

(224)

And niȝ he come and seid hou stant it now 1562
Þis mey morwe nece hou kusne ȝe fare
Criseid answeride neuere þe beȝ for ȝow
Fox þat ȝe ben. god ȝeue ȝow hertis care 1565
God helpe me so ȝe causeþ al þis fare
Trowe I quod sche for alle ȝoure wordis white
O. ho seeþ [he] ȝou knoweþ ȝou but a lite 1568

(225)

With þat sche gan hir face wrie [leaf 62] 1569
wiþ þe schete & wex for schame reed
And Pandre gan vndire for to prie
And seide nece if þat I schal be dede 1572
haue here a swerid & smite of myn heed
Wiþ þat his arme sodenly he þrist
Vndir hir nek & at þe last hir kist 1575

(226)

I passe al þat chargeþ not to seie 1576
what god forȝaf his deeþ & sche also
Forȝaf. And wiþ her vncle gan to pleie
For oþer cause was þer non but so 1579
But of þis þing riȝt to þe feet to go
Whanne tyme was home to hir hous sche went
And Pandre hadde fully his entent 1582

(227)

Now turne we ayen to Troilus 1583
þat resteles ful longe in bedde lay
And priuely sent after Pandarus
To him to come in al þe hast he may 1586
he come anoone not oones seid he nay
And Troilus ful sobrely he grette
And douse vppon þe beddis side him sette 1589

3 Troilus

4 Eagerly threw himself on his neck.

7 "Thou from hell hast set me in paradise.

(57)

1 "I never could effect so much,
2 Were I to die for thee a thousand times a day,
3 As to do an atom of what
4 I openly acknowledge is due to thee.

(58)

1 "The sun, which sees the whole world, sees not
2 So beautiful a woman, nor so delightful,
3 If my words deserve credit,
4 So well-bred, charming, and attractive,
5 As is she thanks to whom
6 I in sooth live the joyfullest of men.
7 Praised be Love who made me his,
8 And likewise thy good service.

(59)

1 "Thou therefore hast given me no little thing.
3 "My life shall always be obliged to thee.

5 "Thou hast raised it from death to life."
6 And here he ceased, more joyful than ever.
7 Pandarus, having heard him, stayed awhile, and then
8 He thus cheerfully replied to his words.

(228)

This troillus wiþ al þe affeccioun 1590
Of frendis loue þat herte may deuise
To Pandre on knees fel doun
And or he wolde of þe place rise 1593
he gan him þanke on his best wise
An hundrid tymes and gan þe tyme blesse
þat he of his modir borne wesse 1596

(229)

þat euere was þe soope for to telle 1597
þou hast in heuene brouȝt my soule to rest
Fro Flegiton þe firy feende of helle
þat þough I miȝt a þousand tyme selle 1600
Vppon a day my lijf in þi seruice
It miȝte not in þat a myte suffice
And seyd O frend of frendis altherbest 1603

(230)

The sunne whiche þat al þe world may se (leaf 82, back) 1604
Sauȝ neuere ȝit my lijf þat dare I leye
So ioly so faire so goodly as is sche
Whos I am al & schal till þat I deye 1607
And that I thus am hers dare I seye
þat þanked be þe hiȝe worþinesse
Of loue .And eke þi kynde bisinesse 1610

(231)

Thou hast now me no litle þing [i-]ȝeue 1611
For whiche to þee oblisched be for ay
Mi lijf .and whi. for þorugh þi helpe I lyue
Or ellis deed hadde I be for manye a day 1614
And wiþ þat worde doune on his bedde he lay
And Pandre ful sobrely him herde
Til al was seide .& thanne he[1] þus answerde [1 he *later*] 1617

(60)

1 "Fair sweet friend, if I have done anything
2 That is grateful to thee, I am extremely pleased,
3 And it is supremely gratifying to me.
4 But none the less I more than ever remind thee
5 To put a bridle to thine amorous-mind,
6 And to be wise; so that, whereas thou hast slaked thy torment
7 With delightful joy,
8 Thou do not return into annoy through talking."[1]

[1] The four lines which follow next in Chaucer, beginning stanza 233, are not from Boccaccio, but from Dante.

(61)

1 "*I will do* it so that it shall content thee,"
2 *Replied* Troilus to his dear friend.

(232)

My dere frende If I have do for þee 1618
In any caas. god woote it is me leef
And am as gladde as man may of it be
God helpe me so. but take it not a greef 1621
þat I schal seie. bewar of þis mischeef
þat þere as now þou art brought in blisse
þat þou þi silf. cause it not to mysse 1624

(233)

For of fortunes scharp aduersite 1625
þe werst kynde of Infortune is þis
A man to haue be in prosperite
And it remembrib whanne it passid is 1628
þou art wise ynow for-þi do not-amis
Be not to mkel þough þou sit warme
For if þou be certeyne it wole þee harme 1631

(234)

Thou art at ese and holde þee wel þeryune 1632
For also sure as reed is euery fire
Als greet a crafte is to kepe wele as wyn
Bridel alwei wel þi speche & þi desire 1635
For worldly ioye holt not but bi a wire
þat preueþ wel it brekiþ al day so ofte
For-þi nede is to wirche wiþ it softe 1638

(235)

[1]Quod Troylus y hope and god to-forn [leaf 63] 1639
My dere frende þat y shal so me bere [1 hand t, of leaves 9-58, begins again]
þat in my gilt þer shal no thing be lorn
Ne rakyl nel y be for to grevyn here 1642
Hit nediþ not al day þis þing to tere
For wist þow my hert wele Pandare
God wote of þis ful litil woldist þou care 1645

3 Then he related to him his happy adventures,

4 And continued: "I tell thee in truth

5 That I was never inside the nets of Love
6 As I am now; and still more than the old one,
7 Now does the fire bake me which I have caught
8 From the eyes and face of Chryseis.

(62)

1 "But this fire
2 Which I feel new is of other quality
3 Than the former one."

(63)

1 The young man could not satiate himself
2 With talking to Pandarus of the bliss
3 Which he had felt, and the delight,
4 And the comfort given to his pains.

(64)

1 In short while, the happy fortune

2 Of Troilus gave opportunity for his loves.

(236)

Þo gan he telle hym of his glade nyght 1646
And wherof ferst his hert dred & how
And seid frend as y am a trewe knyght
And by þat feith y shal to god & yow 1649
I had hit neuere half so hoot as now
And ay þe more þat desire me bitith
To loue her best þe more hit me delitith 1652

(237)

Y not not wisly what it is 1653
But now y fele a newe qualite
Ye al a noþer þan y did or þis
Pandare answerd & seid þus þat he 1656
þat may onys in hevyn blis be
he felith oþer-wise dare y ley
þan þat tyme he herd ferst of hit sey 1659

(238)

This is a word for al this Troylus 1660
Was neuere ful to speke of þis matere
And for to prayse to Pandarus
þe bounte of his right lady dere 1663
And Pandare to þonkyn & makyn chere
þis tale was span newe to bygyn
Til þat þe night departid hem a twyn 1666

(239)

Sone aftir þis for þat fortune it wolde 1667
þat comyn was þe blisful tyme swete
That Troylus was warnid þat he sholde
þer he was arst Cryseid his lady mete 1670
For which he felt in ioy his hert flete
And feithfully gan al þe goodnes herye[1] (1 ? herye altered to lesse)
And let se now if he can be mery 1673

(65)

1 Chryseis
3 Pursued wholly the same course as before.

6 With great joy
7 They entered the chamber together,
8 And lay down without any delay.

(70)

1 But the hostile day was approaching,
2 As by signs was manifestly discerned:

3 Which each angrily blasphomed.

(240)

And holdyn was þo fourme & al þe wyse [leaf 63, back] 1674
Of his comyng and eke of here also
As hit was arst which nedi þ not devise
But pleynly right to þe effect to go 1677
In ioy and seurte Pandarus hem to
Abed broght whan þat hem two lest
And þus þei be in quiete and in rest 1680

(241)

What nedith to yow seth þei be met 1681
To aske at me if þei blithe were
For if it eft was wele þo was it bet
A *thousand* fold þan arst it nedi þ not to enquere 1684
And gone was *euery* sorow & *euery* fere
And boþ y-wis þei had & so þei wend
As miche ioy as hert myght comprehend 1687

(242)

This is no litil þing for to sey 1688
This passi þ eny wyt for to devise
For eche of hem gan oþir lust obey
Felicite which þat þes clerkes wise 1691
Comendyn so ne may not here suffise
This ioy may not writyn be with ynk'
þis passith al þat hert may bethink' 1694

(243)

But cruel day so welaway þe stound 1695
Gan for to a-proche as þei by signes knewe
For which hem þoght þei felt dethes wound
So wo was hem þat chaungyn gan her hewe 1698
And day þei gun to despise al newe
Callyng hit traytour envious & wers
And bittirly þe dayes light to curs 1701

(71)

1 The one made parting from the other
2 In the accustomed mode, after many sighs;
3 And they provided for the future that, without
4 Delay, they should return to those desires.

(72)

1 Troilus was content, and in songs
2 And joy he led his life.

(84)

1 Troilus sings, and makes wondrous glee;
2 He jousts, spends, and gladly makes presents,
3 And he often renews and changes clothing.

(72)

5 He believed in himself that all
6 Other men live in dull sadness,
7 Compared with himself;
8 So much did his happiness charm and please him.

(244)

Quod Troylus alas now y am ware 1702
That Pirous and þe swift stedis thre
Which þat drawyn forth þe sunnis chare
hath go some bipath in despite of me 1705
þat makiþ hit so sone day to be
And for þe sunne hastith hym so to rise
Ne shal y neuere done hym sacrifise 1708

(245)

But nedis departe hem must sone [leaf 64] 1709
And specho doun was here & there
þei twyn a-none as þei be wont to doù
And settyn tyme of metyng eft yn fere 1712
And meny a nyght þei wroght in þis manere
And þus for fortune a tyme byd in joy
Criseid and eke þis kinges sone of troy 1715

(246)

In suffisaunce in blis and yn likynges 1716
This Troylus gan al his lyf to lede
he spendith iustith and makith festynges
he yeuith oft frely and chaungith wede 1719
and holt about hym al wey out of drede
A world of folk as come him wel of kynd
þe fresshed and þe best he myght fynd 1722

(247)

þat such a vois of hym was & a steuene 1723
þurgh-out þe world of honour & largesse
That it vp rong vn to þe yate of hevene
And as in loue he was in such gladnes 1726
þat in his hert he demyd as y ges
That þer is no louere in þis world at ese
So wele as he & þus gan loue hym plese 1729

3 The lofty beauties and the lovely looks
4 Of any other lady he prizes nought,

5 Save his Chryseis.

(73)

1 He sometimes took Pandarus
2 By the hand, and went into a garden with him;
3 And with him he would first speak of Chryseis,
4 Her excellence and her courtesy:
5 Then joyfully he began with him,
6 Wholly removed from melancholy,
7 Joyfully to sing in this wise.[1]

[1] The song given by Boccaccio comprises the passages cited (pp. 105—106) as being utilized by Chaucer in his proem to Canto 3. Consequently the song now given by Chaucer differs in detail from Boccaccio's, and is adapted from Boethius.

(248)

Þe goodlihed or beaute which þat kynd
In eny other lady had y-sette
Can not þe mountaunce of o knot vnbynd
Of bounte his hert of al Criseidis net
he was so narwe y-maskid and y-knet
That hit vndone on eny manere side
hit nel not be for noght þat may betide

(249)

And by þe honde ful oft he wold take
This Pandare and yn to gardyn lede
And such a feest & such a processe make
hym of Criseyd and of her womanhede
And of her beute þat with-out drede
hit was an hevyn his wordis for to here
And þas he wold syng in þis manere

(250) (*Troilus's Song of Love.*)

(*Not in Harl.* 3943; *taken from* **Harl. 1239**, *leaf* 34, *back.*)

[Love that ouer see and of erthe hath gouernaunce
Loue þat his hestes hath in heuene heye
Loue þat with a holesome alliaunce
Halt peples Ioynyd as hym lust hem gye
loue þat kennyth law [&] companye
And couples doth in vertu for to dwelle
[. . . . . *no gap in the MS.*]

(251)

That þe worlde with feyth wiche þat is stabulit
Diuerseth so his stoundis concordyng
That elementus þat byn discordabulit
holdith A boute perpetuell doyng
That phebus mote forthe his rosi dai bryngo
And that the mone hath lordeschipe ouer the [nyghtes]
All this dothe loue y-heride be his myghtes

[1] This parase in Boccaccio fixes as true, no doubt, the reading of Chaucer "In time of truce." Bell's edition notices this reading as given by "the printed editions;" though his own substitutes "Out of Troy."

(90)

1 In the actions opportune for their was
2 He was always the first in arms;
3 For he issued forth on the Greeks out of the city
4 So brave and so strong and so fierce
5 That every one dreaded him, if the story errs not:
6 And this so daring spirit,
7 Beyond wont, did Love lend him,
8 Of whom he was a faithful servant.

(91)

1 In the times of truce[1] he went fowling,
2 Holding falcons, gerfalcons, and eagles.
3 And sometimes he hunted with hounds,
4 Pursuing bears, boars, and great lions;
5 He contemned all the small animals.
6 And, from time to time seeing Chryseis,
7 He remade himself gracious and beautiful,
8 Like a falcon issuing from the hood.

(252)

That that the see þat gredi is to flowyn [Harl. 1239] 1758
Constreynyth to a serten ende soo [MS. repeats ll. 1758-9]
His flodes þat so fersly they ne grevyñ [leaf 25]
To drenchen erthe and euer more moo 1761
And yif that loue. ouguht [lete] hys brydyl goo
Al that [now] loueth / a sonder shold lepe
And lost were all / þat loue holt now to kepe 1764

(253)

So wolde gode that Auctor is of kynde 1765
þat with hys bonde. lowe of his vertu lyst
To cherysseñ hertes. and alle fast bynde
þat from hys bonde they wey no wyght ne oute wyste
And hertes tolde hem. wolde I þat he twyste
To make hem loue and that hem lyst ay Rewe
On hertes soore and kepe hem that ben trewe] 1771

(254)

In al þe nedis for þe tounys werre [Harl. 2943, leaf 64, back] 1772
he was & ay þe ferst in armys dight
And certeinly but if þat bokys erre
Save Ector moost dred of eny wight 1775
And þis encrece of hardynes of myght
Come hym of loue his lady grace to wynne
þat alterid his spirit so withyn 1778

(255)

Out of Troy an haukyng wold he ride 1779
Or hunt bore bere or lyon
þe smale beatis lete he go beside
And whan he come rydyng to þe toun 1782
Felt his lady fre her wyndow doun
As fresshe as faucon comith out of mewe
Ful redy was hym goodly to salewe 1785

(92)

1 All his talk was of love
2 Or of fair breeding, and full of courtesy;
3 He highly praised the honouring of worthy men,
4 And in like wise the ghiscarding of the bad.

(92)

7 And, without love, he held every one lost.

(93)

1 And, although he was of royal
2 Blood, and also, had he chosen, would have had much power,
3 He made himself benign to all equally;
8 And he draws all people after him.
4 Thus willed Love, who can do anything.
7 Pride, envy, and avarice, he held in detestation.

Bk I, st. 3.

3 And thou, Mother of Love, with thy jocund
4 And glad aspect, & thy rapid son,
5 With his darts potent in every world.

Bk I, st. 1.

1 O Castalian Sisters, who in Mount
2 Helicon dwell content.

(256)

And most of loue & vertu was his speche 1786
And in despite had al wrecchidnes
And doutles no nede was hym biseche
To honouryn hem þat haddyn worthines 1789
And esyn hem þat weryn in distres
And glad was he if eny wight wel ferde
þat louer was whan he hit wist or herde 1792

(257)

For soþe to seyn he lorn had euery wight 1793
But if he were in louis hye servise
I mene folk þat ought it bene of right
And ouer al þis so wele couþe he deuise 1796
Of sentement and yn so vncouþe wise
Alle his any þat euery louer thoght
þat al was loue þat euere he seyd or wroght 1799

(258)

And þogh þat he be come of blood ryal 1800
Hym lest of pride at no wight chace
Benyng he was to eche in general
For which he gate hym þonk in euery place 1803
þus wold loue y-heried be his grace
þat pride envie ire and auarice
He gan to fle and euery oþir vice 1806

(259)

Yow lady bright þe doghtir of Dione [leaf 62] 1807
Thy blynd eke & wyngyd sone daun Cupide
ye sustryn eke ix that by Elicone
In hilt Pernaso lest to a-byde 1810
þat ȝe þus ferre han deynid me to gyde
I can no more but seth þat ȝe wol wende
Ye heried be for aye wiþ-outyn ende 1813

(260)

Þurgh 3ow have y seid fully in my song
Theffect and ioy of Troylus servise
Al be it þat þere were some dissese among
As to myn autour lest to devise
Me my boke now ende y in þis wise
And Troylus in lyst and in quyete
Is with Cryseyde his own hert suete

[*End of Book III.*]

[*No break in the MS.*]

(94)

1 But such bliss lasted small while,
2 Thanks to envious Fortune,
3 Who keeps nothing stable in this world.

4 She turned her angry face to him.

7 She bereft him of the sweet fruits of Chryseis.

BOOK IV.

(*Harleian MS.* 3943, *on leaf* 65.)

(1) (*Proem*)

But al to litil welawey þe while 1
lastith such ioy þonkid be fortune
þat seemith trusty whan she wole bygile
And can to folis so her song entune 4
þat she hem hent & blent traitour *commune*
And whan a wight is from her whele y-þrow
þan lawghiþ she and makiþ hym þe mow 7

(2)

From Troylus she gan her bright face 8
Awey to wrye and toke of hym non hede
But cast hym clene out of his lady *grace*
And on her whele she set vp Diomede 11
For which right now myn hert gynniþ to blede
And now my penne alas with which y write
Quakiþ for drede of þat y must endyte 14

(3)

For how Cryseyd Troylus forsoke 15
Or at þe last how that she was vnkynde
Mote hennis-forth be mat*er* of my boke
And[1] writyn folk thurgh which it is in mynd [1 *for* As] 18
Alas þat euere þei shold cause fynd
To speke her harme & if þei on her lye
I-wis hem self shuld have þe vilanye 21

BOOK IV.

(1)

1 The Greeks holding the city straitened
2 By close siege,—
2 Hector, in whose hands
3 Was the whole war, made a selection
4 Of his friends and also of the Trojans;
5 And valorous, with his chosen band,
6 He issued into the ample plains against the Greeks,—
7 As many another time he had done.

(2)

3 But at last the fighting of the Trojans
4 Did not turn out well; whence needful after all
5 It was to flee with damage and travail.

(4) [*Invocation*]

Y ye herynes nightis doghtryn thre [leaf 65, back] 22
Þat endeles compleynyn euer in pyne
Megera alicto þow thesiphone
Thow cruel god eke fadir of Qwyrine 25
This ferþe book me helpith for to fyne
So þat þe loos of lyf^e & loue y-fere
Of Troylus be fully shewid here. 28

(5) [*The Story.*]

Lyggyng^e yn oost as y have seyd or this 29
The grekys strong^e a-bout troy toun^e
Byfel whan þat Phebus shynyng is
Vp on þe brest of^e Hercules lyon 32
That Ector wiþ meny a bold baron^e
Cast on a day with grekys for to fight
As he was wont to greve hem what he myght 35

(6)

Note y how long or short hit was bytwene 36
This purpos & þat day þe þus ment
But at þe day wele armyd bright & shene
With spere in hond & big bowys bent 39
Ector and meny worthy wight out went
And in þe berde without eny lenger let
Her fomen in þe feld anone they met 42

(7)

Þe long day with speris sharp y-ground 43
Wiþ arwes dartis swerdis macys felle
Þei fight & bryng^e hors & man to ground
And wiþ her axes out þe brayn quelle 46
But in þe last shour þe sothe to tell
Þe folk^e of^e Troy hem self^e so mysleddyn
Þat wiþ þe wors homward at myght þei fleddyn 49

(3)

1 Among whom [prisoners] was the magnificent Antenor,
2 His son Polydamas, and Monestheus,
3 Xanthippus, Sarpedon, Polymnestor,
4 Also Polites, and the Trojan Riphæus.

7 So that great wailing and mourning was made in Troy,
8 And, as it were, an omen of still worse sorrow.

(4)

1 Priam asked for a truce, and it was granted him;
2 And they began to treat together
3 For exchanging prisoners that time,
4 And for giving money for the surplus.

5 Which Calchas hearing of, with altered
6 Face and with loud plaint, he betook himself
7 Among the Greeks; and, through the hoarse bawling,[1]

[1] I translate this in conformity with Chaucer's phrase, "to stynte noyse." I am not sure, however, but that Boccaccio means the words to apply to Calchas himself, "hoarse with vociferating" ("per lo gridar fioco").

8 He yet besought that they would hear him a little.

(5)

1 "Lords," began Calchas, "I was
2 A Trojan, as you all know:
3 And, if well you remember, I am he
4 Who first to that for which ye have come hither
5 Brought hope; and I told you that you
6 Will obtain it at the fitting term,—
7 That is, victory in your emprise,—
8 And Troy shall be by you destroyed and burned.

(8)

Atte which day was takyn Anteigne 50
Maugre Polidamas or Penestio
Sartipe Carpedon Polistenore
Or Polyte or the troian daun Riphio 53
Or oþer lasse folk' as phebusseo
So þat for hem þat day þe folk' of Troy
Dreddyn to lese a grete parte of her ioy 56

(9)

Of Priamus was yeve at Grekys requeste [leaf 68] 57
A tyme of trews and þo þei guanyn trete
her prisoners to chaunge most and leste
And for the surplus yeven sommes grete 60
þis kyng was [couthe] a-noné in euery strete
Thurgh þe sege in toun eke euerywhere
And with þe ferst hit come to calcas ere 63

(10)

Whan Calcas knew þis Tretys shold hold 64
In consistorie among þe grekis as sone
he gan yn thring' forth wiþ þe lordis old
And set hym þere he was went to done 67
And wiþ a chaungid face he bade a bone
For loue of god to do þat reuerence
To stynt noyse and yeve hym audience 70

(11)

Þan seyd he þus lo lordis myn y-wis 71
A troian as it is knowe out of drede
And if þat þow remembre y am calcas
þat alther ferst yaf comfort to your nede 74
And told wele how ye sholdyn spede
For dredles þurgh-out wiþ-in a stound
Troy be brent & drawyn doun to ground 77

(6)

1 "Also the order and mode to be held

2 "Herein ye know, for I have showed it you.

7 "To you, as is apparent, I came,
8 To give you in this both counsel and aid.

(7)

7 'I had to act with great secresy, and decamped at nightfall.

8 "But I left there all that I had.

(8)

1 "For this, in truth, I care little or nothing;

2 "Save for a young daughter of mine
3 Whom I left there. Alas! hard
4 And rigid father that I was! Had I but brought her, deserted,
5 Hither into safety!
8 'The hurry was too great to allow of my bringing away Chryseis.

(9)

1 "Nor hitherto have I seen a time to be able to claim her;
2 Therefore I have kept silence.
3 But now is the time when I may get at her,
4 If I can succeed in obtaining this boon from you.
8 'If this opportunity fails me, I shall never get her back, and may as well die at once.

(10)

6 "Console,
7 For God's sake, sirs, this old caitive,
8 Who is void and bereft of all other solace.

(12)

And in what fourme & yn what manere wise 78
This toun is shent and al your lust shal cheve
Ye haue or þis wele herd me yow devise
This knowyn ye my lordis as y leve 81
And for þe grekis weryn me so leve
I come my self in propre persone
To teche yow what you was best to done 84

(13)

Havyng vn-to my tresour ne my rent 85
No resport to respect of your ese
Thus al my good y lost & to yow went
Wenyng in þis my lord yow to plese 88
But al my losse me doth no dissese
I vouche saaf also have y ioy
For yow to lose al þat y had in troy 91

14)

Save of a doghtir þat y left alas [leaf 66, col. b] 92
Slepyng at home whan out of toun y stert
O sterne O cruel fadir that y was
how myght y in þat have so hard an hert 95
Alas y ne had her broght in her shert
For sorow of which y wole not lyve to morow
But if ye lordis wole rawe on my sorow 98

(15)

For by þat cause y sawe no tyme or now 99
Her to deliuere y have hold my pees
But now or neuere if it likiþ you
I may her have for þat is doutles 102
O help & grace among al þis pres
Rewith on þis old caytif in distresse
Þurgh yow seth y am broght in wrecchidnes 105

"Here are with you a number of noble barons,
Trojans and others.
Give me one only of the many,
In place of whose releasing
I may have my daughter.

(11)

'Be not greedy of gold in exchange for the captives.
"Every Trojan force, all their riches,
Are in your hands for certain."
"Hector, who as yet keeps Troy gates closed against you
is doomed soon to die a violent death.'

(12)

Saying this, the aged priest,
Humble in his speaking and in his aspect,
Ever scored his cheeks with tears.
Nor were
His prayers void of pitiful effect;
For, when he ceased, the Greeks with clamour
All cried: "Let Antenor be given him."

(16)

Ye have now caght & fetrid yn prisoñ
Troians y-now and if your wil be
My child wiþ on may have redempcioñ
Now for þe loue of god & of bounte
One of so fele alas so grauntith me
What were þis prayer now to werne
Seth ye shul have folk & þe toun as yerne

(17)

Vp peril of my lyf y shal not lye
Apollo hath me told sikirly
I have eke foundyn by astronomye
By sort and augury eke truly
And dare wele sey þe tyme is fast by
þat fere & flaume on al þe toun shal spredе
And þus shal troy turne in to asshyn dede

(18)

For certeyn phebus & Neptunes hope
That madyn al þe wallis of þe toun
Be with þe folk of Troy alwey so wroþe
þat þei wole bryng hem to confusioñ
Right in despyte of king lameadoñ
By-cause he nold not pay hem her hire
The toun of Troy shal be set a fire

(19)

Tellyng his tale alwey þis old gray [leaf 67]
humblely his speche and lokyng eke
þe salt teris from his eyen tway
Ful faste ran doun on either cheke
So long of mercy he gan hem byseke
þat for to help hym of his sorowis sore
They þan þat hym Antenore wiþ-out more

(13)

1 And Calchas was content,

2 And he committed the business to negociators.
7 [Diomed was] then to give the word of Calchas
8 To surrender Antenor for his daughter.[1]

[1] These two lines come from Baroni's edition of the *Filostrato*; there is nothing strictly corresponding to them in Moutier's edition.

[2] I reproduce Chaucer's word, "parlement." Boccaccio's word also is "parlamento"—but used, I presume, in no more extended sense than "parley, pourparler."

3 Who [the negociators] told his wish to king Priam,
4 And to his sons, and to the lords
5 Who also were there; whence a parliament[2]
6 Was held about this.
6 And to the ambassadors
7 They replied briefly—If they would surrender to them
the persons specified,
8 *Theirs* would be given up.

(14)

1 Troilus was present at the demand
2 Which the Greeks made; and, hearing Chryseis
3 Asked for, he suddenly felt his heart within
4 Go all transpierced;
5 Troilus felt as if he should die.
6 So that he thought he should die, there sitting.
7 But with difficulty nevertheless he restrained within
8 His love and plaining, as was befitting.

(15)

1 And, full of anguish and of fierce dread,
2 He began to await what should be answered.
6 If he should hear it debated among his brothers
7 That Chryseis should be surrendered to Calchas.

(16)

8 The alarmed donzel stood between two.

(15)

8 How by any means he could avert it.

(20)

But who was glad y-now but Calcas þo
And of þis ful sone his nede he leyde
On hem þat shold for the tretys go
And hem for Antenore ful oft preyde
To bring home kyng Koas and Criseide
And whan Priamus her safe conduyt hem sent
þe Ambassiatoûrs to Troy streight þei went

(21)

þe cause y-told of her comyng þe old
Priamus þe kyng ful sone in *general*
Gan pervp[on] his parlement to holde
Of which þeffect rehersyn yow y *shal*
þambassiatours hem answerd for final
The chaunge of *prisoners and al* þis nede
hem likith wele and forthe þei gan *procede*

(22)

This Troylus was present in þe place
Whan askid was for Antenore Criseide
For which to chaunge sone gan his face
As he þat welny with þe wordis deide
But naþeles he no word to hit seide
Lest men shold his affeccioû aspie
Wiþ mannys hert he gan his sorowis dry

(23)

And ful of angwisshe & of grysly drede
Abode what lordis wold to hit sey
And if þei wold *graunte* as god forbede
þeschaunge of hem þan þoght he þingis two-y
Ferst for to sane her honour & what wey
He myght best þe *grauntyng* with-stonde
þis cast he þo how al þis myght stonde

(16)

1 Love made him eager
2 To oppose everything. But on the other side was
3 Reason who gainsaid it, and who
4 Made very dubious that daring enterprise,
5 Lest haply, at this, Chryseis should be angry
6 Through shame.

(24)

Love hym made al prest to do her byde (leaf 67, back) 162
Or rathir dyen þan she sholde go
But reson seyd hym on þat oþer side
With-out þassent of her do not so 165
Lest for thy work she wold be thy foo
And sey þat þurgh þi medlyng is y-blow
Your boþe loue þer it was arst vnknow 168

(25)

For which he gan deliueryn for þe best 169
þat þogh þe lordis wold that she went
he wolde suffre hem grauntе what hem lest
And telle his lady ferst what þei ment 172
And whan þat she had told hym her entent
þeraftir wold he wurkyn as blive
Thogh al þe world a-yen hit wold strive 175

(26)

H[ec]tor which þat wele þe grekis herde 176
For Anteigne how þei wold have Criseide
Gan hit withstond & sobrely answerd
Sirs she is no prisoner he seyd 179
I note on yow ho þis charge leyde
But for my parte ȝe may wel sone hym telle
We vsyn here no wymmen for to selle 182

(27)

The voys of þ^e^ peple stert vp þan at onys 183
As breme as blase of straw y-set a fyre
For infortune wold for the nonys
They sholdyn her confusion desire 186
Ector quod þei what goost may yow enspire
This woman þus to shield & done vs lese
Daun Antenore a wrong wey now ye chese 189

(17)

2 Many things were discussed

3 Between the barons,

7 And that Chryseis should be surrendered.

8 They said she had never been detained.—Troilus fell down in a swoon. Priam, Hector, and his brothers, did their best to recover him. At last he revived; and, without allowing any time for questioning, he made off, and returned to his palace.

(28)

That is so wys and eke so bold baroñ 190
And we have nede of folk as men may se
He eke is one the grettest of this touñ
O Ector lete such fantasies be 193
O kyng Priamus quod ℘ei lo ℘us sey we
℘at our wil is to forgo Cryseide
And to deliuere Antenore ℘ei preyde [End of 3rd leaf] 196

(29) [*The latter half begins again, and goes on to the end.*]

O Iuuenall lorde sothe is thy sentence [leaf 98] 197
that litil know folke what is to yerne
that thei ne fynde in their desire offence
for cloude of errour late them discerne 200
What best is and lo her ensample as yerne
These folke desiren now delyueraunce
Of Antenor ℘at brought hem to myschaunce 203

(30)

FOr he was afftir traitour to the town 204
Of Troy allas they quytt hym oute to rathe
O nyce worlde lo thy discrecioun
Crisseide which ℘at nevir did them skathe 207
shal now no lenger [in] hir blis[se] bathe
But Antenor he shal come home to town
And she shall oute thus saide her and hown 210

(31)

FOr which delyuerid was by parliament 211
for Antenor to yelde oute Crisseide
And it pronouncid by the president
Ay though Ector nay full offte praide 214
that finally what wight ℘at it wit[h]seide
It was for nought It must be and shulde
For substaunce of the parliament it wolde 217

(22)

2 Without hearkening or turning to any one,
5 He went into his chamber, and said that he wished
6 To rest himself; wherefore everyone,
7 Friend and servitor although dear,
8 Went out.[1]

(23)

Here Boccaccio again addresses his lady. He says that her benign influence will not be needed to enable him to describe the misery of Troilus, for his own personal experience of the sorrows of parting will sufficiently guide him. He implores her to return; and it ought to be soon, for meanwhile his life is failing. (In his proem, it may be added, Boccaccio expressly affirms that he has never been favoured by his lady as was Troilus by Chryseis. *Valeat quantum.*)

(26)

Troilus gave vent to his wretchedness with such self-abandonment that he seemed a rabid wild-beast, and not a man.

8 But first they closed the windows.
1 Troilus therefore, remaining alone
2 In his chamber locked and dark.

[1] The first two lines of the succeeding stanza, 33, are taken by Chaucer from Dante.

[2] These lines also are evidently founded by Boccaccio upon a passage in Dante.

(27)

1 Not otherwise does the bull go leaping
2 Now here now there, after he has received
3 The mortal stroke,[2] and, lowing miserably,
4 He makes known what pain he has suffered,
5 Than did Troilus, throwing himself prone,
6 And striking frantically
7 His head against the wall, and his face with his hands,
8 With fists his breast and his aching arms.

(32)

DEpartid out of parliament euerychone 218
This Troilus withoutyn wordis moo
In to his chambre spedde hym faste allone
but yif it wer a man of his or two 221
the whiche he bad oute faste for to goo
bicause he wolde slepe as he saide
And hastyly vpon his bedde hym laide 224

(33)

And as in wynter levis bene beraffte 225
Eche afftir other till the tree be bare
so þat ther nys but barke & braunche lleffte
lithe Troilus beraffte of eche welfare 228
I-boundyn in þe b[l]akk barke of care
Disposid oute of his witt to brnide
So soor hym satt the eschaunge of Crisseide 231

(34)

HE Risith hym vp & euery dore he shett [leaf 68, back] 232
And wyndow eke & tho this sorowfull man
vpon his bedde side adowne hym sett
full like a Dede ymage pale and wanne 235
And in his brest the hepid wo biganne
Out-brest and he to wirke in this wise
In his woodenesse as I shall yow devise 238

(35)

Ryght as the wilde bulle begynnyth to sprynge 239
now here now ther I-dartid to the herte
And of his deth rorith a compleynynge
Right so ganne he aboute the chambre sterte 242
Smytyng his brest ay with his fistis smerte
his hede to the wall his bodie to the grounde
Full ofte he swappid hym silf to confownde 245

(28)

1 His wretched eyes, for pity of his heart,
2 Wept sore, and seemed two fountains.
4 The high sobs of his weeping
5 Also took away the purport of his vain words.[1]
7 They went asking nothing else except death,
8 Blaspheming and flouting the gods and himself.

(29)

1 After the great fury had given way,
2 And by continuance his weeping moderated,
4 He threw himself on his bed awhile;
5 Not ceasing, however, wholly or a little,
6 To weep sore, and to sigh so much
7 That his head and breast hardly sufficed him
8 For so much distress as he gave himself.

(30)

1 Then soon afterwards he began to say
2 To himself in his wailing: "O miserable Fortune,
3 What have I done to thee, that thou thus opposest every desire
4 Of mine? Hast thou no
5 Other concern than my wretchedness?

(30)

7 "I who erewhile loved thee far
8 Better than any other god, as thou cruel knowest!

[1] I have translated these lines as if worded thus:
"Gli alti singhiozzi del pianto e le vane
Parole Ancor toglievano il valore."
This corresponds in sense with the passage in Chaucer, and also with the passage in Baroni's edition of the *Filostrato*. In Moutier's edition, it stands "e le vane," &c., which I certainly conceive to be a misreading.

(36)

Hys eyne two for piety of the herte 246
oute stremyd as swifte wellis twey
the hie sobbis of his sorowis smerte
his speche hym raffte vnnethis myght he sey 249
O deth allas why nylte þou do me dey
O cursid be þat day which þat nature
Shope me to be a livis creature 252

(37)

But affir whanne þe furie & þe rage 253
Which þat his herte twiste & fast threste
be lengthe of tyme somwhat gan assuage
vpon his bedde he laide hym down to reste 256
but tho biganne his teris oute to breste
that wondre is the bodie may suffise
To half this wo which I you devise 259

(38)

Than saide he thus o fortune allas þ' while 260
What haue I done what haue I thus agilte
how maist þou for ruth me beguyle
Ys ther' no grace & shall I thus be spilte 263
Shall this crisseide away for þat thou wilte
Allas hou maist þou in thyn hert[e] fynde
To be to me thus cruel & vnkynde 266

(39)

HAue I the not honourid all my liff' (leaf 89) 267
As thou wel wotist aboue the goddis all
Why nylte þou me fromé Ioy thus depryff'
O Troilus what may then the call 270
but wretche of' wrechis out of' honour fall
In-to myserie in whiche I will bewaile
Crisseide allas vn-to the breth me faile 273

(31)

1 "If my happy and gracious life
2 Displeased thee,
3 'Why didst thou not rather demolish Troy?
4 "Why didst thou not bereave me of my father,—
5 Why not Hector!'[1]

(32)

1 "If Chryseis alone had been left me,
2 For no other great harm
3 Should I care, nor say a word about it.
4 "But thy darts go straight
5 Always to the things one has the greatest appetite for,
6 To show the more the power of thy deceiving.

(33)

1 "Ah me! Love, sweet lord and pleasant,
2 Who knowest all that lies within my soul!
3 What will my sorrowing life do
4 If I lose this bliss, this my peace?
5 Ah me! gentle Love, who once
6 Didst console my mind, veritable lord!
7 What shall I do if she is taken from me
8 To whom, by thy will, I gave all myself?

(34)

1 "I will weep, and always remain doleful
2 Wherever I am, while the life
3 Shall endure in this my anguished body.

[1] Paris is given in at the end of the stanza.

(40)

Allas fortune yif þat my lif in Ioy
displesid hadde vn-to thy foule envye
Why ne haddist þou my fadir kyng of Troy
by craffte the lif or done my bretherne dey
Or slayne my silf / þat thus compleyn & cry
I combre the worlde þat may no thyng serve
but alwey dy & nevir fully sterve

(41)

Yeve that allone Crisseide wer me laffte
nought rought I whedirwardes þou wilt stere
And hir allas þin hast þou me beraffte
but euermore lo this is thy maniere
To reve a wighte þat most is to hym dere
to proue in that thy greffuH violence
thus am I lost ther helpith no diffence

(42)

O yerry lorde of love / o god allas
that knowist best myn herte & all my thoughte
What shall my sorowfuH lif do in þis cas
Yef I forgo þat I so dere hane boughte
Sen ye Crisseide haue me fully broughte
In to your grace & both oure hertis enscalid
how may ye suffre allas it be repelid

(43)

What shaH I do I shaH whil I may endure
On live in turment & in cruel peyn
this infortune or this disauentur
allone as I was borne y-wis compleyn
ne neuer I son it shyne or reyn
but ende I wil as edippe in derkenesse
my sorowfuH lif & doy for distresse

(34)

4 "O soul wretched & astray,
5 Why fliest thou not out of the most ill-fortuned
6 Body that lives? O soul brought low,
7 Part from the body, and follow Chryseis!
8 Why dost it not? Why not loose thyself?

(35)

1 "O woful eyes, whose whole comfort
2 Was in the face of our Chryseis,
3 What will ye now do? In sorrowful mourning
4 Ye will always be since she will be divided from you;
5 And your faculty will be destroyed,
6 Vanquished and conquered by your weeping.
7 In vain will ye now see other virtue,
8 If your well-being is taken from you.

(36)

1 "O my Chryseis! O sweet bliss
2 Of the sorrowing soul which calls on thee!
3 Who will any more give comfort to my pains?[1]
4 'At least the departure of my Chryseis might have been
so far delayed as to inure me a little to the sorrow of it.

[1] "To thy peyne" is printed in Chaucer—which seems much less appropriate.

(44)

O verry gooste þat erest to & froo [leaf 69, back] 302
Why nyste þou sle out of the wofullest
body / that euer myghte on grownde go
O soule berkyng in this wo vnnest 305
fle forth out of myn hert & lat it brest
And folowe alway Crisseid thi lady dere
Thy right place is now no lenger here. 308

(45)

O wofull eyn two / syn your disporte 309
Was all to se / Crisseydis eyn brighte
What shall ye do but for my discomfort
stonde for nought wepe forth your sight 312
syn she is queynt / þat wont was you to lighte
In veyn fro me this forth haue I eyn twey
I-fourmed / synn your vertue is awaye 315

(46)

O my Crisseide / o lady souereigne 316
Of thilke woful soule þat thus cryethe
who shall now yeve comforte to my peyne
Allas the wight but whan my hert deith 319
my spirite which þat so yn to you hieth
Receiue in gree for þat shall ay you serue
for now no force is thoue þ[e] bodie sterue 322

(47)

O ye louers that high vpon the whele 323
ben sett of fortune in goode aventure
god leu þat ye fynde ay loue of stele
And long mote youre liff in Ioy endure 326
but whan ye come be my sepulture
Remembrith þat your felow restith here
for I louyd eke thoue I vnworthy were 329

(38)

1 "O mis-lived[1] old man, O insane[2] old man!
2 What fantasy moved thee, or what spite,
3 To go to the Greeks, thou being a Trojan?
4 'Wretched traitor! none was more honoured in Troy than thou!

(39)

1 'O that thou hadst died the day of thy escape! or the day when thou didst redemand my Chryseis!
5 "Oh how much amiss for me didst thou come into the world![3]
6 Thou art the cause of the sorrow which goes to my heart!
8 "Oh that I now had thee such as I should like in Troy!"
7 "'Oh that Menelaus had buried in thine heart the spear which pierced Protesilaus!'"

(40)

1 'Wert thou but dead, there would be none to bereave me of Chryseis!'

(41)

1 A thousand sighs, more burning than fire,
2 Issued forth from his amorous breast,
3 Mixed with tears and with sorrowful words,
4 Without giving in at all the one to the other:
5 And these lamentations had so conquered him
6 That the young man could no more,—
7 So that he fell asleep.
8 But he soon woke up again. He called to an attendant, bidding him summon Pandarus forthwith. Then he retired into the dusk of his chamber, sighing and drowsy.

(43)

1 Pandarus came; and he had already heard
2 What the Grecian ambassadors asked for,
3 And how also the lords had come to the conclusion
4 Of giving up Chryseis:
5 At which all dismayed in countenance,

[1] "Malvissuto;" may mean "who has lived a bad life," but I fancy its force rather is "who does ill to be alive." "Why, the old wretch oughtn't to be alive at all!" is the idea which darts through Troilus's mind.

[2] "Insano." I think it pretty clear that Boccaccio means "insane" in our ordinary sense for that word: but Chaucer's "unholsom" is no doubt founded on Boccaccio's epithet, and is highly picturesque.

[3] Troilus seems to forget that, if Calchas had not come into the world, neither would Chryseis have done the like.

7 He entered the chamber, dark and quiet,
8 Nor knows how to speak a word, whether sad or cheerful.

(48)

O Olde vnholsom & mysauyd man 330
Calcas I mene allas what Ailid the
ben a Greke sen þou arte born troian
the, which þou wilte my bane be, 333
In cursid tyme arte þou I-borne for me
As wolde blisfull Ione for his Ioy
I the hail / wher I wolde in Troy 336

(49)

A Thousande sikis hotter than the glede [text 76] 337
Out of his brest eche afflir othir wente
medlid with pleynte new his woo to fede
which his woefull teeris newe stente 340
shortly so his teeris hym turment
wex so mate þat Ioy no penaunce
felith he noone but lieth furth in a traunce 343

(50)

PAndare which þat at þ parliamente 344
hulde herde what every lorde and burgeis saide
how full graunted was by comune assente
for Antenor to yelde oute Crisseide 347
gan welny woode out of his witte to braide
Sō þat for wo he nyste what he mente
but Dares to Troilus he faste went 350

(51)

A serten knyght that for the tyme kepte 351
The chambre dore / vndid it hym anone
And pandare that full tendirly wepte
Into his derke chambre stille as stone 354
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone
so confusid þat he ne wist what to say
for verry wo his witt was ny awaye. 357

(44)

1 Troilus, as soon as he saw him,
2 Ran to [embrace] his neck, weeping so sore
3 That a man could not well express it;
4 Which the sorrowful Pandarus observing,
5 He began to weep, so much was he concerned at it:
6 And in this wise, doing nothing else
7 Than weeping sore, they remained awhile,
8 Without either speaking, much or little.

(45)

1 But, after Troilus had recovered breath,
2 He first began to Pandarus:
2 "I am dead!
7 "Hast thou yet heard how
8 My Chryseis is taken from us by the Greeks?"

(46)

1 Pandarus, who not less sorely wept,
2 Replied: "Yes! Were it only not true!
3 Woe is me! for I did not think
4 That this time so sweet and unchequered
5 Would so soon come to nought.

(52)

And with his chere & lokyng al to-torne 358
for sorowe of this with his armes foldyn
he stoode þis woful Troylus beforne
And on his pietous fate he gan beholdyn 361
but lorde þat offte gan his herte coldyn
seyng his frende in wo whos hevynesse
his hert slowe / as thought he for distresse 364

(53)

This woful wight this Troilus þat felte 365
his frende Pandare I-commyn hym to see
gan as the snowe ayenst the sonne melte
for whiche this sorowful Pandare of pitee 368
gan for to wepe as tendirliche as hee
And specheles thay ben these ilke twey
that neither myght for sorow a worde seye 371

(54)

But at the last this wofull Troilus [leaf 78, back] 372
nedid for smerte gan bresten out to Rore
And with a sorowfull noise he saide thus
Among his sobbis and his sighes soope 375
lo Pandare I am dede withoutyn more
Hast thou nat herde at parliament he saide
For Antenore lost is my Crisseide 378

(55)

This Pandarus / full dede & pale of hewe 379
full pitously Aunswerde and saide yis
As wissely wer it fals as it is trewe
that I haue herde / and what all how it is 382
O mercy god who wolde haue trowid this
who wolde haue wende þat in so litill a throwe
fortune our Ioy wolde haue ouerthrowe 385

(47)

1 "But thou, wherefore give thyself so much anguish?
2 Why so much sorrow and such torment?
3 What thou didst desire, thou hast had it;
4 Thou shouldst be content with only that.
5 Leave them to me, both these and other plaints—
6 Me who have always loved, and never a glance
7 Had I from her who undoes me.

(48)

1 "And, besides this, this city is seen
2 Full of beautiful and lovely ladies."

3 'Not one of them but would gladly console you.'

7 "Therefore, if we lose
8 Her, we shall find many others.

(56)

FOr in this worlde ther nys no creature 386
As to my dome þat euer saw ruyne
straunger þan is thorugh cas or aventure
but who may all eschew or all dyuyne 389
suche is the worlde for-thy I thus dyfyne
ne trust no wight to fynde in fortune
Ay *prosperite* for hir yiftis ben comune 392

(57)

But telle me this whi art þou þus madde 393
To sorowe thus whi liest þou in þis wise
syn thy desire / all holly hast þou hadde
so þat by right It ought ynough suffise 396
but I þat neuer felt in no seruise
A frendly cher or lokyng of an ey
let me thus wepe & waile til I dey 399

(58)

And ouer all this as þou wel wost þ' silue 400
This town is full of ladies all aboute
And to my dome fairer þan suche twelue
As she cuyr' was shall I fynde in som' route 403
Ye one or two with-outyn any doute
for-why be glade myn owne dere brother
Yf she be loste we shall recouer a nother 406

(59)

WHat god forbede alwey þat eche plesaunce [leaf 71] 407
In oone þing were and in noon other wight
Yef oon can' sing an other can' wel dauns
Yef þis be goodly that is glad & light 410
And this is fair & that can' good a right
Eche for his vertue holden is for dere
Bothe heyroner and faukon' for ryuer 413

(49)

1 "And, as I erewhile often heard say,
2 The new love always chases away the old.[1]

5 "Then do not think of dying for *her*."

[1] Chaucer attributes this terse generalization to "Zausis that was so wise;" or (as said in a note in Mr. Bell's edition) "Zauses or Zansis, for the name is so spelt in the printed editions." Mr. Bell adds that "nothing is known" of this philosopher. Boccaccio, in the corresponding line, does not give any author's name. His words are "E come io udii *già* sovente dire."

Is it possible that a misreading of "*già so*" is the origin of "Zausis?" This seems to me the less unlikely, inasmuch as the accent over the *a* (in "già") might, in MS., have been misread as the mark for a *u* or *n*. The supposed name would thus have stood "Giauso" or "Gianso" (pronounced Jauso or Janso), and the transition from this to Zausis or Zansis does not seem inconceivable. However, this is but a desperate guess at best. It may be added that the only name I can find a little like Zausis, and in some other respects not wholly ineligible, is Tzetzes, a Byzantine rhetorician of the twelfth century, who wrote something bearing on the Trojan war. But I know of no even plausible reason for connecting him with Chaucer's Zausis.

(50)

1 Troilus, hearing Pandarus, began the more strongly
2 To weep;

2 Saying afterwards:

3 "I pray God to send me death

4 Ere I should commit such an outrage.

(60)

ANd eke as write ȝanȝis þat was full wise
The new loue oute chasithe ofte þe olde
And vpon new cause lyeth new A-vise
Thynke eke thin lyf to saue art þou holde
Suche fire by processe mote of kynde colde
And syn it is / but casuell plesauns
Somme caas shall put it oute of remembrauns

(61)

FOr all & sure as day cometh after nyght
Or new loue labour or other woo
Or ellis selde seyng of a wight
Thanne olde affeccions all ouer goo
And for thi parte þou shalte haue oone of þoo
For-thi *with* thi bitter peynes smert
Absens of hire shall dryue it out of herte

(62)

T[h]Ese wordes seide he for the nones all
To helpe his frende lest he for sorwe died
But doughtles to make his woo to fall
Route he not what vnthrifte he seide
Tho Troilus þat nye for sorwe deyed
Toke litell hede of alle that euer he ment
[On] Ere hit herde at oþer oute it went

(63)

BVt at the last he answerd & seide frende
This lechecrafte or beled thus to be
Wer wel sittyng yf that I wer a fende
To truste a wight þat trewe is vnto me
I pray god lete þis counsell neuer thee
But doo me sterue a non right here
Or I soo werche as þou me woldest lere

7 " Her
8 To whom I am given, and am wholly hers.

5 " However beautiful, graceful, and courtly,[1]
6 Other women may be, and I allow this to you,
7 None of them was ever like her.

[1] "Accorte." The shade of meaning conveyed by the Italian word is something between sprightly, clever, and mannerly: a woman *comme il faut*, who knows how to hold her own.

(52)

1 " Which even if I wished to do, which I wish not,

2 'I could never vanquish my love. No woman is comparable to my Chryseis: the universe shall cease before I love another.

(64)

SHe þat I serue I-wisse what so thou sey [leaf 71, back] 442
To whom myn herte an habite is of right
Shall haue me hooly hirs till that I dey
For Pandarus sithe I haue trouthe hir' plight 445
I will nat be vntrewe for noo wight
But as hir' man' I will ay lyue & serue
And neuer other creature serue 448

(65)

ANd ther' þou seyest I shall as fair' fynde 449
As she lete be make noo comparison'
To creature I-formed hir' be kynde
O leue Pandare in conclusion' 452
I will nat be of' thine opinion'
Touching all this for whiche I þe beseche
Soo holde þin pees / þou sleest me with' þin speche 455

(66)

THou counseilest me I shulde loue an other' 456
All freisshly new & let Cresside goo
Hit lieth nat in my power dere brother
And thoug I myght I wolde nat doo soo 459
But canste thou pley raket too & froo
Netill in dokke oute now her' now per' Pandar'
Now foule falle hir' for thi woo þat care 462

(67)

THou farest eke by me þou Pandarus 463
As he þat wham' A wight is woo be-goon'
He cometh to him A pace & seyeth rigt þus
Thenke nat vn smerthe & þou shalte fele noon' 466
Thou muste me first grave in A stoone
And rene me my passions All
Or thou so lightly doo my woo to falle 469

(54)

1 "And death and the tomb will alone be able to sever
2 This my firm love.

4 "These shall take my soul with them
5 Down into hell to the uttermost pangs:
6 There together shall they wail for Chryseis.

(56)

1 "But thou dost speak argumentatively,
2 As though reasoning that it is less pain
3 To lose than never to have had anything.
4 It is manifest folly,
5 Pandarus, if this is in thy mind;
6 For that [woe] which ill fortune brings to one
7 Who has been happy surpasses every woe.

(57)

1 "But tell me, if thou art interested in my love,
2 Since it seems to thee so easy
3 To change love, as just now
4 Thou wast reasoning to me, why
5 Hast *thou* not changed thy course? Why
6 Doth thy untoward love work thee so much woe?
7 Why hast thou not followed another lady
8 Who would have put thy life in peace?

(58)

1 "If thou, who art wont to live indignant against Love,
2 Hast not been able to transfer it[1] to another,
3 I, who always lived joyous with her,[2]
3 How shall I be able to expel it from her so
5 As thou sayest?
5 'Love cannot be expelled from the heart; though chance
and change may gradually undermine it.'

[1] "It," i.e. love—thy love for the lady in question. The Italian lends itself, in a way English cannot, to making "Love" a personage in the first line, and a mere sentiment in the second.

(68)

MY deth may wel oute of my brest departe 470
The liff so longe may þis sorwe myne
But fro me my sowle shall Cresseides darte
Oute neuer more but doune with proserpyne 473
Whan I am dede I will goo duelle in pyne
And ther I will eternally compleyne
My woo and how þat departed be we tweine 476

(69)

THou hast her made an Argumente for fyne [leaf 72] 477
How that it shulde / Allas peyne be
Cresseide to for-goo for she was myne
And leued in ese and felicite 480
Why gabbest þou þat seidest þus to me
That him is worse þat is fro me wel I-throwe
Than he had erste of þat wel I knowe 483

(70)

BVt telle me þis sithe þat the thinkest light 484
To chaunge in loue soo ay to & froo
Why hast þou nat doone besilye þi might
To chaunge hir that dothe þe all þi woo 487
Whi nylte þou lett hir fro thin herte goo
Whi nylte thou loue an other Lady swete
That may thin herte sett in quiete 490

(71)

YEf þat þou hast had in Loue ay yet mischauns 491
And canste it nat oute of þin herte dryue
I that leued in lust and in plesauns
With hir as moch as creature on lyue 494
How shulde I it for-yete & þat so blyue
O wher hast þou ben hid so long in mew
That canste so well & formably argue 497

[2] "Lei" (her) is the reading of Baroni's edition, and corresponds with Chaucer's expression. I think, however, that "lui" (him, i.e. Love), as in Moutier's edition, must be the true reading.

(60)

7 "Oh come, Death, to me who call thee!

(61)

3 "Death, thou wilt be as sweet to me
4 As is life to him who spends it joyously.
5 Oh delay not! for this fire has
6 Already so burned my every vein
7 That thy stroke will be a cooling to me.

(62)

7 "Thou slayest so many against their will
8 That thou mayst well do me this pleasure."

(63)

1 Thus weeping did Troilus lament.
2 Pandarus did his best to comfort Troilus, but in vain.

(72)

NAy nay god wote nouth worth is al þis rede 498
For which for whate þat euer may be-falle
Wiþ-oute wordes moo I wil be dede
O dethe that yendir arte of sorowes alle 501
Come now sithe I soo ofte after þe calle
For sely is þat deth soth for to seyne
That ofte is cleped comyth & endeth peyne 504

(73)

WEL wote I while my lif was in quiete 505
Or thou me slouȝ I wolde A yoven hir
But now þi comyng is to me so swete
That in þis worlde I no þing so desire 508
O deth sithe wiþ this sorwe I am on fire
Thou eyther doo me a-noon in teres drenche
Or wiþ þi colde strooke my herte hete quenche 511

(74)

SYthe þat þou sleest so fele in sondry wise [leaf 72, back] 512
A-yens her wil vnpreyed day & nyght
Doo me at my requeste þis seruice
Delyuer now þe worlde so doste þou right 515
Of me þat am þe woofullest wyght
That euer was for tyme is þat I steruo
Sithe in þis worlde of no þing may I serue 518

(75)

THus Troilus in teres ganne destille 519
As liquore out of lambyke full faste
And Pandarus gan holde his tunge stille
And to the grounde doune his yheu he caste 522
But natheles þus þought he at þe laste
What pardie rather þan my fellawe dey
Yet shall I sumwhat moore to hym sey 525

(64)

1 To whom Pandarus said: "My dear friend,
2 If my arguments please thee not,
5 Why dost thou not take, in the way thou canst, redress
6 For thy life,
6 And ravish her away?
7 'There was Paris, who ran off with Helen from Greece.
8 "Yet not so much but that he hoped that even yet Chryseis might love him."

(65)

1 "And wilt thou, in thine own Troy, not dare
2 To ravish a woman thou likest?
6 "Dry the sad tears from thy face;
7 And now show thy great soul,
8 Acting so that Chryseis shall be ours."

(65)

1 Troilus then answered Pandarus.
4 "I have thought of what thou sayest,
5 And have also devised many other things,
6 Although I weep, and wholly abandon myself[1]
7 To my grief.

[1] Perhaps Chaucer's phrase, "Why this thinge is *left*," is traceable to Boccaccio's "tutto m '*abbandoni*."

[2] Boccaccio's language here is not very perspicuous, but no doubt what his Troilus says is to the following effect: "If the compact with the Greeks had been made for exchanging Chryseis for Antenor, and if Antenor and the others had already returned to Troy under that compact, I would gladly break faith with the Greeks, and retain Chryseis: but, as it stands, I cannot venture to do this, for the retaining of Chryseis would involve the non-return of Antenor."

(67)

4 "The time does not allow of such an error;
5 Whereas, if every one of our men had returned
6 Hither, and also Antenor,
7 I should not mind about breaking faith.[2]

(76)

ANd seide frende sithe þou haste such distres 526
And sythe þe liste myn argumentes to blame
Whi nelt þou helpe to doone redresse
And *with* þin manhod lete Alle þis game 529
To ravisshe hir no canst þou not for shame
And eithere lete hire out of toune fare
Or holde hire stille and leue þis nyse care 532

(77)

ARte þou in Troye & hast noon hardyment 533
To take A woman' which that loueth the
And wolde hir' self be at þine assent
Now is þis nat A nyse vanite 536
Rise vp A-non' and lett þi wepyng be
And kithe þou arte A man' for in þis hour'
I will be dede but she be leue our' 539

(78)

TO this answerd Troilus full softe 540
And seide *par*de leue brother' deere
Alle this haue I my self' ymagened yet ful ofte
And moore þing þan' þou demist her' 543
But whi þis thing is lefte þou shalt wel her'
And whan' þou hast me yeven' Audiens
Ther'-Aftir maist þou tell all thi sentens 546

(79)

FIrst sithe þou wost þis towne hath all *þ/s* werr' [leaf 72] 547*
For rauysshyng' of women so by myght
It shulde nat be suffred me to erre
As it stant' now ne do me so grete vnright 550
I shulde haue also blame of *euery* wight
My fadres graunt yif þat I so withstode
Sithe she is chaunged for the townes goode 553

(69)

1 "I had also thought of asking her
2 Of my father, that he should give me her of his grace:
3 Then I reflect that this would be an accusing of her,
4 And making manifest the things committed.
5 Nor yet can I hope that he would give her.

(68)

1 "Then I fear to perturb by violent
2 Rapine her honour and her fame:
3 Nor know I well whether she would be pleased with it.
5 "Wherefore the heart does not venture to adopt a decision;
6 As on one side it wishes for this,
7 And on the other dreads to displease.

(70)

4 "Thus weeping, in amorous bewilderment
2 Weary I remain, and know not what to do;
*3 Because the strong power of love, if indeed any still remains,
4 I feel it fail me,
5 And the causes of torment increase.
6 Would I had died the day that I
7 First burned in this desire!"

(80)

I haue eke þought so it wer' hir' assent
To aske hir' at my fadir of his grace
Thanne þinke I þis wer' hir' accusement
Sithe well I wote I may hir' nat purchase
For synne my fadir in so high A place
As parlement hath hir' eschaunge ensealed
He neH for me his *lettre* be repeled'

(81)

YEt drede y must hir herte to perturbe
Let violens yif' I doo suche A game
For yef I wolde openly it desturbe
Hit must be disclaunder' to hir' name
And me wer' leuer be dede þan' hir' defame
As nolde god but yif I shulde haue
Hire honnour leuyr þan' my lif' to saue

(82

THus am I loste for ought þat I can' see
For certeyn is sithen' I am hir' knyght
I must hir' honour saue leuer þan' me
In euery case as loner ought of' right
Thus am I with desir' & reason' twiste
Desir' for to destourbe it me redith
And reason' wiH nat soo myn' herte dredith

(83)

HIs weping þat he coude neuer sese
And seide allas how shaH I wrecche fare
For weH fele I alwey my loue encrease
And hope is lasse & lasse alwey Pandare
Encresen' eke the causes of my care
So wellawey whi nyH my herte breste
For as in Loue is þer' but liteH reste

(71)

1 Pandarus then said: "Thou wilt do
2 As thou choosest; but, if I were inflamed
3 As thou sufficiently showest thyself to be,
5 I having the power that thou hast,
7 I would do my utmost to carry her off,
8 Whomever it might displease.

(72)

1 "Love looks not so subtly
2 As it appears thou dost.

(73)

3 "She will be pleased with what thou shalt do.

(72)

7 "Do choose rather to be somewhat reprehended
8 Than to die with pangs in mournful wailing.

(73)

7 "Fortune assists

8 Whoever is daring, and she rejects the timid.

(74)

1 "And, even if this thing displeased her,
2 In a short time thou shalt have peace again for it:

3 Not that I believe she would be angry at it.

7 "Let her do without [reputation], as Helen does.

(84)

PAndar answerd frende þou maist for me [leaf 72, back] 582
Do as the list but had I it so hoote
And þine estate she shulde goo with me
Thouȝ all the towne cryed out þis thyng by note 585
I nolde nat sett at all þat noyse A grote
For whan men haue well cried þan wul þei roun
Eke wonder laste but ix nyghtes in A toun 588

(85)

DEuyne nat in reason ay so depe 589
Ne curtesly but helpe þi self a-noon
Bettir is þat oþer þan þin self wepe
And namely sithe ye bothe twoo ben oone 592
Rise vp for by my hed ye shal nat goone
And rather be in blame a litell stounde
Than sterue her as a gnatte with-oute wounde 595

(86)

HIt is no shame to you more þan vise 596
Hir to let holde þat you loueth moste
Peraventure she myght holde you full nyse
To lete hir goo thus to the Grekes hoste 599
Thinke eke fortune is well þi self woste
Helpeth hardy man to his emprise
And weyueth wreches for hir cowardise 602

(87)

ANd þouȝ þi Lady a litell hir greue 603
Thou shalte þ' self þ' pese here-aftir make
But as for me certein I can nat leue
That she it wolde as for euyll it take 606
Whi shulde þan thyne herte for drede quake
Thinke how Parys hath þat is þine brother
A loue & whi shulde nat I haue a nother 609

4 "So much does the love which thou bearest her delight her.

(75)

1 "Therefore take to thee daring, be valorous;
2 Love heeds neither promise nor faith.
3 Show thyself now a little spirited;
4 Have mercy on thyself:—

5 I will be with thee in any perilous
6 Case."

(76)

1 Troilus understood very well the discourse
2 Of Pandarus, and replied: "I am content.
4 [But, if] my torment [were] greater
6 Than it is,—to the courteous lady,
6 To satisfy myself, I would not do [even] a little detriment:
7 Rather would I die.
8 Therefore I will first hear it from her."

(88)

ANd Troilus oon þing I dar þe swer
That yif Cresseide which þat is þe lefe
Now louelh þe as welh as þou doste her
God helpe me soo she nilh nat take a grefe
Thouȝ þou doo boote a-nouȝ to þis mischeif
And yif she desir fromę þe for to passe
Thanę is she false so loue hir welh þe lasse

(89)

FOr-thy take herte & þinke right as A knyght [Sarra]
Thurgh Loue is broken alh day euery lawe
Kith now sum-whate þin corage & thi myght
And haue mercy on þi self for any awe
Let nat þis wrecched woo þi hert gnawe
But manly sett þe worlde at vj & senen
And yif þou dey A martir goo to heuen

(90)

I wilh my selfe be with the at þis dede
They she and alh my kynne vppon A stounde
Shalh in A strete as dogges lye dede
Thurgh girde with many a wide & blody wounde
In euery case I wilh A frende be founde
And yif the liste her sterue as a wreche
And dey þe deuilh spede him þat it reche

(91)

THis Troilus gan with þoo wordis quikkyn
And seyde frende graunt mercy I assent
But certeinly þou maiste nat me soo þrikken
Ne payne none may me so turment
That for no case it nys nat myn entent
At shorte wordes thouȝ I dey shulde
To rauissh hir but yif hir self it wolde

(77)

2 "Wash thy face, and let us return to court.
5 For, remaining here, we cause to wonder
6 Every one who knows it.

7 "And I will adopt a method
8 That this evening thou shalt speak with Chryseis."

[1] "Scioltа." This is the reading in Moutier's edition. In Baroni's, it is "accorta"—apt, ready—which is so far the more plausible reading that it makes the rhyme accurate.

(78)

1 Most swift Fame, who
2 Equally reports the false and the true,
3 Had flown with quickest wings
4 Through all Troy; & with fluent[1] word
5 Had narrated
7 That Chryseis was given by the sovereign
8 To the Greeks in exchange for Antenor.

(92)

WHi so quod Pandar I mene all þis day 638
But tell me thaŭ hast þou hir wel assayed
That sorwist thus & he answerd him nay
Wher-of arte þou quod Pandar þaŭ A-mayed 641
That knowest nat þat she nyll nat be euill A-paied
To rauisshe hir sithe þat þou hast nat ben ther
But yif þat Ioue tolde it the in þine ere 644

(93)

FOr-thi rise vp as nought ne wer A-noon 645
And waisshe thi face & to the kyng þou wende
Or he may mervaile wheder þou arte goone
Thou muste with wisdom him & other blynde 648
Or vppon case he may after the sende
Or thou be war & shortly brother dere
Be gladde & let me werke in þis matier 651

(94)

FOr I shall shape it soo þat sikirlye [leaf 74, back] 652
Thou shall þis nyght some tyme in some maner
Come speke with thi Lady previlye
And by hir wordes eke & by her cher 655
Thou shalte full sone A-parceyue & wel her
Alle hir entent & of þis case þe beste
And fare now wel for in this pointe now I reste 658

(95)

THe swifte fame which þat false thinges 659
Egall reportith lyke the þinges trewe
Was þurghout Troye I-fledde with prest wynges
From man to man & made þes tidinges new 662
How Calcas doughter with her bright hewe
At Parlement with-oute wordes more
I-graunted was in chaunge of Anthenore 665

(79)

1 Which news when Chryseis heard it,
2 Who already cared no more
3 For her father,

7 For fear lest that which she heard tell
8 Were true, she durst not enquire.

5 As one who had turned her desire
6 To Troilus, whom she loved more than any other.

[1] "Pietosa allegrezza." I translate with Chaucer's own (the most literal) equivalents. The phrase sums up a world of lachrymaisical condolences and shallow congratulations. All this passage about the visiting ladies looks especially Chaucerian in the *Troylus*: one is surprised to find how entirely he is indebted to Boccaccio for it.

(80)

1 But, as we see that it happens
2 That one woman goes to another to visit her,
4 Thus many of them came to spend
5 The day with Chryseis, all full
6 Of piteous joy.[1]

[1] Chaucer appears to get his expression "on every side" from Boccaccio's "d'ogni partito," at the close of l. 8. The context, however, is not the same; and I do not find the meaning of the expression wholly clear in either instance.

(81)

1 One said: "Certainly I am greatly pleased
2 That thou art returning to thy father, & to be with him."
3 The other said: "And, for me, I am displeased
4 To see her depart hence from us."

5 The other said: "She will be able to plan our peace,
8 On every side."[2]

(96)

THe whiche tale a-noon right as Cresseide 666
Had herd she which þat hir fadir rought
As in þis case right nouȝt ne whan he deyed
Full besily to Iubiter be-sowte 669
Yef hem mischauns þat þis tretyes brought
But shortly leste these tales sothe were
She durste of no wight aske hem for fere 672

(97)

As she þat hadde hir herte & alle hir mynde 673
On Troilus I-sett so merueilously fast
That All þis worlde ne myght hir loue vnbynde
Ne Troilus oute of hir herte caste 676
She will be his while þat hir lyf may last
And thus she brenneth hope in loue & drede
So that she nyste what was best to rede 679

(98)

BVt as men see In towne & alle aboute 680
That women vsen frendes to visite
So to Cresseide of women come A route
For pitous Ioy and wenden hir to delite 683
And with hir tales dere ynough A myte
Thus women which þat in the Cite duelle
They sett hem doun & seide as I shall telle 686

(99)

SEyde furste the toone I am gladde truely (De Fm) 687
Be cause of you þat shall your fadir see
A nother seide I-wisse soo nam nat I
For all to litell hath she with vs bee 690
Quod the thridde I-wisse I hope þat shee
Shall bringe vs þe pese on euery side
That whan she gothe all myghty god hir guide 693

(82)

1 This and much other feminine talk
2 She heard, as if she were not there.
4 And the beautiful face could not conceal
5 The lofty gentle thoughts she had of love.
7 The body was there, and the soul was elsewhere,
8 Seeking Troilus without knowing where.

(83)

1 And these women, who fancied they were giving her
2 Comfort by staying, supremely
3 Displeased her by talking to her,—
4 As one who felt in her mind
5 A quite other passion than those saw
6 Who were there; and very often
7 She took leave of them in a ladylike way,
8 Such a desire had she to remain without them.

(84)

1 She could not restrain some sighs;
2 And at whiles some tear,
3 Falling, gave sign of the martyrdom
4 In which her soul was constrained.

5 But those simpletons who formed a circle round her
6 Thought that the damsel did this through sorrow
7 That she had to abandon them,
8 Who were wont to be her companions.

(100)

THe wordes and þe womannyssh þinges 694
She herde hem right as thouȝ she thense wer'
For god it wote hir' herte on oþer þinges is
aH þouȝ the body sate amonge hem þer' 697
Hir' aduertens is Alwey ellis wher'
For Troilus fuH faste hir'e soule sought
With-outen worde on hym alwey she thought 700

(101)

THes women þat þus wende hir' to please 701
A-boute nouȝt ganne aH hir' tales spende
Suche vanite ne canne doon hir' noon ease
As she þat alle þis meane while brende 704
Of other passioun' þan' þei wende
So that she felte al moiste hir' her'te dye
For woo / & wery of their' companie 707

(102)

FOr which myght she no lenger restreyne 708
Hir' teris þei gan' so vp to weH
That gaff' signes of hir' bitter peyne
In which hir' spirite was and must' dueH 711
Remembring hir fromе heuen' vnto which heH
She fallen was sythe she forgeten the sight
Of Troilus & sorwefuH she sighte 714

(103)

ANd thilke foles sittyng hir' A-boute 715
Wende þat she wepte & syhed soore
By cause þat she shulde oute of þe route
Departe & neuer play with hem moore 718
And þey þat hadde knowen' hir' of yoor'
Say her' wepe & þouȝte hit kyndenes
And eche of hem wepte for hir distres 721

(85)

1 And each tried to comfort her
2 Still about what grieved her not:
3 Many words they spoke to console her.

5 And it was nought else than scratching her

6 On the heels when her head itched.

(86)

1 But, after much cackling in vain,
2 As most women do, they took leave,
3 And went away: and she forthwith,
4 Vanquished and impelled by bitter grief,
5 Into her chamber, weeping low,
6 Entered.

(87)

1 The woful one had on her bed
2 Thrown herself at full length.

7 And, plucking her blonde hair, she tore it.

8 And ever she implored death a thousand times.

(86)

8 She made such a weeping that the like was never made.

(88)

1 She said: "Alas ill-fortuned!
2 Me miserable, woful! whither am I going?
3 O wretched I, who was born in bad conjuncture,
4 Where do I leave thee, sweet my love?
6 Oh that I had not, my sweet desire,
7 Seen thee ever! since such dire fortune
8 Now robs both me from thee, and thee from me."

(104)

AN̄d besilye þei gonnen hir̄ conforte [leaf 75, back] 722
Of̄ thing god wote on whiche she liteℓℓ þouȝte
And with̄ here tales wende hir̄ disporte
And to be gladde þei ofte hire besouȝte 725
But such an ese þer-with̄ þei hire wroughte
Right as A man̄ is eased̄ for to felo
For Ache of hed to clawe him on the hele 728

(105)

But After aℓℓ þis nyse vanite 729
They toke her̄ leve And home þei went aℓℓ
Cresseide fuℓℓ of sorwefuℓℓ pyte
Into the chambre went out of̄ þe halle 732
And vn hir̄ bedde she ganne for woo to fuℓℓ
In purpos thens neuer for to ryse
And þus she wroughte as I shaℓℓ you deuise 735

(106)

HIre ougne her̄ þat sonnyssh̄ was of hew 736
She reute & eke fyngers longe and smale
She wronge fuℓℓ ofte & praide god on hir̄ rewe
And with̄ þe deth̄ to doo boote on hir̄ bale 739
Hir̄ hew whilome brighℓℓ þat þoo was pale
Bar̄ witnesse of hir̄ woo and hir̄ *constreynte*
And thus she spake sobbyng in her̄ compleinte 742

(107)

Allas quod̄ she oute of this regioun̄ 743
I woefuℓℓ wrech̄ and infortunat wighℓℓ
And borne in cursed constellacion̄
Mot goo & departe þus fro my knyghℓℓ 746
Woo wurth̄ allas þat ylke daye lyghℓℓ
On which̄ I saugh̄ hym first with̄ yen̄ tweyn̄
That causeth̄ me & I hym aℓℓ þis peyne 749

(87)

3 Her white breast
4 She often beat, calling Death
5 To slay her, since she had to leave her beloved
6 Through hard fate.

(89)

3 "What shall I do, parted, Troilus, from thee?

(92)

3 "But thou who lovest me so much, what wilt *thou* do?
4 Oh wilt thou be able to endure such woe?

(93)

1 "Oh my father, iniquitous and disloyal!

(88)

5 "Oh that I now had been stifled at my birth!

(89)

1 "What shall I do, so doleful my life?

(90)

7 "Ah me! how shall I endure,
8 Troilus, to see myself parted from thee?

(89)

4 "Certainly, I think I shall never eat or drink;
5 And, if of itself the bewildered soul goes not
6 From out the body, I will do my utmost
7 To expel it by famine.

(108)

ANd therwith þe teres from hir yhen twoo
Downe felle as shour in Aprill swythe
Hir white brest she bete And for the woo
Aftir the deth she cryed A thousande sithe
Sythe he þat wonte hir woo was for to lythe
She motte for-goo for which disaventure
She held hir selfe A soore Lorne creatur

(109)

SHe seide how shall he doo & I also [leaf 76]
How shulde I lyue yif that I frome him twynne
O dere herte eke that I loue soo
Who shall þat sorwe fle þat ye ben Inne
O Calcas fadir thyne be alle þis synne
O modir myn that cleped were argyue
Woo worthe that day þat þou me bare on lyue

(110)

TO what fyne shulde I lyue & sorwe þus
How shulde a fysh without watir dur
What is Cresseide worth frome Troilus
How shulde A plaunte or a lyues creature
Lyue without his kynde noretur
For which ful ofte A byeword her I sey
That Roteles mote grene sone deye

(111)

I shall doo þus syn neiþer swerde ne darte
Dar I noon handill for þe cruelte
That ylke day I mote from you departe
Yef sorwe of þat nyll nat my bane be
Than shal no mete & drynke come in me
Till I my sowle oute of my breste vnshethe
And þus my silfe will I doo to þe dethe

(90)

3 "Heart of my body! my black clothing
4 Shall be a true witness to my sorrows.

(91)

1 "How can I live without soul?
2 That will remain here for certain,
3 With our love, and to lament with thee."

(95)

1 Who could ever narrate at full
2 What Chryseis said in her weeping?
3 Certainly not I, for the word falls short of the fact,

4 So cruel and dire was her distress.

(112)

ANd Troilus my clothes euerychon 778
Shall blake be in tokennyng herte swete
That I am oute as of this worlde gone
That wonte was you to sette in quiete 781
And of my ordre ay till þe dethe me mete
The obseruaunce euer in youre Absens
Shall sorwe be compleint & Abstinens 784

(113)

Myn herte & eke þe woofull goste þer in 785
Be-quethe I with your spirite to compleine
Eternally for they shall neuer twynne
For þough in erthe I-twynned be with we tweine 788
Yet in the felde of pite out of peyne
That hight Elesus shall we be in fer
Or Orpheus with erudice his fer 791

(114)

THus herte myn for Anthenore Allas [leaf 76, back] 792
I sone shalbe chaunged as I wene
But how shall we doo in þis sorwefull cas
How shall your tendr herte þus sustene 795
But herte myn for-yete þis sorwe and tene
And me Also for certeinly to sey
So ye welfare I reche not to dey 798

(115)

HOw might it euer yredde be or ysonge 799
The compleinte þat she made in hire distres
I nott but as for me my litell tunge
Yef I discreveyn wolde hir heuynesse 802
It shulde make hir sorwe seme lesse
Than þat hit was and childisshly deface
Hir compleinte & þere-for I hit pace 805

(95)

6 Pandarus came,

7 And went into the chamber,
8 There where she was making her piteous plaint.

(96)

1 He saw her on the bed, swathed
2 In sobs, in weeping, and in sighs;
3 And saw all her breast and her face bathed
4 In tears, and her eyes in passions
5 Of weeping, and dishevelled,
6 Giving true sign of her poignant pangs.

7 Who, when she saw him, between her arms
8 For shame concealed her face.

(116)

PAndare whiche that sent from Troylus
Was to Cresseide as ye haue herd deuise
That fore the best it was accorded thus
And he fulle gladde to doo hym that seruice
Vn-to Cresseide In a full secrete wise
There as she lay in turment And in Rage
Come to hir' to telle alle hooly his message

(117)

ANd fonde that she hir' self' gan' to trete
Full pitously for with hir' salte teres
Hir' brest hir' face I-bathed was full wete
The mighty tresses of hir' sonnyssh heres
Vnbroyden hange a-boute hir' eres
Which yaue him verry signe all of martir'
Of dethe þe which hir' herte ganne desir'

(118)

WHan' she him saugh she gan' for sorwe a-noon
Hir' tery face atwixe hir' handes hide
For which þis Pandar' is so woo begon
That in þe house he might vnnethis abide
As he that pite felte on *euery* side
For yif Cresseide hadde erste *compleyned* soor'
Tho ganne she pleyne a thousand tymes mor'

(119)

ANd in hir' aspre *compleint* þus she seid (leaf 77)
Pandar' first of Ioyes moore pan' tuoo
Was cause causing vn to me Cresseide
That now transmuee ben & cruell woo
Wheider shal I sey welcome or noo
That Aldirfirst brouȝt vn-to seruice
Of loue allas þat endeth in such wise

(98)

1 "But thou, my disconsolate sister,
2 What art thou minded to do?

3 "Why undo thy beautiful person?
5 Rise up, and turn round, and speak;
7 And hear what I say,
8 Being sent to thee by thy sweet friend."

(99)

1 Then Chryseis turned, making
2 A weeping such as could not be spoken;
3 And she looked at Pandarus, saying:
4 "Woe is me! what would my soul say,
5 Whom I must abandon, weeping?
7 Would he have sighs or tears, or what does he ask for?
8 I have enough of them, if he sends for these."

(120)

ENdithe þanne loue in woo ye or men lieth
And alt wordly blisse as thinketh me
The ende of blisse ay sorwe it occupieth
And who so troweth nat þat it so be
Lete him vpon me woefull wrecche see
That my selfe hate & ay my birth I curse
Felyng alwey fromе wikked y goo to wurse

(121)

WHo so me seeth he seyth sorw al at ones
Peyne turment pleynte woo distresse
Oute of my wooful body harm⁹ þer non ys
As Anguissh langor⁹ cruell bittirnesse
Anoy smerte drede furye & eke sikenesse
I trowe Iwys fromе heuen terys reyne
For pite of myn Aspre cruell peyne

(122)

ANd ye my Suster⁹ full of discomforte
Quod Pandarus what thinke ye to doo
Why ne haue ye to youre silf⁹ sommе desporte
Wiry wiłt ye þus your⁹ self⁹ allas for-doo
Leueth alt þis werke And taketh soo
That I shall sey & herkyn⁹ with good entent
The whiche by me your Troilus you sent

(123)

Turned hir þo Cresseide A woo makyng
So grete þat it⁹ A deth was for to see
Allas quod she what wordes may ye bringe
What wiłt my dere herte sey to me
Which that I drede neuer more to see
Wil haue pleint & teres or þat I wende
I have ynow yef he there-aftir sende

(100)

1 She was such to look at in the visage
2 As is she who is carried to the grave;
3 And her face, made in paradise,
4 All all was seen transfigured.
5 Her loveliness and the delightful smile,
6 Fleeing, had abandoned her.
7 And round her eyes a purple ring
8 Gave true signal of her martyrdom.

(101)

1 Which Pandarus seeing,
3 He could not restrain his sorrowful tears.
8 Pandarus first moderated his weeping,

(102)

1 And said: "Lady, I suppose thou hast heard—
2 But indeed I am sure of it—how thou art demanded
3 By thy father; and the resolve is already taken
4 By the king to restore thee.
6 And how distressful[1] a thing this is
7 To Troilus could not be fully said—
8 Who is wholly bent on dying in his grief.

(103)

1 "And we have cried so much to-day, he and I,
2 That I marvel whence it [all] came.
3 Now at last, by my counsel,
4 He has somewhat abated his weeping,
5 And it seems he has a wish to be with thee.

[1] "Molesta"—as in Chaucer's line.

(124)

SHe was riȝt such to se in hir' visage [leaf 77, back] 862
As is þat wiȝt þat men on bere bynde
Hir' face lyke of Paradise þe ymage
Was all chaunged in An other kynde 865
The pley þe laughter men was wonte to fynde
In hir and eke hir' Ioyes euerychon
Ben fledde and þus lieth Cresseide A-lone 868

(125)

Aboute hir' eyen tuoo a purpur' ryng 869
Betrent in sothfaste tokenyng' of hir' peyne
That to beholde it was A dedly thing
For which Pandar' myght not restreyne 872
The teres from hir yen for to reyne
But nathcles as he best myght he seide
From Troilus thes wordes to Cresseide 875

(126)

LO nece I trowe ye haue herd' all how 876
The king with odir Lordes for the beste
Hath made þe chaunge of Anthenore & you
That cause is of þis sorwe & his vnreste 879
But how þis case dothe Troilus moleste
That may none erthely mannes tunge sey
As shortly he þat shapeth him to deye 882

(127)

FOr which we haue so sorwed he & I 883
That in-to liteli bothe it hathe vs slawe
But þurgh my counseill þis day finally
He sumwhat is fromo weping' now withdrawe 886
And semeth me þat he desireth fawe
With you all night for to deuise
Remedye in this yef ther' wer' in any wise 889

6 "Wherefore I, as he desired,
7 Am come to tell it thee."

(104)

1 "Great is," said Chryseis, "my grief,
2 As of one who loves him more than herself:
3 But his is to me far greater,
4 I hearing that on my account he longs for death.

(105)

1 "Heavy is to me my departure, God sees it;
2 But more so is it to me to see Troilus afflicted,—
3 And [this is] most insupportable, on my faith,
4 So that I shall die of it without reprieve.
7 Tell him to come when he likes."

(106)

1 And, saying this, she fell back supine,
2 Then recommenced her weeping on her arms.
3 To whom Pandarus said: "Ah me! poor thing,
4 Now what wilt thou do? wilt thou not take some
5 Comfort, reflecting that near
6 Is now already the hour when he whom thou so much
lovest
7 Will be in thine arms? Rise up, readjust
8 Thyself, that he may not find thee so squalid.

(128)

Thus shorte & pleine þe effecte of my message
As ferforth as my witte can it comprehende
For ye þat bene of turment in suche rage
May to longe prolongen as now entende
And herevpponn ye may answer him sende
And for the loue of god my nece dere
So leue þis woo or Troilus be Here

(129)

GRete is my woo quod she & sight soore [Leaf 78]
As she þat felith dedly sharpe distresse
But yet to me his sorwe ys moche moore
That loue him better þan he him self as I gesse
Allas for me hath he such heynesse
Kanne he so pitously compleyne
I-wis þis sorwe doubleth all my peyne

(130)

GRenous god wote to me is to twynne
Quod she but yet harder is to me
To se the sorwe whiche þat he is Inne
For-wel I wote It wil my bane be
And dey I will certeyn quod she
But bidde him come or deth þat þus me treth
Dryue out þat gost which in my hert he beteth

(131)

THese wordes saide she on hir Armes two
Felt grof & gan to wepe pitous'y
Quod Pandarus allas why doo ye soo
Sithen wel ye wot the tyme is fast by
That he shal come Arise vp hastily
That he you not bewepyn þus you finde
But ye will haue him wood out of his mynde

(107)

1 "If he knew that thou art doing thus,
2 He would kill himself, nor could any one
3 Restrain him; and, if I supposed
4 That thou wouldst remain thus, he should not put here
5 His foot, believe me.
6 For I know that trouble would hence ensue to him.
7 Therefore rise up, re-make thyself such

(106)

8 "That thou mayst alleviate and not increase his sorrow."

(108)

1 "Go," said Chryseis; "I promise thee,
2 My Pandarus, I will make the effort.

6 "I will keep all locked up in my heart."

(132)

FOr wiste he that ye ferde in this maner 918
He wolde him self slee & yif I wende
To haue this fare he shulde nat come her
For all the good þat Priam may spende 921
For to what fine he wolde a-noon pretende
That knowe I well & for-thi yet I sey
So leue þis sorwe for platly he will dey 924

(133)

ANd shapeth now his sorwe for to Abregge 925
And nat encrease Lefe nece swete
Beth rathir to him cause of flatte þan egge
And with sum wisdhum ye his sorwis bete 928
What helpeth it to wepe full A strete
Or þouȝ ye both with salt teres dreynt
Bettir is a tyme of care Ay þan of pleynt. 931

(134)

I Mene þis that whan I him hider bringe [Text fol. 78, back] 932
Sith ye bene wise and bothe of oone assent
So shapeth you how to desturbe your goyng
Or come A-gein sone Aftir þat ye ben went 935
Wommen ben wise in shorte auisement
And lett se now how your witt shall Availe
And þat I may helpe it shall nat faile 938

(135)

GOthe quod Cresseide & vncle truely 939
I shal doo alle my myght me to restreyne
From wepinge in his sight & besily
Him to comforte I shall doo all my peyn 942
And in myn herte seke euery veyne
Yef to his soore ther may be founden salue
Hit shall nat faile certeyne vn my behalue 945

(109)

1 Pandarus found Troilus brooding.

(136)

GOthe Pandarus & Troilus he sought
Tiℓ in A Temple he fonde him A-lone
As he that of his liffe no more roughte
But to the pytous goddes euerychon
Fuℓ tendirly he preyed & mad his mone
To doone hym sone out of þis worlde to pace
For weℓ he þouȝte þere nas noon oþer grace

(137)

ANd shortly alle the sothe for to sey
He was so fallen in despeire þat day
That vttirly he shope him for to dey
For riȝt þis was his Argument alwey
He seid he nas but lorn welawey
For aℓ þat comth comth by necessite
Thus to ben Lorn it is my destine

(138)

FOr certeinly this wote I wel he seide
That for sight of denyne puruyaunce
Hath seyn alwey me for to forgon Cresseide
Sith god seth euery þing oute of doughtaunce
And him disposeth þurgh his ordinaunce
In hir merites sothly for to be
As thei shul comen by predestene

(139)

But natheles Allas whom shal I leue [Deaf 79]
For ther ben grete clerkes many one
That destyne þurgh argumentes preue
And som men seyn þat nedly þer nys noon
But that free choys is yeue vs euerychon
O welawey so slyc were clerkes olde
That I not whiche opinion I may holde

(140)

FOr som̃ men̄ seyn̄ yef' god seth Albeforn̄ 974
Ne god may nat deceyued ben pardo
Than̄ mot it fallen þou; men had it sworn̄
That puruyaunce hath̄ seyn̄ be-forn̄ to be 977
Wherfore I sey þat from̄ eterne yef he
Hath̄ wist beforn̄ oure þought eke as your dede
We han̄ no fre choys [as] þis clerkes rede 980

(141)

FOr oþer þought nor other dede Also 981
Might neuer ben but such as puruyaunce
Whiche may not ben deceyued neuer moo
Hath̄ felid byforn̄ *with*-outen ignoraunce 984
For yif ther might ben A variaunce
To writen̄ oute fro goddes puruynge
Ther wer' no prescient of þing connyng 987

(142)

But it wer rather an opinion̄ 988
Vncertein & no stedfast forseyng
And certes þat were an abusion̄
That god shulde haue no perfit clere weting 991
More þan̄ we men̄ þat han̄ doutous wenyng
But such an errour vpon̄ god to gesse
Were false & foule & wikked cursednesse 994

(143)

EKe this is an opyinion̄ of som̃ 995
That han̄ her' toppe ful high̄ & smoth̄ yshoor'
They seyn̄ rigt þis þat þing is nat to come
For þat þe prescient hath̄ seyn̄ byfore 998
That it shal come but þei seyn þat perfore
That it shal come perfore þe puruyaunce
Wote it byforn̄ *with*-oute ignoraunce 1001

(144)

ANd in this maner this necessite [leaf 79, back] 1002
Retorneth in his part contrarie ageyne
For nedfully behoueth it not to be
That thilke þinges fallen in certein 1005
That ben puruyed but nedfully as þei sein
Behoueth it þat þinges which þat fall
That þei in certein ben puruyed all 1008

(145)

I mene as þough I labored me in þis 1009
To enqueryn which þinge cause of which þing be
As whethir þat þe prescient of god is
The certein cause of necessite 1012
Of þinges þat to comen ben parde
Or yef necessite of þinge comynge
Be cause certein of the puruyenge 1015

(146)

But nowe ne enforce I mene not in shewing 1016
How the ordre of causes stant but wel wote I
That it behoueth þat the befallyng
Of þinges wist before certeinly 1019
By necessarye alle seme it not ther by
That prescient put fallynge necessarye
To þinge to come alle falle it foule or faire 1022

(147)

FOr yef there sit A man yond on a se 1023
Than by necessite behoueth it
That certes þin opinioun soth be
That wenist or comittist þat he sit 1026
And further ouer now a-yenward yet
Lo right so is it of the part contrarie
As þus nowe herkenyth for I will not tarie 1029

(148)

I sey þat yif the opinioun of the
Be soth for þat he sit þan sey I þis
That he mot sitten by necessite
& þis necessite in eythir is
For in him nede of sittyng is Iwis
And in þe nede of soth & þis for soth
Ther mot necessite ben in you bothe

(149)

But þou maist seyn þe man sit not þerfore [Next 86]
That þin opinioun of þis sitting soth is
But rather for the man sit þer before
Therfore is þin opinioun soth I-wis
And I sey þough þe cause of soth of þis
Comth of his sittynge yet necessite
Is enterchaunged both in him & in the

(150)

THus in the same wise out of doutaunce
I may wel maken as it semyth me
My resonynge of goddes *puruyaunce*
And of the þinges þat to comen be
By whiche resoun men may well I-see
That þilke þinges þat in erthe falle
That by necessite þei comen alle

(151)

FOr all þough þat for þinge shal comen Iwis
Therfore is it purueyd certeinly
Nat þat it comth for it *purueyed* is
Yet nathelesse byhoueth it nedefully
That thynge to come be purueyd trewly
Or ellis þinges þat purueid be
That þei betyden by necessite

(152)

ANd þis suffiseth ryȝt Inough certeyn 1058
For to destroye oure fre choys enerydell
But nowe is þis abusion to seyn
That fallynge of the thynges temporall 1061
Is cause of goddes prescient eternall
Now truely that is a false sentence
That þinge to come shulde cause his prescient 1064

(153)

What myght I wene & I had such a þouȝt 1065
But þat god purueyth þinge þat is to come
For that it is to me & elles noght
So myght I wene þat þinges al & some 1068
That whilom ben by false & ouercom
Be cause of þilke souereyn purveyaunce
That forewitt al with-out ignoraunce 1071

(154)

ANd ouer al þis right yet seye I more herto [Leaf 86, back] 1072
That ryȝt as whan I wot þer is A þing
Is wisse þat thing mote nedefully be soo
Eke ryȝt so whan I wote a þinge comyng 1075
So mote it come & this þe befallyng
Off thinges þat ben wist before the tide
They mowe nat ben eschewed on noo side 1078

(155)

THan seide he þis Almyghty Ioue in trone 1079
That woste of alle þinge the sothefastnesse
Rewe on my sorwe & doo me dye or sone
Or bringe Cresseide and me fro þis distresse 1082
And while he was in alle þis heynesse
Desputynge with him selfe in this mater
Come Pandare & seide as ye may here 1085

4 And said to him: "Now art thou so dejected
5 As thou showest, courageous youth?
6 Thy bliss is not yet parted from thee.
7 Why as yet dost thou so much distress thyself
8 That the eyes in thy head seem already dead?

(110)

1 "Thou hadst lived long enough without her.

3 "Wast thou born into the world merely for her?

8 "I spoke to her, and was with her a long while.

(111)

Pandarus tells Troilus that Chryseis is still more afflicted than he: this evidence of her love may at least be some consolation.

(156)

O myghty god quod Pandarus in trone
Ey who sey euer a wise man fare soo
Why Troilus what þinkest þou to doone
Haste þou suche lust to be þine ougne foo
What parde yet nys nat Cresseide Agoo
Why liste þe soo þine self for-doo for drede
That in þine hed þine yheñ seme dede

(157)

HAste þou natt leued many A yeer byforn
With-outen hir & ben full wel at ease
Arte þou for hir & for noon oþer borne
Hath nature þe wrouȝt al onely hir to plese
Let be & þinke riȝt þus in þine disease
That vn the dyce riȝt as fallen chauns
Right so in loue þer comen & gone plesauns

(158)

ANd yet of þis I merueyle most of alle
Whi þou þus sorwest sith þou knowest nat yet
Touching hir goyng hou þat it shall falle
Ne yif she can hir self disturbyn it
Thou hast nat yet assayed of hir wit
A man may alle be tyme his nekke bede
Whan it shall of & sorwyn at þe nede

(159)

FOr-thi take hed of þat I shall þe sey (last st.)
I haue with hir spoken and long I-be
So as accorded was bytwen vs twey
And euyrmore me þinketh þat she
Hath somwhate in hir hertes priuete
Wherwith she canne yif I shal riȝt rede
Desturbe all þis of which þou art in drede

(112)

1 "I have just arranged with her
2 That thou shalt go to her, and this evening
3 Be with her."
4 Troilus should explain his plans to her, and see how she takes them
7 "Perhaps you will find out methods which
8 Will be great alleviations to your woes."

(113)

1 To whom Troilus replied sighing:
2 "Thou speak'st well, and thus will I do."
3 And many other things he said. But, when
4 It seemed to him time to be going,
6 He went off.
6 Chryseis comes to him in the wonted manner, bearing a torch.

(114)

3 She came to him, and in her arms
4 Received him, and he her, seized
5 With heavy grief; and dumb they both
6 Could not conceal their wounded heart.
8 They began a great and stanchless weeping.

(115)

1 Their sobs forbade utterance.

7 They drank the falling tears, without heeding
8 That they were bitter beyond their nature.

(160)

FOr which my counsell is whan it is night
Thou to hir' goo and make of þis an ende
And blisfull loue þurgh þine grete myght
Shal as I hope hir' grace to vs sende
Myn herte seyth certeyne she shall nat wende
And for-þi put þine herte awhile in rest
And holde þi purpose for it is the best

(161)

THis Troilus answerd & sighed soore
Thou seyst riȝt wel & I will doo riȝt soo
And what him liste he seide to him moore
But whan þat it was tyme for to goo
Full prively him self' with-outene moo
Vn-to hir' come as he was wonte to done
And hou þei wrouȝt I shall telle you sone

(162)

SO is þat whanne þei ganne first to mete
So gaune þe peine her' hertes for to twiste
And neiþer of hem oþer might grete
But hem in Armes toke & oþer kiste
The lasse woofull of hem boþe I nyste
Wher' þat he was ne miȝt A worde oute bringe
As I seide erste for woo & for sobbyng

(163)

THe woefull teres þat þei letyn fall
As bitter wer' oute of teres kynde
For peyne as is ligne Aloes or gall
So bittir teres wepith nat as I fin le
The wofull Mirra þurgh þe barke & ryndo
That in þis worlde þer nys so harde an herte
That nolde haue rewed on heir' peyne smerte

(116)

1 But, when the outwearied spirits
3 Had returned into their places
4 By the slacking of the dolorous pangs,
5 Chryseis
7 Said with broken voice.
8 "'Oh my lord! who takes me from thee, and whither am I going?'"

(117)

1 Then she fell back with her face on his breast;

4 And the soul sought out means[1] to fly.

[1] "Ingegnossi" = wrought ingeniously, made efforts of ingenuity, tried hard.

5 And Troilus, gazing on her aspect,
6 And calling her, and not finding himself heard,

7 And her eyes veiled as she fell,

(118)

3 Often kissing the tearful visage,

2 He placed her recumbent,
4 Seeking whether he could see in her
5 Any sign of life.

7 From life so disconsolate,
8 He said weeping, she had passed away.

(164)

But whan̄ heir̄ wery woefuⁿ gostes tweyne [leaf 81, back] 1142
Returned ben þere as them ought duelle
And þat sumwhat to makyn̄ ganne þe peyne
By length of pleynte & ebbe gan̄ þe welle 1145
Of̄ teres & þe herte vnswelⁿ
With̄ brokeⁿ voyse aⁿ hors for shright Cresseide
To Troilus thes ilke wordes seide 1148

(165)

O loue I crye & mercy I besheche 1149
Helpe Troilus & þere-with̄-aⁿ hir̄ face
Vppon his brest she leyde and loste speche
Hir̄ woefuⁿ spiriȝte fromе his propre place 1152
Right with̄ þe worde alwey A poynt to pace
And þus she lyth with̄ hewe̊ pale & grene
That whilome freissh & fairest̄ was to sene 1155

(166)

THis Troilus þat on hir̄ ganne beholde 1156
Cleping hir̄ name / and she lay as for dede
Withouten̄ answer̄ and felte hir̄ lymes colde
Hir̄ yhen̄ throwen̄ vpwarⁿ to her̄ hede 1159
This sorwefuⁿ man̄ can̄ now no maner rede
But ofte tymes hir̄ colde mouthⁿ he kiste
Wheither him was woo god him-silfe it wiste 1162

(167)

HE riste him vp & long streyte hir̄ leyde 1163
For signe of lif for ought he can̄ or may
Can̄ he non finde in nothing on̄ Cresseide
For whiche his songe is fuⁿ ofte Welawey 1166
But whan̄ he say þat specheles she lay
With̄ soroufuⁿ herte & voyse of blisse alle bare
He seide how she was fromе þe worlde I-fare 1169

(119)

5 Wherefore, after a very long lamenting,
7 He wiped her face.

1 She was cold and without any sensation,[1]
2 So far as Troilus discerned;
3 And this seemed to him a true argument
4 That she had finished her days.
7 He composed her body,
8 As is usually done with dead things.

(120)

1 And, having done this, with bold spirit
2 He drew his own sword from the sheath,
3 Wholly resolved to take death,
4 In order that his soul might follow
5 That of the lady, with fate so mournful,
6 And might dwell with it in hell,[2]—
7 Since grievous Fortune and harsh Love
8 Chased him forth out of this life.

(121)

1 But first he said, incensed with high wrath:
2 "O cruel Jove, and thou dire Fortune,
3 Behold, I come to that which ye will!
4 Ye have bereft me of my Chryseis.

[1] "Sentimento"—as in Chaucer.
[2] "Inferno:" not perhaps implying more than we now mean by Hades.

(168)

SO aftir þat he longe hadde hir' compleyned
His handes wrong' & seide that was to sey
And with his teres salte hir' brest be-reigned
He gan' þe teris wipe of full drye
And pitously gan' for the soule preye
And seide O Lorde þat sett art in þi trone
Rew eke on' me for I shall folwe hir' sone

(169)

SHe colde was And withoute sentment [sentement] 1177
For aught he wote brethe þan' felte he non'
And þis was to him A preignant argument
That she was furth oute of þis worlde A-gone
And whan' he say þere was noon' oþer wone
He ganne hir' lymmes dresse in such maner
As men done hem þat shalbe berid on ber'

(170)

Afftir þis with sterne & cruell herte
His swerde a-none oute of his sheth he twight
Him self' to sle how soore þat him smerte
So that his sowle hire sowle folwe might
Ther' as þe dome of Mynous wolde it dight
Sith loue & cruell fortune it ne wolde
That in þis worlde he longer lyue shulde

(171)

THanne seide he þus fulfilled of high disdeyn'
O cruell Ioue & þou fortune aduerse
This alle & somme þat falsely haue ye slayne
Cresseide & sithe ye may doo me noo wurse
Fye vn your mixtes and wekes so diuerse
Thus Cowardly ye shal me neuer wynne
Ther' shal no deth me from my lady twynne

(122)

1 "And I will quit the world, and will follow
2 Her with my spirit, since so it pleases you.
3 "'Perhaps there [beyond the grave] I shall have better fortune with her, having respite from my sighs, if there one can love—as I have erewhile heard say that one can.'"
7 "Since ye will not see me in life,
8 At least place my soul with her.

(123)

1 "And thou, city, which I leave in war,
2 And thou Priam, and ye dear brothers,
3 God be with you, for I am going underground.

5 "And thou, for whom woe so clutches me,
7 Receive me, Chryseis!"—he would have said,
8 Already with the sword at his breast, to die.

(124)

1 When she, recovering consciousness,
2 Heaved a very great sigh, calling Troilus.
3 To whom he said: "My sweet desire,
4 Now dost thou still live?"

7 He comforted her.

5 He took her up in his arms.

7 And the strayed soul
8 Returned to the heart whence it had fled.

(125)

2 And afterwards, seeing the sword,

(172)

FOr in þis worlde sithe ye haue slayn hir þus 1198
Wil lete & folwe hir spirite lowe or high
Shal neuer louer sey þat Troilus
Dare not for fer with his Lady dye 1201
For certeine I will her hir companye
But sithe ye wil nat suffre vs to lyue her
Yet suffreth þat our soules ben in fere 1204

(173)

ANd þou Cite which þat I lyue in woe 1205
And þou Priam & bretheren alle in fere
And þou Moder Ecculia farewel for I goo
And Attropos make redy þou me her 1208
And þou Cresseid O swete herte dere
Receyue now my spiright will I sey
With swerde at herte Al redy for to dey 1211

(174)

BVt as god wolde A swogh þer-with she Abreide [leaf 82, back]
And gunne to sigh and Troilus she cried
And he answerd lady myn Cresseide
Lyue ye yett & lette his swerd doune glide 1215
Ye herte myn þat thanked be Cipride
Quod she & ther-with-all she soore sight
And he began to gladder as he myght 1218

(175)

HE toke hir in his armes two & kiste hir ofte 1219
And hir to gladde he dide all his entent
For whiche hir goste þat fykered ay on lofte
In-to hir woefull herte ayen it went 1222
But at the last as hir ey glente
A-side A-non she gan his swerde espie
As it lay bare and gan for fer to crie 1225

3 She began; "Why was that drawn
4 Forth from the sheath?" To whom Troilus, weeping,
5 Related what his life had been.

6 Wherefore she said: "What is this I hear?

7 "Then, if I had lingered yet awhile,
8 Thou wouldst have slain thyself in this place!

(126)

1 "Ah woful me! What hast thou told me?
2 I would never have remained in life
3 After thee.

3 "But through my sorrowing breast
4 I would have stuck it. Now we have much
5 To thank God for. Let us now go to bed:
6 There we will talk over our woes.

7 If I consider the waning torch,
8 A great part of the night is already gone."

(127)

1 As otherwhile the close embracings
2 Had been, so were they now;
3 But these were with bitter tears more
4 Than they *had* been with sweetness.
5 "Yet talk, pleasant and sad, began between them without delay."
7 And Chryseis began.

(176)

ANd Asked him whi þat he hadde oute drawe 1226
And Troilus a-now þe cause hir' tolde
And how him self' þer-with' he wolde haue slawe
For which Cresseide vppon' him gan' beholde 1229
And gan' him in armes fast folde
And seide O mercy god Lo which A dede
Allas hou ney were both dede 1232

(177)

THan' yif I ne had spoken as grace was 1233
Ye wolde a slayne anon' your silf quod she
Ye doutles and she answerd allas
For by þat ilke Lord that made me 1236
I nolde A furlonge wey on lyue haue be
After your deth to ha be crouned quene
Of alle the londe þe sonne on shyneth shene 1239

(178)

But with' þe same swerde which þat her' is 1240
My silf I wolde haue slayne quod' she too
But Hoo for we haue riȝt I-now of' þis
And lete vs rise & streite to bedde goo 1243
And þer lete vs speke of' oure woe
For by þe morter which þat I see brenne
Knowe I ful wel that day is nat ferre henne 1246

(179) [leaf 88]

WHan þei Wer in hire bedde in Armes foldyn'
Nat was it lik þe niȝtes her' beforne
Ful pitously eche ofer gan' beholden'
As þei þat hadden' al blisse I-lorne 1250
Be-wayling ay þe day þat þei wer' borne
Tiȝt at þe laste þis woofuH wiȝht Cresseide
To Troilus þes ilke wordes seide 1253

8 'Nothing ever so much distressed me as this my departure. Nevertheless, on second thoughts, some hope appears. My father recalls me, and I shall have to go away with Diomed.

(180)

TO herte myn wel wote ye þis quod she
That yif a wight his woo alwey compleyne
And seketh nat how helped for to be
It nys but fooly and encrease of peyne
And sithe þat her assembled be we tweyne
To fynde bote of wo þat we be Inne
It were alle tyme sone to be-gynne

(181)

I am a woman as full wel ye wote
And as I am a-vised sodeinly
So wil I tell you sithe that it is hote
Me thinketh þat neyþer ye ne I
Ought half þis woo make skilfully
For ther is arte I-now for to redresse
That is amys and slo þis heynesse

(182)

SOthe is þe woo þe which we be Inne
For ought I wot for no þing ellis ys
But for þe cause þat we shulde twynne
Considred all þer nys no more a-mys
But what is þane A remedye vn-to þis
For we shape vs sone to mete
This alle & sommo my dere herte swete

(183)

NOw þat I shall bring it wel aboute
To comen a-yen sone aftir þat I goo
Thereof am I no maner þing in doute
For dredeles with-Inne A wooke or tuoo
I shall be here & þat it may be soo
Be alle riȝt & in wordes fewe
I shall you wel an hepe of wyles shewe

(184)

FOr which I wil nat make longe sermoun [leaf 82, back]
For tyme yloste may nat recouered be
But I will goo to my conclusioun
And to the best in ought I can se
But for the loue of god for-yeveth me
Yef I speke ought a-yens youre hertes reste
For trewely I speke it for þe beste

(185)

MAking alwey A protestacioun
That now þes wordes which þat I shall sey
Nys but to shewe you my mocyoun
To finde vn-to your helpe þe best wey
And taketh it noun oþer wise I prey
For in effecte what so ye me comaunde
That wyll I doo for þat is no demaunde

(186)

HErkenith now þis & ye will vndirstande
My goyng graunted is by parlement
Soo ferforth þat it may nat be withstande
For al þis worlde as by my Iugement
And sith þere helpeth noon auisement
To lete it lightly passe out of mynde
And lete vs shape a bettir wey to finde

(187)

Such is þis þe tw[i]nnyng of vs tweyne
Will vs disease & cruelly anoy
But him behoueth some tyme to haue a peine
That serueth loue yif he will haue Ioye
And sithe I shal no further oute of Troye
Thanne I may ride a-yen on halfe a morowe
It ought the lesse cause vs to sorwe

(131)

8 'Peace will soon be concluded: then I shall return. Even if the prospect of peace fails, [I can come in time of truce'—(see the lines translated to compare with the *Troylus*, B. 4, St. 188, l. 5).]

(132)

8 'Such visits are permitted to women, and my relatives in Troy will be inviting me.'
4 " In time of truce
5 I shall have occasion to come hither.

(133)

1 "Then we shall be able to take some solace.

6 "Indeed, I see that, when we are in Troy,
7 We have to pass several days without seeing each other

8 Sometimes, with tormenting pains.

(131)

1 "Thou know'st that here are all my relatives
2 Except my father; and everything of mine
3 Still remains here.

(188)

SO as I shall not be hidde in mewe 1310
That day be day myn ougne herte dere
Sithe wel ye wot þat it is now trewe
Ye shall full wel of myn estate here 1313
And or þat treus be doon I shalbe here
And þan haue ye bothe Anthenor I-wonne
And me Also beth glade now yif ye conne 1316

(189)

THenke riȝt þus Cresseide is now a-gone [Leaf 86] 1317
But what she shall come hástely a-yen
And whanne allas be god riȝt A noon
Or dayes x þus dare I sauely seyne 1320
And þan att erste shall we best feyne
So as we shall to-gedir euer dwell
That alle þis worlde ne might our blisse tell 1323

(190)

I se þat ofte þer' as we be now 1324
That for the beste oure counseill for to hide
Ye spake nat with me ne I with you
In fourtenyght ne se you goo ne ride 1327
May ye nat x dayes A-bide
For my honour in suche auenture
I-wis ye mow ellis liteli endure 1330

(191)

YE knowe wel eke þat all my kynne is her' 1331
But þat onely it my fadir be
And eke myn odir þinges all in fer'
And nameliche my dere herte ye 1334
Whome þat I nolde leue to see
For alle þis worlde as wyde as it hath space
Or ellis se I neuer Ioue in his face 1337

(134)

3 "My father now has this desire;
4 And perhaps he fancies that I cannot remain here,
5 Because of his misdeed, without apprehension
6 Of violence, or of blame to be incurred by me.

(131)

5 "Peace is continually treated of
6 Between you and the Greeks; and, if his wife
7 Is restored to Menelaus, I think you will have it.

(134)

1 "And, besides this, a greater hope
2 Of returning, whether peace or not, is born in me.

(135)

1 "And what to do should [my father] keep me among the Greeks,
2 Who, as thou seest, are always under arms?
3 Nor do I well see any one contrary to [my returning].

(192)

WHy trowe ye my fadir on þis wise 1338
Conceited so to se me but for drede
Leste þat in þis towne folke me dispise
Be cause of him for his vnhappy dede 1341
What wot my fadir what lif þat I lede
For yif he wist in Troye how well I fare
Vs neded for my going not to care 1344

(193)

YE see þat *euery* day eke moore 1345
Men trete of pes & it supposed is
That men the quene Eleyne shall restor'
And Grekis restore vs þat is a-misse 1348
So þer' ner' comforte nat but þis
That men *purposed* on *euery* side
Ye may þe bett*er* at ese of herte Abyde 1351

(194)

FOr yif þat it be pees myn herte der' [leaf 84, back] 1352
The nature of þis nfote nedes dryue
That men musten entercomen in fer'
And to & froo eke ride & gone as blyue 1355
All day as thikke as been flien' from an hyue
And *euery* wi3t haue liberte to beleue
Wher as him liste þ' best with-outen leue 1358

(195)

ANd þough so be þat pes þer' may be none 1359
Yett hider þou3 pees neuer ne wer'
I must come for whider shulde y gone
Or how mischauns shulde I duelle ther' 1362
A-monge the men of Armes euyr in fere
For which as wisely god my soule rede
I can' not see wherof ye shulde drede 1365

(136)

1 "He is, as thou knowest, old and avaricious.

2 "And here he has that which may make him hearken;

3 Which, if he values it, I will tell him.[1]

[1] The rest of this passage takes, in Chaucer, a somewhat different turn from what it does in Boccaccio. In the Italian poem, Chryseis simply proposes to persuade her father that his property in Troy will be better looked after if he allows her to return thither.

(196)

HAue her' an other wey yif it so be
Þat all þis þing ne may you suffice
My fadir as ye knowen wel parde
Is old & age is full of couetise
And I riȝt now haue founden alle the gise
With-outen nett wher'-with I shall him hent
And herkenyth now yif þat ye will assent

(197)

LO Troilus men say þat harde it is
The wolfe full & þe wethir hoole to haue
This is to sey þat men full ofte I-wisse
Must spende part þe remenaunt' for to saue
For ay with golde men may þe herte graue
Of him that set is vppon' Covetise
And how I mene I shal it you deuise

(198)

The moeble which I haue in þis towne
Vn to my fadir shall I take & sey
That riȝt for trust & for sauacion'
It sent is fromne a frende of his or twey
The which frendes fermently him prey
To sende aftir more & þat in hie
While that þis towne stant in Ieopardie

(199)

ANd þat shalbe an huge quantite [leaf 88]
Thus shal I sey but lest it folke espied'
This may be sent by no wiȝt but by me
I shal eke shewe him yf pees betide
What frendes I haue on euery side
Towardes þe Courte to doo þe wrathe pace
Of Priamos and make him stande in grace

7 "And he, through avarice,
8 Will be glad at my returning."[1]

[1] In the ensuing stanza 203 Chaucer avers that "writen wel I fynde" that Chryseis made in good faith her protestations of love to Troïlus, and of her resolution to return. He did not "fynde" this expressly and categorically set forth in the *Filostrato*; but Boccaccio clearly implies as much.

(200)

SO what for oo thing & for other swete
I shal him so enchaunte with my sawes
That riȝt in heuen his sowle shal he mete
For all appollo or his Clerkyshe lawes
Or Calkelyng A-vayleth nat thre hawes
Desire of gold shal so his sowle blynde
That as me list I shall wel make an ende

(201)

ANd he it wolde outе by his sorte to preue
Yef þat I lye in certein I shall fonde
Desturbe him & plukke him by þe sleue
Making his sorte or ber' him on honde
He hath nat wel þe goddes vnderstonde
For Goddes spekyn in Amphibologies
And for A soth þe tell twenty lies

(202)

Eke drede fonde first goddes I suppose
Thus shal I sey & þat his coward herte
Made him a-mys þe goddes texte to glose
Whan' he for drede out of Delphos sterte
And but I make him sone to conuerte
And doo my rede with-in A day or twey
I will to you oblige me to dey

(203)

ANd timely is wretyn wel I finde
That al þis þing was seide of good entent
And þat hir herte was trew good & kinde
Towardes him & spakke riȝt as she ment
And þat she sterue for wo ner' whan' she went
And was in purpos euer to be true
Þus write þei þat of hir' werkes knowe

(137)

1 Troilus listened attentively to the lady;
2 And her talk touched his mind,
3 And almost probable it appeared to him
4 That that which she said must certainly
5 Be so,—but, because he was much in love,
6 He still lent faith to it slowly.
7 Yet at the last, as it was his own wish,
8 Seeking within himself, he persuaded himself to believe it.

(138)

1 Whence part of the heavy grief
2 Departed from them, and hope returned;
3 And, then becoming less stern in will,
4 They recommenced the amorous dance.
5 And as the bird from leaf to leaf,
6 In the new time, takes delight
7 In his song, so did these,
8 Speaking to each other of many things.

(139)

1 But, as it could not pass out of Troilus's
2 Heart that she would have to depart,
3 He began to speak in this wise:

7 "What life dost thou suppose
8 That mine will be if thou returnest not soon?

(140)

1 "Live as certain as of death
2 That I would kill myself, wert thou to delay
3 At all overmuch to return hither.

(204)

THis Troilus with herte & eres spradde [leaf 88, back] 1422
Herde alle þis þing deuised too & froo
And verily semyd þat he hadde
The self' witte but yet to lete hire goo 1425
His herte mys-for-yaff him euer moo
But finally he gunne his herte wreste
To trustyn hire & take it for the beste 1428

(205)

FOr which þe gret furye of his penaunce 1429
Was queynte with hoope & þere-with hem betwen
Began for Ioye the Amerous daunce
And as þe briddes whann' þe sonne is shene 1432
Deliten' in her' song in Leues grene
Right so þe wordes þat þei spake in fer'
Delited hem & mad hir' hertes clere 1435

(206)

But natheles þe wending of Cresseide 1436
For all þis worlde may nat out of his mynde
For which full ofte ful pitously hir preid'
That of hir' heste he mi3t hir' trew finde 1439
And seide hir' certes yif she be vnkynde
That but ye come at day sett in to Troye
Shal I neuer haue hele honour ne Ioye 1442

(207)

FOr also soth as sonne vprist on morwe 1443
And god so wissely þou me wooful wreche
To rest bring out of þis cruell sorwe
I wil my self sle yif þat ye drecche 1446
But of my deth you litell be to recche
Yet her' þat ye me causyn so to smerte
Duelleth rather her' myn ougne dere herte 1449

(141)

1 "I know not whether peace will ever be made between us:
2 Whether peace or not,
5 [Considering] the infamy of his misdeed,
2 I scarcely
3 Think that Calchas will ever return hither:
8 That he should send thee back I scarcely credit.

(142)

1 "He will give thee a husband among the Greeks:
4 He will cajole thee.

(208)

FOr truely my ougne Lady der' 1450
Tho sleyghtes yet þat I haue herde you ster'
Ful shappely bene to faile alle in fere
For þus men say þat one þinketh he er' 1453
But all an other þinketh þe leder'
Your sir' is wise & sith it is oute of drede
Men may þe olde ouer-renne & nat ouer-rede 1456

(209)

IT is ful harde to halte vn-espied [leaf 86] 1457
Be-fore A Crepill for he can' þe crafte
Youre Fadir is in sleyght as argus eyed
For alle-be þat his mobles bene berafte 1460
He vndirstandeth / hou he is lafte
Ye shall nat blynde him for all your womanhed
Ne feyne a right & þat is all my drede 1463

(210)

I Not yef pees shall euermoore be-tyde 1464
But pees or noo for ernest ne for game
I wote sithe Calcas on the Grekis syde
Hath ones bee & loste so foule his name 1467
He Dare no more come her' a-yen' for shame
For whiche þis wey for ought þat I can' spie
To truste on is but fantesie 1470

(211)

YE shal eke se your fadir shall you glose 1471
To be A wiff and as he canne wel preche
He shall some Greke so preyse & wel alose
That ranisshe he shall you with his speche 1474
Or doo you doone with force as he shall you teche
And Troilus of whom he nill haue routh
Shal causeles so sterue in his trouth 1477

(143)

1 "And this is to me so grievous to think . . .

8 "If thou leavest me, consider that I am dead.

(144)

1 'Let us then seek out some means of preventing your departure altogether.

2 "And he will show thee that, in remaining besieged,
3 There is danger of coming to a bad pass.

8 "I fear that thou wilt never return to Troy.

4 "He will cause that thou shalt be honoured
5 By the Greeks.

3 "Let us go off to another region.

(212)

ANd ouer all þis youre fadir' shal despise 1478
Vs alle & sey þis Cite nys but Lorne
And þat þe sege neuer shall arise
For whi þe Grekes haue it all I-sworne 1481
Till we be slayne & doune our walles torne
And þus he shall you with his wordes fere
That day drede I þat ye will be leue þere 1484

(213)

YE shall eke so so many A lusty knyght 1485
Amonge the Grekes full of worthines
And ech of hem with herte witte & myght
To please you do alle his besinesse 1488
þat ye shall dull of þe rudnesse
Of us sely Troian but yif routh
Remorde you or virtue of your trouth 1491

(214)

ANd þis to me so greuous to thinke (last so, tacit) 1492
That fro me my brest it will the soule rende
No dredeles in me ther' can not synke
A good opinion' yef þat ye wende 1495
For whi your fadres sleyghtes will vs shende
And yef ye gone as I haue tolde you yoore
So thinke I nam but dede with-outen' more 1498

(215)

FOr which with humble trewe & pitous herte 1499
A thousand tymes mercy I you prey
So rewth on myne aspere peynes smerte
And doth sumwhat as þat I shall you sey 1502
And lete vs stele A-wey bytwixe vs twey
And þinke þat foly is whan' a man' may chese
For Accidentes þe substauns ay to lese 1505

(145)

1 "Let us then flee hence secretly,
2 And go thither together, thou and I.

7 "And this is the more secure.

3 "And that which we have remaining
4 Of life in the world, heart of my body,
5 Let us live it with delight together.

8 "And every other plan seems to me hard.

(144)

6 "There are, afar from here,
7 People who will gladly see us.

8 "'And who will even always acknowledge us as lords.'"

(145)

6 "This I would wish, & this is my desire,
7 Wert thou to approve it."

(146)

1 Chryseis, sighing, replied to him:
2 "Dear my bliss, and delight of my heart,
3 All these things might come to pass,
4 And even more, in the form thou hast said.

(216)

I mene þus sithe we may or day 1506
Wel stele a-wey and be to-gider soo
What witte wer' it to putte it in Assay
In case ye shulden to youre fadir goo 1509
Yef that ye myght come a-yen' or noo
Thus mene I þat it wer' a gret folie
To put þat sikirnesse in Ieopardie 1512

(217)

ANd vulgarly to speke of substauns 1513
Of tresoure may we bothe with vs lede
I-nough to lyue in honour & plesauns
Til vn-to the tyme þat we shulbe dede 1516
And þus we may eschewe all this drede
For euery eþer' wey þat ye canne recorde
Myn hert I-wisse þer-with may nat accorde 1519

(218)

ANd hardily dredeth no powerte 1520
For I have kynne and frendes ellis wher'
That þough we comen in our' bare shirte
Vs shulde nouþir lakke golde ne ger' 1523
But be honoured while we duelle ther'
And goo we a-noon for as in myn entent
This is þe best for vs and ye will assent 1526

(219)

CResseid him with a sigh right in þis wise [Incipit] 1527
Answerd I-wis my dere herte trewe
We may well stele A-wey as ye deuise
Or finde suche vnthrifty weys newe 1530
But Afterwarde it will vs full soore rewe
And helpe me god so at my moste nede
As causeles ye suffryn' all þis drede 1533

7 "Commands, cajolements, or husband,

8 Will never wrest my affection from thee.

5 "But I swear to thee by those amorous

6 Darts which, for thee, have entered my breast.

(147)

1 "But what thou wast saying about going away.

2 Is not a wise counsel, to my thinking. You must have some heed of yourself and your friends. Were we to go away, three ill-consequences might ensue—1st, The evil of broken faith.

(148)

1 "And thus would be in peril of thy family;

2 For, if for a woman thou hadst left

3 Them beyond aid and counsel . . .

(220)

FOr þilke day þat I for cherisshing
Or drede of fadir or for other wight
Or for estate delite or for wedding
Be false to you my Troilus my knyght
Saturnes doughter Ioue þurgh hir' myght
As woode as athamante do me duelle
Eternaly in Stix þe pitte of helle

(221)

ANd þis ooñ euery god celestiall
I swere it yow & eke on eche goddes
On euery Nimphe And deyte infernall
Oñ statery & ferry more & lesse
That halfe goddes bene of wildirnesse
And Antropos my threde of liff þou breste
Yef I be false now troweth me yef ye leste

(222)

ANd þou Symoys þat as an arwe cler'
þurgh Troy rynnest ay downewarde to þe see
Bere witnesse of þis worde þat seyde is her'
That ilke day þat I vntrewe be
To Troilus myn owgne herte fre
That þou retorne bakward to þin welle
And I with body & sowle synke in to helle

(223)

But þat ye speke A-wey þis for to goo
And leue alle your frendis god forbede
For any woman þat ye shulde soo
And namely sith Troie hath such nede
Of helpe & eke of oo þing taketh hede
Yef þis wer' wist my lif were in balaunce
And your' honour loste god shelde vs from myschaunce

'They would inspire others with fear of stratagems. You and yours would be much blamed, and the real truth of the matter would never be believed.

(149)

"And, if *any* time demands faith or loyalty,
That of war appears to be it.

(150)

"On the other hand, what think'st thou among people
Would be spoken of thy departure?
They would not say that Love with his fervent
Darts brought thee to such a decision,
But fear and cowardice. Therefore forego
Such a thought, were it ever to enter thy heart,
If thy fame is in the least dear to thee,
Which sounds so illustrious[1] of thy valour.

(151)

"Then reflect that my honour
And my chastity, held as supreme,
With what infamy they would be spotted.

(152)

'Besides, whatever is most securely possessed is least prized. Our loves derive half their charm from their secresy.'

"Nor would they ever be upraised again
By excuse, or by virtue
Which I might work, whatever I might do,
If I remained in life a hundred thousand years.

(154)

"Then take comfort, and conquer Fortune
By turning thy back, and tire her out.

"To her never succumbed any
Person in whom she found a valiant soul.

[1] "Chiara"—the "clere" of Chaucer, or the Latin "clara."

(224)

ANd yef so be þat pees here-after take (leaf 87, back) 1562
As alday hapneth after anger game
We lorde þe sorwe & woo þat ye wolde make
That ye ne durste come a-yein for shame 1565
And her' þat ye Ieoparten so *your* name
Beth nett to hasty in þis hote fare
For hasty man' ne wanted neuer care 1568

(225)

WHate trowe ye eke þe people A-boute 1569
Wolde of' it sey it is full light to A-rede
Thei wolden it sey & swere oute of dought
That loue ne drofle yow to doo þat dede 1572
But lust voluptuouse and coward drede
Thus AH were loste I-wisse myn' herte der'
Your honour which þat shyneth so clere 1575

(226)

ANd also þinketh on myne honeste 1576
That floureth yett how fowle it shulde it shend'
And with what filth it spotted shulde be
Yef in þis fourme I shulde with you wende 1579
Ne þou3 I lyued vn-to þe worldes ende
My name shulde I neuer wynne
Thus were I lost & þat were routh & synne 1582

(227)

And for-þi sle with reson' alle þis hete 1583
Men say þe sufferaunt' ouercomth þe proude parde
Eke who so haue þe life mote lete
Thus maketh vertu of necessite 1586
Be pacient & þinke þat lorde is he
Of fortune Ay þat nought will of hire reche
And she ne daunteth no wi3t but a wreche 1589

7 "For on the tenth day,
8 Without any fail, I will return hither."

(155)

1 "If thou," then said Troilus, "wilt be here
2 By the tenth day, I am content.
'Yet how will it be possible for me to get through the interval?

(156)

1 "Oh for God's sake find a way of remaining!"

(157)

1 "Ah me!" said Chryseis, "thou slayest me!
3 And I see thou confidest not
4 In my promise as much as I had supposed.

5 "Ah my sweet bliss! why distrustest thou thus?

(159)

1 "To wait for the time is useful at whiles,
2 In order to gain the time, my soul:
3 I am not, as thou wouldst show, taken from thee,
4 Through being given up to my father.

(228)

ANd trusteth þis certes herte swete 1590
Or Phebus suster Lucyna þe shene
The Lyon̄ passe oute of̄ his ariete
I wil be her̄ *with*-outen̄ any wene 1593
I mene as helpe me loue heuen̄ queue
The x^th^ day but deth me assaile
I wil you se *with*-outen any faile 1596

(229)

ANd now so þis be soth quod Troilus [leaf 88.] 1597
I shall well suffre vn to þe x^th^ day
Sith þat I see þat nedes it muste be thus
But for the loue of god yif it be may 1600
So lete vs stele preuelye A-way
For euyr in oone as for to lyue in reste
Myn herte seith þat,it will be þe beste 1603

(230)

O Mercy god what lif̄ is this quod she 1604
Allas ye sle me þus for very tene
I see wel now þat ye mistrusten̄ me
For be youre wordes it is wel sene 1607
Now for the Loue of Cynthea þe shene
Mis-trust me nat þus causeles for routh
Sith to be trewe I you plight̄ my trouth 1610

(231)

ME thinketh wel þat somme tyme it is witte 1611
To spende a tyme a tyme for to wynne
Ne parde lorne am I nat from you yett
Though þat we ben A day or tweyne atwynne 1614
Dryue out þe fantasies you *with*-Inne
And trusteth me And leueth all̄ your sorwe
Or her̄ my trouth I will̄ nat lyue til to morwe 1617

(160)

" For, if thou knewest how it pains me,
Thou wouldst regret it.

(158)

" For the soul within my heart weeps for it,

(160)

" To see the wailings and the so hard sighs
That thou for this sendest forth.

(159)

" Nor fancy in thy heart that I am so silly
As not to find out a mode and way
Of returning to thee.

(161)

" For thee in joy and desire
I hope to live, and to return soon.

(160)

" Wherefore I pray thee, if my prayer avails,
Both by the great love thou bearest me,
And by that which I bear thee, which is as great,
That thou take comfort for this my going.

(161)

" So that I
May have no more pain.

(162)

" And I pray thee,

(161)

My sweet repose,

(162)

While I shall be afar,
That thou let not thyself be caught by the cheer
Of any woman, or by roaming fancy.

(232)

FOr yif ye wist how sore it doth me smerte 1618
Ye wolde sese of þis for god þou woste
The pure spirite wepeth in myn herte
To see you wepe þat I loue moste 1621
And þat I moot goo to þe Grekes hoste
Ye ner' it þat I wiste remedie
To come a-yen' riȝt her' I wolde dye 1624

(233)

But certes I am nat so nyse A wiȝht 1625
That I ne can' ymagyne A way
To come A-yen' þat day þat I hane hiȝt
For who may holde a þing þat wiȝt a-way 1628
My fader not for alȝ his queynt pley
And by my thrifte my wending out of Troie
A-noþer day shal turne vs alȝ to Ioye 1631

(234)

WHerfore *with* alle myne herte I you beseke [leaf 98, back]
Yef þat you liste done ought for my prayer
And for þe loue of whiche þat I loue you eke
That or þat I departe from' you her' 1635
That of so good a comforte and chere
I may you se þat ye may bring at reste
Myn' herte whiche þat is in pointe to breste 1638

(235)

ANd ouer alle this I pray you quod she thoo 1639
Myn ongne hertes sothefast sufficiauns
Sith I am youre alȝ *with*-outen moo
That while I am absent no plesauns 1642
Of other put me from' youre remembraunce
For I am euer a-gaste for whi men rede
That Loue is a þing ay full of besy dred 1645

7 Wouldest thou leave me for another, knowing

8 That I love thee more than ever woman loved man?
4 For, were I to know it, thou mayst hold for certain
5 That I should kill myself like a mad woman."
6 Making complaint of thee beyond desert.

(163)

1 To this last portion, sighing,
2 Troilus replied: "If I wanted to do
3 That which thou now touchest on suspectingly,

4 I fail to see how I ever could.
5 'I will tell you why I love you so passionately. I was not captivated by beauty, nor yet by high birth.

[1] In Boccaccio, these words, and the remainder of the speech, are assigned to Troilus, not Chryseis.

(164)

5 "Nor yet any ornament, no riches,
6 Made me feel love for thee in my heart.[1]

(165)

2 "Although in all these you abound. 'But thy lofty and lordly demeanour, thy high spirit and chivalrous talk.'"

(235)

FOr in þis worlde ther Leuyth lady noon 1646
Yef þat ye wer' vntrewe as god defende
That so be-trayed wer' or woo be-goon
As I þat all trouth to you intende 1649
And doughtles yef þat I oþer wende
I ner' but ded and or ye cause fynde
For goddes Love so beth me nat vnkynde 1652

(237)

TO þis answerd Troilus & seide 1653
Now god to whome þer nys no cause ywrey
Me gladde as wisse I neuer vn-to Cresseide
Sithe thilke day I saugh hir' first with yhe 1656
Was neuer false ne shall till þat I dey
At short wordes wel ye may me leue
I can' ne moore it shalbe founden at preue 1659

(238)

GRaunt mercy god myne I-wisse quod she 1660
And blisfull Venus let me neuer sterue
Or I may stonde of plesaunce in degre
To quite him wel þat so wel can' deserue 1663
And while þat god my witte will me y-serue
I shal so doo so trewe I haue you founde
That ay honour to me warde shall rebounde 1666

(239)

FOr trusteth well þat your estate Roiall (leaf 89) 1667
Ne voyne delite ne onely worthinesse
Of you in guerre or tourney marciall
Ne pompe array nobley or eke richesse 1670
Ne made me to rew on your' destresse
But moralle vertue grounded vppon trouth
That was þe cause I first hadde on yow routh 1673

3 "Thy manners nobler than any one else,
4 And thy graceful holylike disdain,
5 Whereby vile appeared to be to thee
6 Every lowbred[1] appetite and doing,
8 Set thee in my mind with love.

[1] "Popolesco"; Chaucer's word "peoplish."

(166)

1 "And these things years cannot take away,
2 Nor mobile Fortune."
3 'What solace shall I have when you are gone? None but death.'

(167)

1 After they had conversed much,
2 And wept together, because the dawn was already nearing,
3 They left off,

7 Commending themselves each to other:
8 And thus they parted tearful.

(240)

EKe gentiłł herte & manhod þat ye hadde
And þat ye hadde as me þoȝht in despite
Euery þing þat sowned in to baddo
As rudenesse and poeplissh Appetite
And þat your resoune brideled your delite
Thus made a-bouen euery creature
That I was your & shal whil I may dur

(241)

ANd þis may length of yeres nat for-doo
Ne resonable fortune to deface
But Iubiter þat of his mięht may do
The sorwefułł to be gladde so yeue vs grace
Or nightes x to mete in þis place
So that it may your herte & myn suffice
And fareth now weł for tyme is þat ye rise

(242)

But After that þei longe compleined hadde
And ofte I-kiste & streite in Armes folde
That þe day gan rise & Troilus him cladde
And pitously his Lady gan be-holde
As he þat felte dethes cares colde
And to hir grace he gan him recomaunde
Wher him was woo þis holde I no demaunde

(243)

FOr mannes hed ymagyne ne can
Ne entendement considre ne tunge telle
The cruełł peynes of þis woefułł man
That passen euery torment doune in helle
For whan he sawe þat she ne myght duelle
Whiche þat his sowle oute of his herte rent
Without-outen more oute of the chambre he went

Explicit Liber quartus [leaf 99, back]

Bk. ix. (1)

1 Now was approaching the dolorous fate,
2 The more heavy for him to bear
3 As the more glory had elevated him
4 Which made him be seen there victorious.
5 But thus of this world goes the state
6 That man is then more prone to fall,
7 And falls all the heavier, when aloft
8 He has the more mounted above the green enamel.

Bk. ii. (1)

1 The sun had twice melted
2 The snows on the high hills, and as often
3 Zephyr had restored the leaves
4 And the fair flowers to the despoiled plants,
5 Since from Athens had departed
6 The rich ships, Africus [wind] blowing,
7 By which Theseus and his crew were carried
8 Into the conquered Scythian ports.

Book V. (1)

1 That same day Diomed came.
3 Wherefore Priam gave him Chryseis,—
4 Of sighs, of plaints, and of woe,
5 So full as to distress those who see her.

BOOK V.

Et Incipit Liber Quintus.

(see leaf 89, back)

(1)

Approchin gan þe fatall destenye 1
That Ioue hath In disposicion
And to you Angurry þercas sustren thre
Committed to done execucion 4
For whiche Cresseide muste oute of the toune
And Troilus shall dwelle forth in pyne
Till Latesis his threde no lenger twyne 7

(2)

THe Auricomus tressed Phebus hie on lofte 8
Thries had alle with his bemes shene
The snowes molten & Zephirus as ofte
y-brought A-yen the tendre leues grene 11
Sith þat þe sone of Eccuba þe quene
Began to lose hir firste for whom his sorwe
Was all that she deporte shuld on morwe 14

(3)

Full redy was at Prime Diomede 15
Cresseide on to þe Grekes oste to lede
For sorwe of which she felte hir herte blede
As she that nyst what was best to rede 18
And truely as men in bookes rede
Men wiste neuer woman haue þe care
Ne was so lothe oute of A towne to fare 21

6 On the other side was her lover,
7 In such sorrow that nobody
8 Ever saw any one the like.

(2)

1 True it is that by great force he hid
2 Wonderfully within his sorrowing breast
3 The great battle which he had
4 With sighs and with tears; and in his aspect
5 Nothing or little as yet was to be seen.

(3)

5 And he said below his breath:
6 "O miserable woful, and why wail I longer?
7 Is it not better once to die
8 Than always live and languish in wailing?

(4)

1 "Why do I not with arms perturb this pact?
3 'Why do I not cut my father in pieces, and challenge
4, 5 all my brothers?'
6 "Why in wailing and in woful outery
7 Do I not plunge Troy?
2 Why do I not here slay Diomed?
7 Why do I not seize away
8 Chryseis now, and heal myself?"

(4)

THis Troilus with-outen red or Lore [*leaf 90*] 22
As a man that hath his Ioyes eke for-lore
Was waiting on his Lady euer-more
As she that was þe sothfast croppe & moor 25
Of all his lust or Ioyes her byfore
But Troilus now farewell all þi Ioye
For shall þou neuer se hir efte in Troye 28

(5)

SOthe is þat while he bode in þis maner 29
He gan his woo full manly for to hide
That well vnnethe it seen was in his cher
But at þe yate per she shulde oute ride 32
With certeyn folke he hoved hir to A-byde
So wo be-goon he wolde him nat compleyne
That on his hors he sate vnneth for peyne 35

(6)

FOr Ire he quoke so ganne his herte gnawe 36
Whan Diomede on horse gan him dresse
And seide vn to him self þis ylke sawe
Allas quod he þus foule A wrechednesse 39
Whi suffre I it whi nyll I it redresse
Wer it nat beste at ones to deye
Than euer-more in langor þus to dreye 42

(7)

WHi nil I make at ones riche & poore 43
To have I-nough to doone or þat she goo
Whi nill I bringe alle Troie vppon Roore
Whi nil I sle þis Diomede also 46
Whi nil I rather with a man or tuoo
Stele hir awey whi will I þis endur
Whi nil I helpe to myn ougne cure 49

(5)

6 But so fierce and audacious a scheme

7 Fear made him abandon, lest slain
8 Chryseis should be in such a fray.

[1] "Valle;" Chaucer renders the word by "valeye;"—no doubt through a misapprehension, "valley" being "valle" in Italian.

(6)

4 She mounted the horse, and despiteously
5 Began saying to herself.
6 'Ah cruel Jove and Fortune, why sever me from Troilus? I will not propitiate you with a single sacrifice till I am restored to him.' "Then she turned indignantly to Diomed, and said, 'Now let us go; we have been showing ourselves sufficiently to these people—who may well hope for relief from their troubles if they look closely to the honourable exchange that thou hast made; who hast, for a woman, restored so great and so redoubted a king.'"

(9)

1 And, having said this, she gave her horse the spur.
3 Priam and his barons perceived her rage. She would hear no one,
8 Nor look at any.

(10)

1 Troilus, in guise of a courtesy,
2 Mounted on horse with several companions,
3 With a falcon on his fist; and he bore her company
4 As far as beyond the whole rampart;[1]
5 And gladly the whole journey
6 Would he have gone up to her lodgement,
7 But it would have been too patent.

(11)

1 And already Antenor had come among them,
2 Given up by the Greeks; and with great greeting
3 And with honour had
4 The Trojan youths received him. And, although this
5 Return was to Troilus, within his heart,
6 Very vexatious, on account of Chryseis surrendered,
7 Yet he received him with a good face.

(8)

But whi he nolde do soo cruell A dede 50
That shal I sey & whi him list hit spare
He hadde in herte all-wey a maner of drede
Lest þat Cresseide in rumor of þis fare 53
Shulde ha be slayne Lo þis was all his care
And ellis certeyn as I seyde yoore
He had it doone without wordes moore 56

(9)

CResseide whan she was redy to ride [leaf 96, back] 57
Ful sorwefully she sighed & seide allas
But forthe she mote for ought þat may betide
The is noon oþer remedye in þis cas 60
And forth she ritte full soberly a pas
What wonder is þough þat hir soore smerte
Whan she for-goth hir owne dere herte 63

(10)

THis Troilus in guise of curtesie 64
With hauke on honde & with an huge rowte
Off knyghtes roode & made hir companie
Passing all the valley ferr' with-oute 67
And ferther wolde haue riden oute of doute
Ful fayne & woo was him to goo so soone
But retorne he must & it was eke to done 70

(11)

RIght with þat was Anthenore I-come 71
Oute of þe Grekes hoost & euery wight
Was of it gladde & seide he was welcome
And Troilus all ner his herte light 74
He peyned him with all his fulle myght
Him to restreine from weping at leste
And Anthenore he kyste & made A feste 77

(12)

1 And, being already at point of leave-taking,
3 They gazed into the eyes one of the other.
6 And then Troilus approached her so near.
5 And next they took each other by the right hand.
4 Nor could the lady withhold her tears.
7 She could hear him speaking under-breath,
8 And he said: "Return, make me not die."

(13)

1 And, without any more, turning his courser,
2 All coloured in face, to Diomed
3 He spoke not at all; and of these doings
4 Diomed alone took notice.[1]
5 Diomed perceives their love; and, turning it over in his
8 thoughts he is smitten with Chryseis.

[1] In line 6 of this stanza, we find that Diomed "by the reyne hire bente." I think Chaucer must have misunderstood here the corresponding line in Boccaccio, "di colei si piglia"—supposing it to mean (which it might do, so far as the mere words are concerned) "he takes hold of her." The real signification is, "he gets taken by her—takes a fancy to her."

(12)

ANd here wiþ-all he must his Leue take 78
And cast his yhe vppon hir' pitously
And nere he rode his causes for to make
To take hir' by the honde sobirly 81
And Lorde so she gan' wepe tendirly
And he ful softe & sely gan' hir' sey
Now holdeth youre day & lete me not dey 84

(13)

WIthe his courser turned he A-boute 85
WiþA face pale and to Diomede
No worde he spake ne noon' of all his route
Of' which þe sone of' Tideus toke hede .i. Diomede 88
As he þat coude moore þan' þe erede
In such crafte & by þe rene hir' hent
And Troilus to Troie homewarde he wente. 91

(14)

THis Diomede þat ledde hir by þe bridell [Text 91] 92
Whan' that he saugh the folke of Troye A-way
Thought alle my labour shal nat be ydell
Yef þat I may for sum what shall I say 95
For at þe werste it may yet shorte your wey
I haue herd seyde eke tyme twyes twelve
He is a fole þat will for-yete hyme selue 98

(15)

But natheles þus þought he well ynowe * 99
That certeinly I am a-boute nought
Yef þat I speke of loue or make it tough
For doughtles yef she haue in hir' þought *102*
Him þat I gisse he may nat be oute brought
So sone A-wey but I shall fynde A meane
That she nat wete as yet shall what I mene 105

(16)

THis Diomede as he þat coude his good
Whan̄ tyme was gan̄ falle forth in speche
Of þis & þat And axed whi she stoode
In such di[s]ease & hir̄ ganne be-seche
That yef he encrease might hir̄ eche
With any þing hir̄ ease þat she shulde
Comaunde it him & seide he done it wolde

(17)

FOr truely he swore hir̄ as A knyght
That þer̄ nas þing with which he might hir̄ please
That he wil done his herte & all his might
To done it for to doo hir̄ herte & ease
And preide she wolde hir̄ sorwe appease
And seide I-wis we Grekes can̄ haue Ioye
To honoure you as wel as folke of Troye.

(18)

HE seide eke þus I wote þat you þinkeþ straunge
No merueyle is for it is to you new
The acqueintauns of þes Troiaunes to chaunge
For folke of Grece þat ye neuer knewe
But wolde neuer god but yef as trewe
A Greke ye shulden a-monge vs alle finde
As any Troian̄ is and eke as kynde

(19)

ANd by cause I swore Loo you right now [leaf 21, back]
To be youre frende & helpe to my might
And for the more acqueintauns eke of you
Haue I hadde þanne an oþer straunge wight
So fro me þis furth I pray you day & night
Comaundeth me hou soore þat me smerte
To doo alle þat may like vn to youre herte

(20)

ANd ye me wolde as youre brother trete
And taketh nat my frensshipe in despite
And þough your sorwes be for þinges grete
I knowe not wiþoute more respite
Mine hert hath for to amende it gret' delite
And yef I may nat youre harmes redresse
I am riȝt sory for your' heuynesse

(21)

FOr þough ye Troiauns wiþ vs grekes wroth
Haue many A day be alwey yet parde
One god of loue In sothe we serue both
And for the loue of god my lady dere
Whom so ye hate be nat wroth wiþ me
For truely þer' can' noo wight you serue
That halfe so Loth your wroth wolde deserue

(22)

ANd ner' it þat we be so nigh þe tente
Of' Calcas which þat se vs bothe may
I wolde of þis you telle alle myne entent
But þis enseallod to an other day
Yef' me your' hand I am & shalbe ay
God helpe me so while þat my lif' may dur'
Youre ougne A-boue euery oþer creature

(23)

THus seide I neuer or nowe to woman' borne
For god as wissely myne herte gladde so
I Loued neuer woman' her' by-forne
As paramours ne neuer shall none moo
And for the Loue of god be nat my foo
Alle I can' nat to you my Lady dere
Compleine a-right for I am yet to Lere

(24)

ANd merueileth nat myn ougne Lady bri3t [Text 96] 162
Though þat I speke of Loue to you þus blyue
For I haue herde of or þis full many A wight
Hath loued thing he neuer ere say his lyue 165
Ne I am nat of power for to stryue
A-yen þe goddes of Loue but hem obey
I will all-wey & mercy I you prey 168

(25)

THer' bene so worthi knyghtes in þis place 169
And ye so faire þat euerych of hem alle
Will peyne hem to stonde in youre grace
But myght me so fair' a grace befalle 172
That ye me for your seruaunt wolde calle
So louly ne so truely you serue
Nill noon of hem as I shall till I sterue 175

(26)

CResseid vn-to that purpos litell answerd 176
As she þat was with sorwe oppressed soo
That in effecte she nought his talys herde
But her' & þere now her' A word or tuoo 179
Hire þought hir sorwefull hert' brest in tuoo
For whan she gan hir' fadir' to espie
Wel nye doune of hir' hors she gan to sye 182

(27)

But natheles she þanked Diomede 183
Of alle his Trauayle & his good chere
And þat him liste his frensshipe to bede
And she accepte hit in good maner 186
And will do fayne þat is him lefe & der'
And truste she wolde & wel she might
As seid she & fromc hir' horse she light 189

(14)

1 Her father received her with great welcoming.

3 She remained silent and modest.
4 Her heart was still faithful to Troilus—but not long to
8 continue so.

(15)

1 Troilus to Troy, sad and anguished
2 As ever man was, returned,
3 And in his face felon and iniquitous.[1]
5 Here dismounting,
8 He entered his chamber alone.
6 He brooked not
7 That anything should be said to him by anybody.

(16)

1 Here to the woe that he had restrained
2 He gave large place, calling on Death.
3 It was a chance that his outcries were not heard in the
4 palace.

(17)

4 His state became still worse at night.
5 He blasphemed the day that he was born,
6 And the gods, and the goddesses, and nature.

(18)

3 He bitterly regretted not having carried off Chryseis—or
8 else at least asked for her in marriage, and possibly
with success.

(19)

1 And, turning himself here and now there
2 In his bed, without finding a spot.

[1] "Fellone e niquitoso." I have translated literally, so as to compare with Chaucer. "Fell and dangerous" might come nearer to the true sense.

3 He said within himself at whiles, weeping:

(28)

HIre fadir hath hir' in Armes I-nome 190
And twenty tymes he kiste his doughter sweto
And seid O dere doughter myne wel come
She saide eke she was fayne with him to mete 193
And stoode furth meuyth myld & mansuete
But her' I leue hir' with hir' fadir' duelle
And furth I will of Troilus you telle 196

(29)

TO Troye is comen' þis woofull Troilus [leaf 98, back] 197
In sorwe abouyn' all sorwes smerte
With Lyon' looke with face despitous
Thoo soodeinly doun' from his horse he sterte 200
And thurgh his palleys with A swollen' herte
To Chaumbre he went of no þing toke he hede
Ne noon' to him durste speke A worde for drede 203

(30)

ANd þer' his sorwe þat he spared hadde 204
He yaue an issue large & deth he cried
And in hise throwes frentik & madde
He cursed Ioue Appollo & eke Cupide 207
He cursed Cerus Bachus and eke Cipride
His birthe hise-self his fate and eke nature
And saue his Lady euery creature 210

(31)

TO bedde he goth and waileth þere[1] and turneth 211
In fury as doth þe Ixion' in heH [[1] or þerin]
And in his wise heuyer tiH day so soiourneth
But thoo by-ganne his herte A liteH vnsweH 214
Thurgh teres whiche þat gonnen vp weH
And pitously he cried vppon' Cresseide
And to him self right þus he spake & seide 217

6 "The white breast
7 The mouth, and the eyes, and the beautiful face, did I kiss.
4 What a night is this, having regard
5 To the past one (if I understand
6 What hour it is)!

(20)

3 "Now I find myself alone, alas! and weeping.
5 Now I go embracing
6 The pillow.

(21)

1 "What then shall I do, wretched, wobegone?
2 I will wait, if only I *can* do so."

(18)

1 He also cursed himself,
2 That he had thus let her depart.

(24)

4 "O sweet my bliss, O my dear delight,
5 O beauteous lady to whom I gave myself![1]
8 Oh seest thou not that I die, and thou help'st me not?

(25)

1 "Who sees thee now, sweet lovely soul?
2 Who sits with thee, heart of my body?

4 "Who now listens to thee, who speaks with thee?
5 Ah me, wretcheder than other! not I!

(21)

1 "But, if thus my mind desponds
2 At her departing, how
3 Can I hope to be able to endure?

[1] In Boccaccio, these words form part of the speech addressed by Troilus to Pandarus (the latter having come in, in st. 22). There seems to be something of a quaint touch of fidelity to his original, in the transfer made by Chaucer of this and succeeding outpourings of Troilus, from his speech to Pandarus, into his earlier soliloquy. In st. 26 of the *Filostrato*, Troilus says to Pandarus: "As thou now hearest me, Pandarus, the like have I done all night." Accordingly Chaucer, by thus transferring the utterances, shows us that the forlorn lover really *did* the like.

(32)

WHere is myn ougne Lady lefe & dere 218
Whe^r is her^ white brest whe^r is it whe^r
Where lyn^ hi^r armes & hi^r yen^ cle^r
That yister night þis tyme wit^h me we^r 221
Now may I wepe A-lone many a tere
And grnepe A-boute I may but in þis place
Saue a pillowe I fy^nde nought to enbrace 224

(33)

HOw shal I doo wha^n shall I co^me A-yen^ 225
I note alas whi lete I hi^r goo
As wolde god þat I hadde be slayn^
O herte myn Cresseide O swete soo 228
O lady myn^ þat I loue & no moo
To whome for euer-more my herte I endowe
Se how I dey ye nill me nat rescowe 231

(34)

WHo seeth you now my rigt Lode-ster^ [Iseo^s] 232
Who sitte rigt now or stant in *your presence*
Who can^ *com*forte now *your* herte*s* werre
Now I am gone whom^ fro*m*e your^ audience 235
Who speketh for me rigt now in myn Absens
Allas noo wight & þat is all my care
For well I wote as yuell as I ye fare 238

(35)

HOw shulde I þus x dayes ful endur^ 239
Wha^n I þe furst nyght haue all þis tene
How shall she doo eke sorweful creatur^
For the tendirnesse how shall she eke sustene 242
Such woo for me O pitous pale & grene
Shalbe your^ freissh womanly face
For longyng or ye retourne vn-to þis place 245

(26)

4 "Or else, if any sleep in my languishing
5 Has found place,[1]
6 I dream of fleeing,
7 Or of being alone in dreadful places,
8 Or in the hands of raging enemies.

(27)

4 "And oftentimes a tremour seizes me,
5 Which shakes and wakens me,
2 And such panic is in my heart.
6 Love,
7 Along with Chryseis, I call on aloud.
5 And it makes to seem
6 That I am falling from aloft downwards.

(28)

2 "And I have pity of myself.
4 "I confess
5 That I ought still to hope for aid.
7 But the heart, which loves her,
8 Permits me not, and ever calls on her."

[1] See the preceding note. This again is, in Boccaccio, what Troilus relates to Pandarus of his past night; but, in Chaucer, the events of the night are narrated directly by the poet.

(36)

ANd whan he felt in Any slomeringes 246
A-none he shulde be-gynne for to grone
And dreme of þe dredfullest þinges
That might be'as dreme he were a-lone 249
In place horrible makinge ay his mone
Or mett þat he was a-monge alle
His ennemyes and in-to her handes falle 252

(37)

ANd þer-with-all his body shulde sterte 253
And with the sterte all sodeinly A-wake
And such A tremour felt a-boute his herte
That of þe fere his body shulde quake 256
And þerwith-all he shulde a noyse make
And seme As þough he shulde falle depe
From hie A-lofte & þan he shulde wepe 259

(38)

ANd rewe vn himself so pitously 260
That merusile was to here his fantesie
Another tyme he shulde mightily
Comforte him self & sey it was foly 263
So causeles suche dredе for-drye
And efte begynne his Aspre peynes newe
That every man might vn his sorwes rewe 266

(39)

WHoo coude telle a rizt or full descriue [leaf 98, back] 267
His woo his pleint his Langour & his pyne
Not alle the men þat haue or ben A lyue
Thou reder maist þi self fulle wel deuyne 270
That suche A woo my witte ne can diffine
Vn ydelt for to write it shulde y swynke
Whan þat my witte is wery on hit to þinke 273

(22)

3 He soon had him [Pandarus] called.

1 Pandarus had not been able in the day to go
2 To him, nor [could] any one else.

6 And well could he guess
7 What he [Troilus] had done that night,
8 And also what he wanted.

(23)

1 "O my Pandarus!" said Troilus.

(40)

ON heuene yet þe sterres wer' ysen' 27
Al-þough fulł pale ywaxen' was þe mone
And whiten' gan' þe Orisent shene
Alł Estwarde as hit wonte is to done 277
And Phebus with his rosy char' sone
Gan' after þat to dresse him vp to far'
Whan' Troilus hath sent After Pandar' 280

(41)

THis Pandar' þat of' alle þe day be-forne 281
Ne might haue come Troilus to see
Alł-þough in his hed he had it sworne
For with the king Priam alł day was he 284
So that it lay nott in his liberte
Nower' to goo but on' þe morwe he went
To Troilus whan' þat he for him sent 287

(42)

FOr in his herte he coude wel devyne 288
That Troilus alł night for sorwe woke
And þat he wolde telle hym of his pyne
This knew he wel I-nowł with-outen booke 291
For whicł to Chambre streyte þ' wey he toke
And Troilus þoo sobirly he gret
And vn þe bedde ful sone he gan' him sett 294

(43)

MY Pandarus quod Troilus þe sorwe 295
Whicł þat I drye I may no lenger endur'
I trowe I shalł nat lyue tiłł to-morwe
For whicł I wolde alwey on auentur' 298
To deuise on my sepulture
The fourme & on my moehle þou dispone
Right as þe semyłł beste is to done 301

(29)

4 He said: "Pray tell me, Troïlus.

(44)

But of the fire and flawme funerall [Leaf 96] 302
In which my body brenne shall to golde
And of the feste and pleies palestrall
At my vigile I prey þe take good hed 305
That þat be wel & offre Marce my sted
My sword myn helme & leue hoþer der
My shelde to Pallas yif þat shineth cler 308

(45)

THe poudr in which myn herte brent shal turne 309
That prey I þe þou take & hit conserue
In A vessel þat men clepe an vrne
Of golde & to my Lady þat I serue 312
For loue of whom þus pitously I sterue
So yeue hit hir & do me þis pleasaunce
To prey hir kepe hit for A remembraunce 315

(46)

FOr I wel fele by my malady 316
And by my dremes now & yoor a-goo
That certeyn þat I must nedis dey
The Oule eke which þat hete eschaphilo 319
Hath after me shright all þes nyȝtes two
And god mercurye of me woefull wreche
The soule guide & whan þe lest it feche 322

(47)

PAndare Answerde & seide Troilus 323
My dere frende as I haue told þe yore
That it is A folye for to sorwe þus
And causeles for which I can no more 326
For who so wil nat trowe rede no lore
I can nat se in him no remedye
Bit let him worth with his fantasie 329

6 "Think'st thou not that the amorous stroke
7 Was ever felt by others than thyself,
8 Or that others have had to go through a parting?

(30)

1 Verily there are others as much in love
2 As thou art, by Pallas I swear to thee.
5 And yet they did not wholly give themselves up,
6 As thou dost, to so wretched a life.

(29)

5 "This melancholy is to have an end.[1]

[1] This line occurs in a somewhat different connexion in Boccaccio, and the phrase is put hypothetically, "*If* this melancholy," &c.

(31)

1 "And thou ought'st to do the like.

4 "This is not so long a sojourning.
2 Thou say'st that she hath by the tenth day
3 Promised thee to return hither.

(48)

But Troilus I pray þe telle me now 330
Yef þat þou trowe or þis þat any wight
Hath loued paramour' as wel as þou
Ye god wote fromе many A worþi knyght 333
Hath his Lady gone A fourtenyght
And he nat yet made halwendel þe fare
What nede is þis þe to make alle þis care 336

(49)

Sythe day be day thou maist þin seluen see (leaf 94, back) 337
That fromе his loue or ellis fromе his wif'
A man' mote departe of' necessite
Ye þough he loue hir' as his ougne liff 340
Yet nyH he with him self' make strif'
For wel þou woste my leue brother dere
That alwey frendes may nat ben in fere 343

(50)

HOw done thes folkes þat sene hir' loues wedded 344
By frendes might as it be-tidde ful ofte
And sene hem in her' spouses bedde ybedded
God wote þei take it wisely faire & softe 347
For whi good hope halte vp hir' hertes on lofte
And for þei can' a tyme of sorwe endure
As time hem hurt tyme doth hem cure 350

(51)

SO shuldest þou endur' & let slyde 351
The tyme & fonde to be gladde & light
X dayes nys so longe to A-byde
And sith she to þe come a-yen' hath hight' 354
She nill hir' beheste breke for no wight
For-drede þe nat þat she nill fynde wey
To come a-yen my lif' þat durste y ley 357

(32)

1 "Chase away dreams and panics:
2 Let them go to what they are—the winds.
3 They proceed from melancholia.

8 "They make neither much nor little to the future.
6 Dreams and auguries, which silly people
7 Look to, are not worth a bean.

4 "And they make thee see that which thou dreadest.

(52)

THi swenenes eke and alł þi fantesie
Driue out & bett hem fare to mischauns
For þi procede malencolie
That doth the fele in slepe alł þis penauns
A strawe for alle swgueuys significauns
God helpe me soo I counte hem natt at a bene
Ther wote no man a-riȝt what dremes mene

(53)

FOr prestes of þe temple telle þis
That Dremes bene the reuelaciouns
Of Goddes and aswel þei telle I-wisse
That þei bene infernalł illusions
And leches seyne þat of complexions
Procedeń þei or faste or of glotenye
Who wote in soth þus what þei signifie

(54)

EKe other sey that sorwe impressions [Sorres]
As yef A wight hath faste a þinge in mynde
That þerof come such A-visions
And other seyne as þei [in] bokis fynde
That After tymes of þe yer by kynde
Men dreme & þat þe effect goth by þe mone
But leue no dreme for it is nat to done

(55)

WEł worth of dremes ay these olde wiffes
And truely eke Augurrye of þes foules
For fer of which men wene lese hir liffes
As Rauenes qualme or shrikyng of þes oules
To trowe on it bothe false & foule is
Allas allas so noble a creatur
As is man shalł drede such ordur

(33)

1 "Then, for God's sake, pardon thyself.[1]

4 "Rise up, lighten thy thoughts;

[1] "A te stesso perdona." "*Spare* thyself" would be the more idiomatic English equivalent (though less energetic): but would not compare so closely with Chaucer's line.

[2] Chaucer's "not bennes but a myle" has no equivalent in the present line of the *Filostrato*: but in st. 40 we are told that Troilus and Pandarus arrived at Sarpedon's lodgment "after perhaps four thousand paces." Sarpedon had been taken prisoner along with Antenor (*Troylus*, B. 4, st. 8); and neither Boccaccio nor Chaucer tells us how he had already got back to Troy.

5 "And talk with me of past pleasures,

6 And to the future ones address thy lofty soul,

7 For they will very shortly return:

8 Then take comfort, having good hope.

(34)

1 "This city is great and delightsome;
2 And now it is in truce, as thou knowest.
3 Let us go to some pleasant part.

(38)

2 "Let us go to Sarpedon.[2]

(34)

5 "And thy distressful
6 Life thou wilt spend along with him,
7 Till the term passes which the beautiful lady has fixed,
8 Who has wounded thy heart.

(35)

1 "Pray do this, I implore thee: rise up!

2 It is not a magnanimous act to sorrow

3 As thou dost, and to be still lying flat.

6 "And people would say that thou for the adverse times,

7 Like a coward, and not for love, art weeping,

8 Or that thou feignest to be sick."

(56)

FOr whiche *with* all myne hert I þ^e^ besech^e^ 386
Vn-to þin self þat þou all þis for-yeue
A-rise now vp *with*-oute more speche
And lete ouste hou furth may be dreue 389
This tyme & eke hou freisshly we may leue
Whan^n^ þat she comth þe which shalbe rigt sone
God helpe me so þe beste is þus to done 392

(57)

RIse lete vs speke of Lusty liff^e^ in Troye 393
That we haue ledde and furth þe tyme drive
And eke of Tyme comyng vs reioye
That bringe shal our^r^ blisse now so blyue 396
And langour^r^ of þes twies dayes fyue
We shal þerwith so for-yete oure oppresse
That well vnnethe vs done shall duresse 399

(58)

THis towne is full of Lordes al Aboute 400
And trewes lasten al þis meane while
Goo we pley vs in sommne lusty route
To Serpedon^n^ nat hens but A myle 403
And þus þou shalte þe tyme well beguile
And dryue it furth vnto þat blisful morwe
That þou hir^r^ see þat cause is of þi sorwe 406

(59)

NOw rise my dere brother Troilus [leaf 99, back] 407
For certes it now^n^ honour^r^ is to the
To wepe and in thi bedde to louke thus
For truely of oo thing truste me 410
Yef þou lye þus A day tuoo or thre
The folke wil sey þat þou for Couardise
The feynest sike And þat þou darste nat Arise 413

(36)

2 "Nor can he know it who has not experienced it.
1 Alas! he who loves much weeps greatly.

4 "Therefore I ought not to be blamed
5 If I never did anything else but weep.
3 What that bliss is which I have let go[1].

[1] By looking at the numbering of these lines of the *Filostrato*, the reader will see the true sequence of this expression.

6 "But since thou, friend, hast prayed me,
7 I will comfort myself to the best of my power.

(37)

1 "May God soon send me the tenth day!
4 Never was rose in sweet spring
5 So beautiful as I am disposed to return
6 When I shall see the fresh cheer
7 Of that lady returned to Troy,
8 Who is to me the cause of torment and woe.

(38)

1 "But whither can we go for pastime,
2 As thou say'st?[2]
3 'Yet how can I stay there, haunted by the notion that possibly Chryseis may have returned meanwhile, and I not to know it?' Pandarus replies: 'I will leave some one to attend to that sole matter, and to give us notice if anything happens.'

(40)

3 They arrived where Sarpedon was.

(41)

1 This man, as he who was of high heart
2 More than others in everything,
6 [Honoured them] always with sumptuous
7 Grandeur of banquets, such & so many

[2] Next comes the phrase "Let us go to Sarpedon," already extracted on p. 97. These words appear, in the *Filostrato*, to be spoken by Troilus, not Pandarus.

8 That their equal had never been held in Troy,

(60)

THis Troilus answerd O brother myn̄ 414
This knowen̄ folke þat haue suffred pyne
That þough he wepe & make sorweful cher̄
That felith harme & smerte in euery veyne 417
No mervеyle is and þou3 I euer pleyne
Or allewey wepe I am no þing to blame
Sith I haue lost the cause of alle my game 420

(61)

But sith of̄ fyne force I mote a-rise 421
I shall a-rise as sone as euer I may
And God to whom̄ my herte I sacrifise
So sende vs hastely þe x day 424
For was þer̄ neuer foule so fayne of may
As I shalbe whan̄ she comth in to Troye
That cause is of my turment & myn̄ Ioye 427

(62)

But whedir is þine counseill quod̄ Troilus 428
That we may pley vs best in all þis toun̄
Be god my counseill is quod̄ Pandarus
To ride & pleye vs with̄ king Serpedoun̄ 431
So longe of þis þei spoken̄ vp and doune
Till Troilus gaue at þe laste assent
To rise & furthe to Serpedoun̄ þei went 434

(63)

THis Serpedoun̄ as he þat honorable 435
Was euer his liff̄ & full of hie largesse
With̄ all that might be serued on table
That deynte was all̄ coste it gret richesse 438
He fedde hem day be day þat such̄ noblesse
As seiden bo3e þe most & eke þe leste
Was neuer or þat day wiste at any feste. 441

6 With songs and music,—

4 Now with graceful feast
5 Of ladies beautiful and of high rank.

(42)

1 But what availed these things to the loving
2 Troilus, who had not his heart upon them?
3 He was there whither often the desire
4 Formed in his thought drew him;
5 And Chryseis, as his god,
6 He alway saw with the eyes of his mind,—
7 Imagining now one thing now another.

(43)

1 Every other lady was painful to him to see.
3 Every pastime, every sweet song,
4 Was troublous to him, not seeing her
5 In whose hands Love had placed the key
6 Of his piteous life.

(44)

1 And there passed not evening nor morning

2 That he cried not with sighs,
3 "O beautiful light!"
6 Calling her that she should salute him.

(64)

NE in this worlde þere nys noȝ Instrument (leaf 96): 442
Delicious þurgh wynde or touche of corde
As ferre as any wight hath euer went
That tunge telle or hert may recorde 445
That at þe feste it nas weⱡ herde accorde
Ne of Ladies eke so faire A Cumpanie
On daunce or thoo nas neuer sene with ye 448

(65)

But what auaileth þis to Troilus 449
That for his sorwe noo þinge of þat roughte
For euer in coue is his herte pitous
Fulⱡ besily Cresseide his Lady soughte 452
On hir' was euer alⱡ þat his herte þoughte
Now þis now þat so faste ymagening
That comforte I-wisse can' him noon þing 455

(66)

THes ladies eke þat at þis feste bene 456
Sithe þat he saugh his Lady was A-wey
It was his sorwe vpon hem to sene
Or for to her' an instrument so pley 459
For she þat of his herte kepith þe key
Was Absent Lo þis was his fantesie
That' no wight shulde make melodie 462

(67)

NE ther' hour' in alⱡ þe day or night 463
Whan' he was ther' as no man' might him her'
That he ne seide O Louesom' Lady bright
How haue ye faren' sithe þat ye wer' here 466
Wel come I-wisse myn ougne Lady dere
But welawey alⱡ þis nas but a mase
Fortune his ougne entendeth bette to glase 469

(45)

6 The letters sent to him by her
7 He turned over full a hundred times a day.[1]

(46)

1 They had not stayed there three days
2 When Troilus began to say to Pandarus:

3 "What are we doing here any longer? Are we tied down
4 That we must here live and die?
5 Do we wait to be shown out?[2]
6 To tell thee the truth, I should like to go.
7 Oh for God's sake let us be off! Enough have we been
8 With Sarpedon, and well received."

(47)

1 Then Pandarus: "Now did we for fire
2 Come hither?
5 Whither now wilt thou go, and to what place
6 In which thou canst make a cheerfuller stay?
4 "To go away now would seem a slight.
7 "Do let us remain two days yet: then we will go."

[1] The next exquisite line of Chaucer
"Refigurynge hire shape, hire wommanhede,"
differs from Boccaccio's
"Tanto di rivederle gli piacea"—
i. e. "so much did he like to re-see *them* [the letters]." But I suspect that Chaucer got his line out of Boccaccio, through misreading "rivederla" ("to re-see *her*") instead of "rivederle."

[2] "Accomiatati"—dismissed with a goodbye: exactly corresponding to Chaucer's "forth congeyen."

(68)

THe lettres eke þat she of olde tyme
Hadde him sent he wolde allone rede
An hundred sithes betwixe none and prime
Defiguring hir shappe hir womanhede
Within his herte & euery worde & dede
That passed was & þus he drafft to an ende
The first day & seide he wolde wende

(69)

ANd seid Leff Brother Pandarus [leaf 96, back]
Entendest thou þat we shall her be-leue
Til Serpedoun wil furth conueien vs
Yet wer it fairer þat we toke our Leue
For Goddes Loue lete vs sone at eue
Oure Leue take & homward lete vs turne
For truely I wil nat þus her soiourne

(70)

PAndar answerd be we comen hider
To feche fire & renne home a-yen
God helpe me soo I can nat telle wheder
We might gone yef I shall sothely seyn
Ther any wight is of vs more fayne
Than Serpedoun & we hens hie
Thus sodeinly I holde it vilanye

(71)

Sythe we seide þat we wolde beleue
With him A wooke & now þus sodeinly
The first day to take of him oure leue
He wolde wondre on it truely
Lete vs holde oure purpose fermelie
And sithen þat ye highten him to Abide
Holde forward now & after lete vs ride

(48)

1 Although Troilus stayed against his will,
2 Still he remained in his wonted thoughts.
4 But, taking leave after the fifth day,
6 They returned to their homes,—
7 Troilus saying on the road: "O God!

8 Shall I find my love returned?"

(49)

1 But Pandarus said within himself otherwise:
4 "This thy longing, so fiery and fierce,
5 May hap to cool:"
2 As he who knew entire
3 The intention of Calchas at full.

(50)

1 When they had returned home,

2 They both entered a chamber together.

4 And they talked much of Chryseis

7 Troilus saying: "Let us go, & so we shall see

8 The house at least, since we can no more."

(72)

THus Pandarus with alle peyne & woo 498
Made hym to duelle and at þe wookes ende
Of Serpedoun þei toke hir leue thoo
And on hir wey / þei spedde hem to wende 501
Quod Troilus now god me grace sende
That I may finde at my home comyng
Cresseide comen & þerwith gan he sing 504

(73)

YE haseli wode þought þis Pandar 505
And to him self full sobrely he seide
God wote refreyden gan þis hote fare
Or Calcas sende Troilus Cresseide 508
But natheles Iaped he þus & pleyde
And swore I-wisse his herte him wel be-hight
She wolde com as sone as euer she might 511

(74)

WHan þei vnto the Paleis were y-comen (leaf 67) 512
Of Troilus þei doune of horse light
And to the Chambre here wey haue þ^er nomen
And vn-to tyme þat it ganne to nighte 515
They spake of Cresseide the bright
And after þis whan þat hem bothe leste
Thei speddе hem from the soper vnto reste 518

(75)

ON morwe assone as day by-gan to clere 519
This Troilus be-gan of his slepe to Abreide
And to Pandar his ougne broþer der
For loue god full pitously he seide 522
As goo we see the Paleis of Cresseide
For sithe we may haue no more feste
Yett lete vs goo se hir Paleis at þe leste 525

(51)

4 And he feigned various causes with the others
5 That were with him.

(52)

1 It seemed to him that his heart was bursting,
2 When he had seen the door locked up,

3 And the windows.

6 And in his face all changed

7 He would have given manifest sign hereof
8 To any one who might at once have looked on him.

(53)

3 Then he said:

3 "Alas! how luminous
4 And delightful was the place!
7 Now, without her, thou remainest dark!
8 Nor know I whether thou art ever to have her again."

(76)

ANd þer'with-all his meyne for to blende
A cause he fonde in town for to goo
And to Cressеides house þei gan to wende
But Lord þis sely Troilus was woo
He þouȝt his sorweful herte berste on tuoo
For whan he saugh hir doorȝ spered alle
Wil nye for sorwe a doune he gan to falle

(77)

THere-with whan he was war and gan beholde
How shitt was *euery* wyndowe of the place
As firste him þouȝt his herte gan to colde
For with chaunged dulle & pale face
With-outen wordo he furth by-gan to pace
And as god wolde he gan so faste ride
That no wiȝt of his countenans espide

(78)

THan seide he þus O Paleis desolate
O house of houses whilom best yhight
O Paleis empty & disconsolate
O lanterne of which queint is þ' light
O Paleis whilome day þat now art night
Well oughtest þou to falle & I to dye
Sith she is went þat wonte was vs to guie

(79)

O Paleis whilom Knowen of Housen All [leaf 97, back]
Enlumined with sonne of Alle blisse
O ring fro me which þe ruby is oute fall
O cause of woo þat cause hast bene of hisse
Yett sithe I may noo bett fayne wolde I kisse
Thy colde doores durste I for þis route
And farewel shryne of whiche þe seint' is out

1 Then to Pandarus, as he best could, sorrowful
2 He spoke of his new[1] anguish.

(54)

1 Hence he went riding through Troy,
2 And every place brought her back to his mind.

(55)

1 "There she stood when she took me
2 With love, by her beautiful and charming eyes.

(54)

4 "Here I saw her laugh joyously;
7 Here in high spirits

6 "Here she saluted me graciously.

[1] "Sua nuova angoscia." Here "nuova" (new) means most probably—as it frequently does in old Italian—"unprecedented, strange, extreme:" but Chaucer takes the epithet literally, and speaks of "His newe sorwe, & eke his joyes olde."

8 "Here I saw her pitiful to my sighs."

(80)

THer'with he caste on Pandarus his yee
With chaunged face & pitous to beholde
And whan' he myght his tyme a-riȝt espie
Ay as he rode to Pandarus he tolde
His newe sorwe & eke his Ioyes olde
So pitously & with so dede an hewe
That euery wight myght on his sorwe rewe

(81)

FRome thens-furth he rideth vp & doun'
And euery þing come him to remembraunce
As he roode so by þe Paleis in þe Toune
In which he had whilom all his plesaunce
Lo yender' saugh I laste my Lady dauns
And in þat temple with hir' yon' clere
Me caught first my riȝt Lady dere

(82)

ANd yonder' haue I herde full lustilye
My dere herte laught & yonder pley
Saugh I here oones eke full blisfully
And yender' oones to me gann' she sey
Now good swete Loue me well I prey
And yonder so goodly ganne she me byholde
That to þe deth myn herte is to hir holde

(83)

ANd at þe corner in þe yonder house
Herde I myn alderlewest lady dere
So womanly with voyce melodyous
Sing so wel so goodly & so clere
That in my sowle me þinketh I it here
The blisful soune & in þe yonder place
My lady firste me receyued vnto hire grace

(56)

1 Then, thinking this, he proceeded:
2 "O Love!
4 Well does memory repeat to me the truth of it.[1]
2 Long hast thou made the story of me.
6 Full a thousand signs of thy victory
7 Do I discern, which thou hast had triumphal
8 Over me, who once jeered every lover.

(57)

1 "Well hast thou avenged thine injuring,
2 Lord potent & greatly to be feared!
3 But, since the soul has set itself to serve thee
4 Wholly, as thou mayst clearly see,
5 Let it not die disconsolate.
8 So that she may return, to put an end to my woes,
7 "Strain Chryseis as thou dost me."

[1] See the Prefatory Remarks, p. 11, for the true sequence of this line.

(58)

1 He would sometimes go up on the gate
2 By which his lady had issued.
3 "Hence issued she who comforts me!

(84)

THanne þouȝt He þus O blisfull Lorde Cupido (and he) 582
Whan̄ þe proces I haue in my memorye
How þou hast me weryhed euery side
Men miȝt A boke make of it like A story 585
What nede is the to seke on me victorie
Sith I am þin & hooly at þin will
What Ioye hast þou þin ougne folk to spille 588

(85)

WEl hast þou Lorde y-venged on me þ^is Ire 589
Thou miȝty God & dredfull for to greue
Now mercy Lord þou wost wel I desire
Thi grace moste of Alle Lustes leue 592
And lyue & die I will in þine be-leue
For which I ne Axe in guerdon̄ but A bone
That þou Cresseide a-yen̄ me sende sone 595

(86)

DIstreyne hir' herte as fast to returne 596
As þou hast myn̄ to longen hir' to se
That wote I wel þat she nill nat soiourne
Now blisfull Lorde so cruell þou ne be 599
Vnto þe blood of' Troye I pray þe
As Ioue was vnto þe blode Thebane
For which folke of' Thebes caught hir' bane 602

(87)

ANd aftir þis he to þe yates went 603
Ther' as Cresseid oute roode A full good pace
And vp & doune per' made he many a went
And to him self ful ofte he seide allas 606
From hens rode my blisse & my solas
And wolde blisful god now for his Ioy
I might her' se come A-yen̄ in to Troy 609

5 "Up to that place I escorted her;
6 And here I parted from her.

(59)

5 "Oh! shall I see thee
6 Ever return, with thy lovely ways,
7 To rejoice me?"

(60)

1 And it seemed, even to himself, that in face
2 He was less coloured than his wont;
3 And for this he had a fancy
4 That he was sometimes pointed out with finger,
5 As if people were saying: "Why so quelled
6 And so bewildered has Troilus become?"
7 It was not they who pointed him out;
8 But he suspects who knows the thing true.

(61)

1 Wherefore it pleased him to show in verse
2 Who was the cause of it.

4 Giving as it were some respite to his sorrow.

6 With low voice he went singing.

(88)

ANd to þe yonder' hill I gan' hir' guide
Allas & þer' I toke of' hir' myn' Leue
And yender I saugh hir' to hir' fadir ride
For sorwe of which myn herte will to-cleue
And hedir home I come whan' it was eue
And her' I duelle oute caste from' alle Ioye
And shal till I may se hir' efte in Troye

(89)

ANd of him self ymagined He ofte [leaf 98, back]
To be deffet & pale & waxe lesse
Than' he was wonte & þat men seide softe
What may it be who can' the sothe gesse
Whi Troilus hath alle þis heuynes
And all þis nas but his malencolie
That he hadde of him self' suche A fantasie

(90)

AN oþer tyme ymagynyn' he wolde
That euery wight þat went by þe weye
Hadde of' him routh & þat þei shulde
I am right sory Troylus will dey
And þus he droff a day yett forth or tweye
As ye haue herd rigt such A lif' gan' he lede
As he that stode betwen' hope & drede

(91)

FOr which him lyked in his songes shewe
The entencioun of his woo as he best might
And made A songe of wordes but A fewe
Somwhat his woofull herte for to light
And whan' he was from euery mannes sight
With lofte voice he of' his Lady dere
That Absent was ganne syng as ye may her'

(62)

1 "The sweet sight and the beautiful soft glance
2 Of the most beautiful eyes that ever were seen,
3 Which I have lost, make seem so heavy
4 My life that I go heaving groans.
7 I have longings for death."[1]
8 'O Love! Why didst thou not kill me from the first?
Let me die now, so that my disembodied soul may fly
into the arms of my Chryseis!'

(67)

1 When he had thus said in song,
2 He returned to his old sighing.

(69)

4 Wherefore he often said to himself:
5 "When this [moon] shall have become,
6 With her new horns, such as she appeared
7 When our lady departed,
8 Then shall my soul be returned hither."

1 The old moon was already horned
2 At the departure of Chryseis; and he,
3 Leaving her house, had seen it in the morning.

(68)

1 The days long, and the nights longer,
2 Appeared to him beyond the wonted mode.
5 He said: "The sun has entered into new errors."

[1] "Disii porto di morte"—*i. e.* "io porto disii di morte." From the peculiar nautical turn which Chaucer gives to his phrase, I think it pretty clear he had misunderstood Boccaccio, and supposed him to say "io disio porto di morte" = "I desire the port (or harbour) of death."

(92) (*Troilus's Lament for Cresseida.*)

O Sterre of which I loste haue al þe light
With herte soȝ well ought I to be-waile
That euer derke in turment nyght & nyght
Toward my deth with wynde & ster I sayle
For whiche þe tenthe nyght yef þat I faile
The guiding of þi bright bemes an houre
My shipe & me Caribdis wiłł deuoure

(93)

THis songe whanne he þus sungen had sone
He feł A-yen vnto his sikes olde
And euery nyght as was he wonte to done
He stode þe bright mone to beholde
And alle his sorwe he to þe mone tolde
And seide I-wisse whanne þou art horned newe
I shalbe glad yef alle þe worlde be true

(94)

I Saugh þine Hornes olde by þe morowe (*last w*)
Whanne þat fromę hens rode my right Lady dere
the cause is of my torment & sorwe
For which O bright Latona þe clere
For Loue of god renne faste aboute þi spere
For whanne þin hornes new gynnayn spring
Thanne shalt ye come þer may my blisse bring

(95)

THe day is more & lenger euery night
Thanne þei were wonte to be him þouȝt þo
And eke þat þe sonne wente his course vnriȝt
By lenger wey þanne it was wonte to goo
And seide Iwisse me dredeth euer moo
The sonnes sone Phitonn be yett on lyue
And þat his fadres carte amys he dryue

(70)

1 He gazed on the tented Greeks—
7 Saying often:
8 "Or here or there is my lovely lady."

4 And that which blown
5 He felt in his face, he used to give himself to believe that it was like
6 Sighs sent him by Chryseis.

(71)

1 In such wise, and in many other ways,
2 He passed the time, sighing.
3 And with him was for ever Pandarus,
4 Who often encouraged him to do this:
5 And into converse cheerful and gay
6 He sought to draw him, to the best of his power,—
7 Giving him always good hope
8 Of his charming and excellent love.

(1)

1 On the other side, on the shore of the sea,
2 With few women, among the armed men,
3 Was Chryseis.

(6)

4 "Wherefore my heart is beggared of joy,
5 And for comfort I in vain ask for death.
3 I fled the bad, and followed after the worse."

(96)

Vppon þe walles faste eke wolde he walke
And on þe Grekes ofte a wold a see
And to him self right þus he wolde talke
Lo yender is myn ownę Lady fre
Or elles yender þer þe tentes be
And thens comth þis eir þat is so swote
That in my sowle I fele it doth me bote

(97)

ANd hardely þis wynde þat more & more
Thus stoundemele encreaseth in my face
Is of my Lady depe sikes soore
I preue it þus for in noon oþer space
Of all þis town saue onely in þis place
Fele I no wynde þat souneth so lyke peyne
It seith allas whi twynned be we tweyne

(98)

THis long tyme he dryueth forth rizt þus
Till fully passed was þe ix^{the} night
And ay beside was þis Pandarus
That besily dede all his ful might
Him to comforte & make his herte light
Yeuyng him hope alwey þe x^{the} morwe
That she shal come & stynte alle his sorwe

(99)

Vppon þat other side eke was Cresseide [leaf 99, back]
With women fewe a-monge þe Grekes stronge
For which full ofte A day allas she seide
That I was borne wel may myn herte Longe
After my deth for nowe lyue I to Longe
Allas I ne may it nat amende
For now is worse þan euer yet I wende

Book VI. (1)

6 Her fresh and delicate cheeks
7 Had become pallid and thin.

3 And in bitter tears
4 The nights were consumed by her.

(2)

1 She wept, murmuring to herself
2 The once-passed pleasure with Troilus.
4 And the whole of the words
5 She went recollecting all to herself.

(100)

MI fader wiþ for no þinge do me grace
To gone a-yen for aught I can hym queme
And yef so be þat I my terme pace
My Troilus shal in his herte deme
That I am false & so it may wel seme
Thus shall I haue vn-thanke on euery side
That I was borne so welawey the tide

(101)

ANd yef þat I me put in Ieopardie
To stele a-wey be night & it be-falle
That I be caught I shalbe holden espie
Or ellis Lo this drede I moost of all
Yef in the handes of somme wrech I fall
I nam but lost albe myn herte trewe
Now al-mighty god þou on my sorwe rewe

(102)

Full pale waxen was hir bright face
Hir lemes lene as she þat all þe day
Stode whan she durst & loked on þe place
Ther she was borne & per she duellid ay
And all þe night weping Allas she lay
And þus despeired oute of alle cure
She laddo hir lif þis woeful creature

(103)

Full ofte a day she sihed eke for distresse
And in hir sowle she went ay portering
Of Troilus þe grete worthinesse
And all his goodly wordis according
Sith first þat day hir loue be-gan to spring
And þus she sett hir woeful herte a fire
Thurgh remembrauns of þat she gan desire

(3)

1 Nor would any one have been so pitiless
2 That, hearing her plain sorrowfully,
3 He could have forborne weeping with her.
4 She wept so bitterly:

7 And what wrought her the worst of all
8 Was that she had no one to mourn with.

(4)

1 She looked on the walls of Troy,
2 On the palaces, towers, and fortresses,
3 And said to herself: "Ah me! how much joy,
4 How much pleasure, and how much sweetness,
5 Had I once within there! And now in sad annoy.[1]
7 Ah me, my Troilus! what dost thou now?
8 Is there yet in thee any memory of me?

(5)

1 "Ah woe is me! now had I but consented to thee,
2 And we both would have gone together!
4 For now these pains would not be felt
5 By me.
7 And who would afterwards have spoken ill of me
8 For having gone away with such a man as he?

(6)

1 "Ah, woe is me! late do I discern . . .

[1] The next line in Boccaccio runs—"I here consume my dear beauties;" giving the speech a new turn, which Chaucer does not follow.

(104)

IN AH this worlde per nys so cruel herte [leaf 186] 722
That hir had herd compleyne in hir sorwe
That nold haue wepte for hir peynes smerte
So tendirly she wepte bothe eue & morwe 725
Hir neded no teris for to borwe
And pis was yett pe werst of all hir peyne
Ther was no wight to whom she durst compleine 728

(105)

FULL ruefully she loked vppon Troye 729
Byheldе pe towres hie & eke pe halles
Allas quod she pe pleasauns & pe Ioye
The which pat now turned in-to galles 732
Haue I hadde ofte with-Inne yonder walles
O Troilus what doste pou now she seide
Lord whepir pou pinkist yet vppon Cresseide 735

(106)

Allas I me hadde trowed on your Lore 736
And went with you as ye me radde or pan
Than had I now nat siked half go score
Who might haue seide pat I had done anys 739
To stele a-wey with such oon as he Is
But al to late comth pe letuarie
Whan men pe corps vnto grane carie 742

(107)

TO late is now to speke of pat matер 743
Prudens allas oon of pine yen three
Me lakked alwey or pat I come her
One tyme passed wel remembred me 746
And present tyme eke coude I well see
But future tyme or I was in pe snare
Coude I nat se pat causeth now my care 749

(7)

1 "But I will do my utmost to flee hence,

3 "And return to thee.
7 I had rather that
8 Whoever chooses should be able to speak and bark about this."

(8)

1 But from so high and great intent
2 A new lover soon turned her,
6 And in brief space expelled [from her heart]
7 Troilus and Troy.

3 Diomed was employing every argument

4 That he could to enter her heart;
5 Nor, in its own time, did his expectation mislead him.

(108)

But natheles betide what be-tide
I shall to morwe by Este or west
Oute of þis hoste stele by somme maner side
And goo with Troilus wher as him leste
This purpos wil I holde & þis is beste
No fors of wikked tunges Iangellarie
For euer vn Loue han wrechis had envye

(109)

FOr who so wil of euery worde take hede [leaf 108, back]
Or reule him Aftir *euery* wightes witte
Ne shall he neuer thriue out of drede
For þat somen blamen euer yett
Lo other maner folke comaundyn hitte
And as for me for alle suche variaunce
Felicite clepe I my sufficiaunce

(110)

FOr which with-outen any wordes mo
To Troye I wil as for conclusion
But god it wote or fully mouethes two
She was full ferre fromе þat entencion
For bothe Troilus & Troie toun
Shal knottles oute of hir herte glide
For she will take purpos for to abyde

(111)

THis Diomede of whom tolle I gan
Goth now with-Inne him self aye Arguing
With alle þe sleight & all þat euer he can
How he may best with shortest taryeng
In To his nette Cresseides herte bring
To þis entent he coude neuer fyne
To fissh hir he leide oute hoke & lyne

(10)

1 And he said to himself at first view:
2 "'A vain labour, I think, is mine:
3 This lady is sorrowful for love of another.
7 "'Ah me! I went, amiss for myself, to Troy, when I brought her away!'"

5 "I ought to be too sovereign an artist,
6 If I would expel thence the first,
7 To enter there myself."

(11)

1 But, as being of great daring
2 And of great heart, he resolved in himself,
3 If he had for certain to die from it,
4 Since he had come to this pass, to show her the sharp assaults
5 Which Love made him feel for her.

(33)

1 He was tall and handsome in person; young, fresh, and most pleasing.

3 Strong and bold, as is related;

4 And had the gift of the tongue as much as any Greek whatsoever.

(112)

But natheles wel in his herte he þouȝt
That she nas [nat] *with*-outen a loue in Troie
For neuer sithe he hir' þens brouȝt
Ne coude he se*n*e hir' laugh or make Ioie
He nyste how beste hir' herte to accoy
But for to assaie he seide it not ne greuith
For he þat nouȝt assaieþ nouȝt acheueth

(113)

YEt seide he to him self vppon̄ a night
Now am I nat a fore þat wote wel how
Hir' woo is for loue of an other knyght
And her'-vppon̄ to goo & assaie her' now
I may wel wete it wil nat be my prowe
For þes folke in bokes it expresse
Men shal nat wowe A wight in heynesse

(114)

Bvt who so might wynne such A flour' [leaf 161]
From him for whom she morneth niȝt & day
He might sey he wer' A conquerour
And riȝt A-noon̄ as he þat bolde was ay
Though*n* in his herte happen how happyn*e* may
Alt shulde I dey I wilt her' herte seche
I shal no more lese but my speche

(115)

THis Diomede as bookes declare
Was in his nedes *prest*e & coragious
With sterne voice & mighty lemmes squar'
Hardy testy stronge chyualrous
Of' Deides lyke his fader Tideus
And some men seine he was of tunge large
And heir' he was of Calideigne & Arge

(28)

8 The lucent eyes and angelic face.

(11)

7 Discerning, wi[illegible]ourable, and [illegible]red.[1]

[redacted]

[1] "Accorta, savia, onesta, e costumata." I have given English equivalents as nearly as I can select them; but not one of them realizes exactly and completely the shade of meaning which the mind catches in the Itali[illegible]

(116)

CResceide mene was of hir' stature
Ther-to of shappe of face & eke of chere
Ther' might be none fairer' creature
And ofte tymes þis was hir' manere
To goo vntressed with hir' heres clere
Doune by her' coler at hir' bakke behinde
Which with a threde of golde she wolde bynde

(117)

ANd same her' browes Ioyned in fer'
Ther' nas no lakke in ought I can' espien'
But for to speke of yen' clere
Loo truely þei writen' þat hir' syen'
That paradise stode fourmed in hir' yen'
And with hir' riche beute euer-more
Strooþe loue in hir' ay which of hem was mor'

(118)

SHe sobre was eke simple & wise with-all
The best I-nurisshed eke þat might be
And goodly of hir' speche in generall
Cheritable estalich lusty fre
Ne neuermore ne lakked hir' pite
Tendre herted slyding of Corage
But trewly I can' nat telle hir' Age

(119)

ANd Troilus wel waxe was on Hight [leaf 19, back]
And complete fourmed by proporcion'
So wel þat Kinde it nough a-mende might
yong freisshe stronge & hardye as a lyoun'
Trewe as stele in eche condicion'
One of þe best entached creatur'
That is or shal while þe worlde may dur'

(9)

1 She had not been there the fourth day
2 After the bitter departure, when
3 A fair pretext for going to her was found
4 By Diomed, who
5 Found her alone, sighing.
6 He marvelled to find her so altered.

(11)

7 And, taking a seat

(12)

1 And first he entered upon speaking with her
2 Of the fierce war between them and the Trojans;

3 Asking her what she thinks about it.
5 Hence he next came down to asking

6 Whether she thought the ways of the Greeks strange.

(120)

ANd certeinly in story as it is founde 834
That Troilus was neuer vn-to no wight
As in his tyme in no degre secounde
In doyng þat longeth to a knyght 837
AH might a geaunt passe him of might
His herte ay with the firste & with þe laste
Stod peregall to doo what þat him caste 840

(121)

But for to telle furth of Diomede 841
It fille þat After þe x^de^ day
Sith þat Cresseide oute of þe Cite yede
This Diomede as freissh as braunch in 844
Come to the Tente þere as Calcas lay
And feyned him with Calcas haue to
But what he ment I shal you telle sone

(122)

Cresseide at sh 8
Welcomed him &
And he was ethe auch
And after þis with-oute longer lett 851
The spices & þe wyne men furth hem fett
And forth þei spoke of þis & þat in fer'
As frendes done of which some shal ye her' 854

(123)

HE gan' first falle on þe werr' in speche 855
Betwixe hem & þe folke of Troy toun'
And of þe assege hens gan' hir' eke byseche
To telle him what was hir' opinion' 858
From' þat demaunde he descended doun'
To Aske hir' yef hir' strong þoughte
The Grekes ... brought 861

8 Why Calchas delayed to give her in marriage.

(13)

1 Chryseis, who still had her soul
2 In Troy set upon her dear lover,
5 Answered Diomed.
3 She did not perceive his device.
6 Her speech often pained his heart, yet sometimes encouraged him.

(14)

1 Who, when he had got on easy terms with her
2 By conversing, began to say:
3 "Youthful lady, if I have well looked on you.
7 "From the day when we left Troy up till now,
5 That [countenance] I seem to see transformed
6 By painful anguish.

(15)

1 "Nor know I what the cause can be,
2 If it be not love; which, if you are wise,
3 You will cast away.
5 "The Trojans are, as one may say, kept in prison
6 By us, as you see.

(16)

1 "Nor imagine that any one who is inside
2 Will find pity from us for evermore.

(124)

ANd whi her fader taried so Longe [leaf 102] 862
To weide hir to some worthi wiȝt
Cresseide that was in hir peynes stronge
For loue of Troilus her owgne knyght 865
As ferforth as she had konnyng and might
Answerid him tho but as of his entent
He semyd natt she wist whate he ment 868

(125)

But nathelesse þis ilke Diomede 869
Gan in him-self fissure & þus he seide
yef I a-right haue taken of you hede
Me thinketh þus O Lady myn Cresseide 872
Sith þat I first haue on your brideȝ leyde
Whan ye oute of Troye come by þe morwe
Ne coude I neuer se you but in sorwe 875

(126)

CAnne I nat sey what may þe cause be 876
But yef for loue of sum Troiane it wer
The which riȝt soore wolde for-thynke me
That ye for any wight þat dwelled ther 879
Shulde spille a quarter of a tere
Or pitously so your self be-guile
For dredles it is nat worth þe while 882

(127)

THe folke of Troie as who seith aH & somme 883
In prisoun bene as ye your self se
Neuyr thens shal nat one on lyue come
For alle the golde betwixe sonne & see 886
Trusteth well & vnderstandeth me
Ther nat come to mercy go on lyue
AH wer he lorde of worldes twyes fyve 889

6 "Either here among the living, or among the dead in hell.

5 "A most signal example shall be to [any man]
7 The punishment that we will bestow upon Paris.

(17)

1 'Were there twelve Hectors and sixty brothers.'

3 "If Calchas with word-juggles[1] and delusions
4 { Does not here hoodwink us,
{ We would triumph over them.

7 "Which will be in brief.

(18)

1 "And do not suppose that Calchas would have
2 Re-demanded you with so much urgency,[2]
3 If he did not foresee that which I say.
4 'I discussed the whole matter with Calchas before he
7 took it upon him to redemand you,
8 He took counsel to get you back here.

(19)

4 'I encouraged his resolve, hearing of your great excellences.
4 And I offered myself as negociator; which Calchas accepted, knowing my good faith. The labour was a
8 pleasure to me, for your sake.

[1] "Ambage." Chaucer has taken the word direct from Boccaccio; and then (not over-artistically, it must be admitted) has to devote two succeeding lines to the explanation of it.

[2] A different line (st. 19, v. 3) corresponds still more closely with the wording of the one in Chaucer—"And I, hearing him give Antenor for you."

(128)

Such wreche of hem for fettyng of Eleyne 890
Ther shalbe taken or we hennes wende
That manes which þat Goddes bene of peine
Shalbe a-gaste þat Grekes wiȝt hem shende 893
And men shal drede vnto þe worldes ende
From henceforth to rauissh any quene
So cruelȝ shalȝ our wreche on hem besene 896

(129)

ANd but Calcas Lede vs by Ambages [leaf 108, back] 897
That is to sey with double wordes slie
Suche as men clepe A worde with two visages
Ye shal wel knowe that I nat lie 900
And all þis thing riȝt se it with your eye-
And that a-none ye nil nat trowe hou soon
Now taketh hede for it is for to done 903

(130)

WHat wene ye your wise fader wolde 904
Haue yeuen Antenore for you A-noon
Yef he ne wiste þat þe Cite shuldo
Destroied be we nay so mote y gone 907
He knewe fulȝ wel þer shal nat scape one
That Troiane is & for the grete fere
He durste nat ye duelle no lenger þer 910

(20)

1 "Wherefore I would say,[1] fair and dear lady,
2 Leave the fallacious love of the Trojans:
3 Chase away this bitter hope.
5 And recall the splendid beauty.
7 For to such a pass is Troy now come
8 That every hope men have there is lost.

(21)

'The Trojans, with their king, and his sons, are mere barbarians and brutes, compared to the Greeks.'

(22)

1 "And think not that among the Greeks love
2 Is not,—far higher and more perfect
3 Than among the Trojans.

6 'Your angelic beauty will easily find here a worthy lover.'
7 "And, were it not to displease you, I will be the man,
8 More gladly than now king of the Greeks."

(23)

1 And, having said this, he turned scarlet
2 Like fire in the face, and his speech
3 Somewhat trembling. He drooped his lids to earth,
4 Turning away his eyes from her a whit.
5 But next, with a sudden thought, he became again
6 More prompt than he had been.
6 And with rapid
7 Speech he pursued: "Be it to you no annoy,
8 I am as gentle[2] as any man in Troy.

[1] "Chè vo' dir dunque"—i.e. "Perchè io voglio dir dunque." But in a cursory reading one might naturally suppose the phrase to stand for "Che vuoi tu dir dunque"—What *wilt thou* then say—strictly corresponding to Chaucer's "What wol ye moore?" and it is obvious that the English poet made this mistake. The proof that Boccaccio really meant "voglio," and not "vuoi," lies in the fact that Diomed addresses Chryseis, throughout this scene, in the second person plural—"you"—instead of the more intimate "thou." Chryseis (it may be added) responds with "thou"—not, evidently, as any unseemly familiarity, but as using the privilege of a lady to her "servant."

[2] "Gentil"—noble, high-born.

(131)

WHat wilt ye more louesemè lady dere 911
Let Troie & Troiane from your herte passe
Dryue out þe bitter hope & make good cher
And clepe A-yenè þe beute of your face 914
That ye with salte Teres so deface
For Troie is brouȝt in such a Ieopardie
That it to saue is now noo remedie 917

(132)

ANd þinketh þat ye shal in Grekes fynde 918
A-more perfite Loue or it be night
Than any Troiane is & more kynde
And bettir to serue you wiłł do his miȝt 921
And yef ye vouche saue my Lady bright
I wil be he to serue you my silf
ye Leuer þan þe kyng of Grece twelue 924

(133)

ANd with þat worde he gan to wex rede 925
And in his speche A liteł while he quoke
And caste A-side A littel wight his hed
And stynte A while & Afterwarde he wooke 928
And sobrely on hir he caste his Loke
And seide I am ałł be it you no Ioy
A Gentil man as any wight in Troie 931

(24)

1 "If my father Tydeus had been living,
3 Of Calydon and Argos I should have been

4 King, as I intend yet to be.
2 He was slain fighting at Thebes.

(25)

2 "Me
4 Take as your servant."
6 "'I will be such as your dignity, and the exalted beauty which I see in you beyond all others, demand; so that you also will hold Diomed dear.' Chryseis had answered few words and timidly; but now counted his audacity great.

(26)

7 So much could Troilus yet in her.
6 Looking askance at him displeased,
8 And thus she spoke with subdued voice.

(27)

1 "I love, Diomed, that city
2 In which I grew and was brought up.

(134)

FOr yef my fader Tideus He seide [leaf 162] 932
I-lyued had I had ben or þis
Of Calidoigne & Arge A king Cresseid
And so hope I þat I shal yet I-wisse 935
But he was slayne allas þe harme is
Vnhappely at Thebes all to rathe
Polymites & many a man to scathe 938

(135)

But herte myn sithe þat I am your man 939
And bene þe firste of whom I seke grace
And serue you as hertely as I can
And euer shal while I to lyue haue space 942
Soo or I departe oute of this place
That ye me graunte þat I may to morwe
At better leiser telle you my sorwe 945

(136)

WHat shulde I telle his wordes þat he seide 946
He spake ynough for oon day at þe meste
Hit proued wel he spake soo þat Cresseide
Graunted on þe morwe at his request 949
For to speke with him at þe Leste
So that he nolde speke of such matier
And þus to him she seid as ye may her 952

(137)

AS she þat had hir hert on Troilus 953
So faste þat per might non it a-race
And straungelie she spake & seide thus
'O Diomede I loue þat ilke place 956
Ther I was borne & loue for hir grace
Deliuer it sone of all þat doth it Care
God for þi might so leue it wel to fare 959

(28)

1 "Well I know that the Greeks are of lofty valour,
2 And well-mannered, as thou sayest:
3 But yet of the Trojans not less is
4 The high virtue.

[1] "Femminella."
[2] Chaucer employs nearly the same phrase close afterwards—st. 142, l. 1.

(29)

1 "I have not known love since he died
2 To whom loyally I observed it,
3 As to my husband and lord.
4 Neither Greek nor Trojan did I ever heed
5 In that way, nor have I a wish
6 To heed any, nor shall it ever happen to me.
7 That thou art descended of royal blood
8 I fully believe, and have well heard it.

(30)

1 "And this gives me great marvel—
2 That thou canst set on a chit of a woman[1]
3 Of slight condition, as I am,
4 Thy soul.
5 I am in tribulation,[2]
6 Nor am I disposed to such an announcement.

(138)

THat Grekes wolde heir wreth on Troie wreke 960
Yef þat þei miȝt it knowe wel y-wisse
But it shall nat befalle as ye speke
And god to forne & ferther ouer þis 963
I wote my fadir wise & redy is
And þat he me hath boute as ye me tolde
So der I am þe more vnto him beholde 966

(139)

THat Grekes ben of high condicioun [leaf 188, back] 967
I wote eke wel but certeyn men shall fynde
As worthi folke with Inne Troie towne
As conuyng as perfite & as kynde 970
As bene betwen Orchades & ynde
And þat ye coude wel your Lady serue
I trowe it wel hir þanke for to deserue 973

(140)

But As to speke of Loue I-wisse she seide 974
I hadde A Lorde to whom I wedded was
The woos myn herte All was vnto he deyd
And oþer loue as helpe me now Pallas 977
Ther-Inne myne herte nys ne neuer was
And ye be of noble and hie kynred
I haue wel herde it telle oute of Drede 980

(141)

ANd þat doth me to haue so grete A wondr 981
That ye will scorne any woman soo
Eke god wote Loue & I bene ferre A-sondr
I disposed am better so mote I goo 984
Vnto my dethi to pleyne & make woo
What I shal after doo can I nat sey
But truely as yet me luste nat pley 987

(31)

1 "The time is evil, and ye are in arms.
2 Let the victory come which thou expectest,
3 Then I shall know much better what to do.
4 Perhaps delights will please me much more
5 Than now they do—

5 "And thou mayst speak to me again;
6 And peradventure thy words will be dearer to me
7 Than they are now.

(30)

7 "Not for this do I say that I am sorry
8 At being loved by thee, certainly."

(31)

8 "'A man must look to time and season when he wishes to capture any one.'" Diomed augured well from these last words, and protested himself ever hers.

(32)

8 Nor said he more, and after this he went.

(142)

MYne Herte is now in tribulacioun 988
And ye in Armes bene besy day be day
Here-after whan ye haue wonnen þe toun
Paraventure þan so it happen may 991
That whan I see þat I neuer say
Than shal I werch þat I neuer wrought
This worde to you I-nough suffice ought 994

(143)

TO morwe eke wiþ I speke with you fayne 995
So þat ye touch nat of þis matier
And whan ye list ye may come her ayen
And or ye goon thus much I sey you her 998
As helpe me Pallas with hir here clere
yif þat I shulde on any Greke haue routh
It shulde ben on your self by my trouth 1001

(144)

I Sey nat perfor þat I wil you Loue [leaf 104] 1002
Ne sey nat nay but in conclusioun
I mene wel be god þat sitte A-boue
And therwithall she kiste her yen doun 1005
And gan to sike & seye O troie toun
Yet prey I god in quiete & in reste
I may þe see or do my herte breste 1008

(145)

But in effecte & sobrely for to sey 1009
This Diomede al freisch new a-yen
Gan prese on and faste hir mercy prey
*And aftir þis þe soth for to seyne 1012
Hir gloue he toke of which he was ful fayne
And finally whan it waxe eue
And all was wel he roose & toke his Leue 1015

(33)

1 "He was tall and handsome in person; young, fresh, and most pleasing."

5 "And his nature was prone to love. (See p. 260.) Which things Chryseis, in her sorrows, he being gone, pondered over—hesitating whether to approach or to flee him. These things made her cool down in the ardent thought that she had of returning; these snapped her upright will towards Troilus, and dragged back her desire; and a new hope somewhat dissipated her fierce torment. And thus it was that, moved by these causes, she kept not her promise to Troilus."

(146)

THe brigt Venus folowed & ay taught
The wey þer' broode Phebus doun' alight
And Cinthea hir' chare horse ouer raught
To whirle oute of the lyoun' yef she might
And signifer his Candell shewed Light
Whan' þat Cresseide vnto hir' rest went
With-Inne hir fadres faire bright tent

(147)

REtournyng in hir' soule ay vp & doune
The wordes of þis sodein Diomede
His grete estate & perille of þe toune
And þat she was alone & had nede
Of frendes helpe & þus began' to brede
The cause whi þe sothe for to tell
That she toke purpos fully for to duelle

(148)

THe morwe come & gostely for to speke
This Diomede is comen vnto Cresseide
And shortlye lest þat ye my tale breke
So well for him self' he spake & seide
þat all hir' sikes sore a-doun' he leyde
And finally þe sothe for to seyne
He rafte hir' all the grete of hir' peyne

(149)

ANd after þis the story tellith vs [leaf 104, back]
that she him yafe þe fair' bay stede
The which he ones wanne of Troilus
And eke A broche & þat was litell nede
That Troilus was she yafe Diomede
And eke the bette frome sorwe him to relese
She made him wer' a pensell of hir' sleue

(150)

I fynde ek in stories elles wher' 1044
whan' þurgh þe body hurte was Diomede
O Troilus þoo wepte she many A tere
Whan' þat she saugh his wide woundes blede 1047
And þat she toke to kepe him good hede
And for to helpe him of his sorwes smerte
Men sey I note she yafe him her' herte 1050

(151)

But truely þe story tellith vs 1051
Ther' made neuer woman' more woo
Than' she whan' þat she falsed Troilus
She seid allas for now is clene a-goo 1054
Any name of trouth I leue for euer-moo
For I haue falsed one þe gentilleste
That euer was and one þe worthieste 1057

(152)

Allas on me vn-to þe worldes ende 1058
Shal neuer be y-wretyn ne y-songe
No goode word for thes bookes wil me shende
O yrolled shal I be on many A tunge 1061
Thurgh-oute þe worlde my belle shalbe runge
And women moste wil hate me of alle
Allas þat suche a cas me shulde be-falle 1064

(153)

THei wil me sey in as much as me Is 1065
I haue hem done dishonour welawey
Albe I nat þe furste þat dede A-mysse
What helpeth þat to done my blame a-wey 1068
But sith I se noo bettir wey
And to late it is now for to rewe
To Diomede al gate I wilbe trewe 1071

(154)

But Troilus sith I no bettir may [leaf 103] 1072
And sithe þat þus departed ye & I
yet prey I god to yeue you right good day
As for the gentillest truely 1075
That euer I sey to serue feiztfully
And best can ay his Ladies honour kepe
And with þat worde she berste anone to wepe 1078

(155)

ANd certes you hated shal I neuer 1079
And frendes Loue þat shal ye haue of me
And my good wurde al might I lyue euer
And truly I will sory be 1082
For to se you in aduersite
And gilteles I wote wel I yow leue
But all shall passe & þus take I my Leue 1085

(156)

But truely how longe it was betwen 1086
That she forsoke him for þis Diomede
Ther is non auctour telleth it I wene
Take euery man now of his bookes hede 1089
He shal no terme finde oute of drede
For þough he be-gan to loue hir sone
Or he hir wan yet was þer more to doone 1092

(157)

NE me no liste þis sely woman chide 1093
Further þan þe story will deuise
Hir name alas published is so wide
That for hir gilt it ought I-nough suffise 1096
And yif I might excuser in any wise
For she so sory was for hir vntrought
I-wisse I wolde excuser for pite & routh 1099

(1)

1 Troilus, as has been said above,
2 Was passing the time, expecting the appointed day.

[1] As "he went *alone*," we must suppose that he picked up Pandarus on the way.

5 He went alone towards the gate,
6 Talking much with Pandarus about this:[1]
7 And they went on looking towards the camp,

8 If they could see any one coming to Troy.

(2)

1 And every one who was seen by them
2 To come towards them, alone or in company,
3 Was supposed to be Chryseis,
4 Until he had neared them so close
5 As to be openly known.
6 And thus they remained till past noon,
7 Often fooled by their credulity.

(3)

1 Troilus said: "Before meal-time
2 She would not now come, as far as I can guess:
3 She will have great trouble in getting quit

4 Of her old father—more than she would wish.
8 [She would have come] if she had not stayed to eat with him."

(158)

THis Troilus as I be-fore haue tolde 1100
Thus driueth forth as weH as he miȝt
But ofte was his herte hote & colde
And namely þat ilke ix^{the} night 1103
Which on þe morwe she hadde him behight
To come A-yeⁿ god wote fuH liteH reste
Had he þat night ne no þing to slepe him leste 1106

(159) [leaf 105, back]

THe Laurer Laurgerus crouned Phebus with his hete 1107
Ganⁿ in his course ay vpward as he went
To warme of þe Eȝt see þe wawes wete
And nisus doughter songe with freissh entent 1110
Whanⁿ Troilus his Pandarˢ after sent
And on þe walles of þe towne þei pleide
To loke yif þei canⁿ se ought of Cresseide 1113

(160)

TyH it was none þei stodenⁿ for to se 1114
Who þat perˢ come & euery maner wight
That come fromе ferrˢ þei seide þat it was she
TiH þat þei coude knowe hem A-right 1117
Now was his herte dulle now was it light
And thus be-iaped stonden for to stare
A-boute nouȝt þis Troilus & Pandarˢ 1120

(161)

TO Pandarus þis Troilus seide 1121
For ought I wote be-fore none sikerly
In-to þis towne ne comth nat hirˢ Cresseide
She hath ynough to do hardelye 1124
To wynne from hirˢ fader so trowe I
Hirˢ olde fader wil yet make hirˢ dyne
Or that she goo god yeue his herte pyne 1127

(4)

1 Pandarus said: "I think thou speakest the truth.
2 So let us go, and then we will return."
3 Troilus consented, and so in fine they did.
5 They returned: but their surmise deceived them,
6 As it turned out, and they found it in vain.

(5)

1 Troilus said: "Perhaps
2 Her father will have prevented her, and will want her to stay
3 Up to the twilight, and therefore her return
4 Will be late. Now let us stay outside,
5 So that she may have her entry expedited;
6 For often these wardours
7 Are wont to keep in talk those who come,
8 Without making a distinction of befitting persons."

(6)

1 Twilight came, and then came evening.

(7)

1 Wherefore he turned to Pandarus, saying:

2 "This lady will have acted wisely.
4 She will be minded to come covertly:
5 Therefore she awaits the night, and I commend her for it.
6 She doesn't want to make people wonder.

(8)

1 "Therefore do not mind waiting,
2 My Pandarus.

(162)

PAndar answerde it may welle certeyn 1128
And for-þi lete vs dyne I the besech
And at after none þan maist þou come a-yen
And home þei gone with-oute more speche 1131
And comen A-yen but longe mough þ^er seche
Or þat þei ffynden þat þei after gape
Fortune hem thinketh bothe for to Iape 1134

(163)

Quod Troilus I see wel now þat she 1135
Is taried with hir olde fader soo
That or she come it wil ner euyn be
Come furth I will vn-to the yate goo 1138
Thes Porters bene vnconnyng euermoo
And I wil doo hem holde vp þe yate
As nought ne wer al-þough she come late 1141

(164)

THe day goth faste & Aftir þat comth eue [leaf 106] 1142
And yet comth nat to Troilus Cresseide
He loked forth by hegges by tre by greue,
And fer his hed ouer þe wall he leyde 1145
And at the laste he turned him & seide
By god I wote hir menyng now Pandar
Alt-moste I-wisse all new was my care 1148

(165)

NOw doughtles this Lady can hir good 1149
I wote she menyth to ryde preuyly
I comende hir witte be myn hoode
She nil nat make þe people nicely 1152
Gaure on hir whan she comth but softely
By night in to þe town she thinketh ride
And dere brother thenke nat longe to Abide 1155

3 "We have now nothing else to do.
5 And, if I err not, I think I see her!
6 Pray look down! Oh dost thou see what I do?"
7 "No," said Pandarus, "if well I unbar my eyes,
8 "What thou showest me seems to me a cart."

(9)

1 "Alas! thou say'st true," said Troilus.
2 The sun had now set, and some stars were perceptible.
6 "There comforts me
7 In my desire I know not what sweet thought.
8 "Hold for certain that now she is to come."

(10)

1 Pandarus
6 Made a show
7 Of believing him.
1 To himself, but under-breath,
2 He laughed at what Troilus said.
7 And he said: "From Ætna
8 The poor fellow expects a wind."

(11)

6 "But Troilus made them delay more than two hours."

1 The wardours
2 Were making a great noise on the gate,
3 Calling withinside citizens and strangers.
5 Also all the country-people with their beasts,
4 Whoever did not want to remain outside.
7 At last, the sky being all starry,
8 He returned inside with Pandarus—

(166)

WE haue nat ellis to doo I-wisse 1156
And Pandarus wiþ þou trowe me
Haue her' my trouþ y see hir' yonde she is
Heue vp þine yen' man maiste þou nat see 1159
Pandar' answerd nay so mote I the
Alþ wrong be god what seest þou man' wher' art
That I se yonde nys but A soory carte 1162

(167)

Allas þou seyest fulþ sothe quod Troilus 1163
But hardely þis nys nat for nought
That in myn herte I now reioyse þus
It is A-yen' somme good I haue a þought 1166
Knowe I nat howe but sithe þat I was wrouȝt
Ne felte I such A comforte sothe to seyne
She comth to night my lif' durste I leyne 1169

(168)

Pandare answerd it may wel be I-nough 1170
And helde wiþ him of alþ þat euer he seide
But in his herte he þouȝt & softe lough
And to him self' ful sobrely he seide 1173
From' hasiþ woode þer' looly robyn' pleyde
Shal' come al þot þou abidest here
Ye farwel alþ the snowe off' feuerer 1176

(169)

THe wardeine of the yates ganne to calle [bear me, back] 1177
The folke þe which þat wiþoute þe yates wer'
And bad hem dryue in her' bestes alþ
Or alþ þe night þei muste beleue ther' 1180
And ferr' wiþ-inne þe night wiþ many a ter'
This Troilus gan' homeward for to ride
For wel he seeth it helpeth nat to a-byde 1183

(12)

7 Saying: "We are fools
8 For having expected her to-day.

(13)

1 "She told me she would stay ten days
2 With her father, without staying there the least longer,
3 And then would return to Troy.

5 "Therefore she ought to be coming to-morrow.

(14)

1 "To-morrow morning betimes we must return,
2 Pandarus." And so they did:
3 But little availed the looking upward and downward.
7 It being already night, they returned within:
8 But this to Troilus was too too bitter.

(15)

1 And the glad hope he had had
2 Almost had no longer what to fasten on:
3 Whereof he much condoled with himself,
4 And began strongly to murmur
5 Both at her and at Love; nor did it seem to him
6 That for any cause she ought so much to delay
7 To come back—having promised to him
8 Her return, on her faith.

(16)

1 But the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth day,
2 After the tenth day already past,
3 Hoping and not hoping for her return,
4 Was expected with sighs by Troilus.
7 And all in vain—she still returned not.

(170)

But natheles he gladeth him in this 1184
He þouȝt amys he compted had his day
And seide I vnderstande I haue all a-mysse
For thilke night I laste Cressid say 1187
She seide I shall be her' yef þat I may
Or þat þe mone O der' herte swete
The Lioun' passe oute of his Arete 1190

(171)

FOr which she may yett holde at hir' behest 1191
And on þe morwe vn-to þe yate he went
And vp & doun' by weste & eke by Est
Vppon þe walles made he many A went 1194
But al for nouȝt his hope alwey him blent
For which at night In sorwe & sikes sore
He went him home withouten any moor' 1197

(172)

HIs Hope al clene oute of his herte fledde 1198
He ne hath wherof' lenger for to honge
But for þe peyne him þouȝt his herte bledde
So wer' his throwes sharpe and wonder strong' 1201
For whan' he saugh þat she abode so long'
He nist what he ymagin of hit might
Sithe she hath broken þat she him behight 1204

(173)

THe thr'dde fourth v^the^ & þe sexte day 1205
After the x dayes of which I tolde
Betwixe hope & drede his herte Lay
Yet somewhat trusting on hir' hestes olde 1208
But whan' he say she nolde hir' term' holde
He canne nat se non oþer remedie
But for to shape him sone for to dye 1211

(18)

3 And the fell
4 Spirit of Jealousy—heavy affliction . . .

(19)

1 He scarcely ate or drank.
7 And every feast and every company
8 In like wise he shunned to his utmost.

(20)

1 And he had become such in his semblance—
2 "He looked more like a wild beast than a man."
3 Nor would any one have recognized him,
4 So pallid and wobegone was his aspect:
5 All vigour had abandoned his body.

[1] In Boccaccio, it is Priam *only* who does this—the line about the brothers and sisters being taken (as the reader sees) from a later stanza.

(21)

1 Priam,

(22)

3 Paris, and his other brothers and sisters,

(21)

2 Sometimes called him in,[1]
3 Saying: "My boy, what dost thou feel?
4 What thing is it that so weighs thee down?"

(22)

1 "Hector said the like to him."
5 To all of whom he said that at his heart
6 He felt pains.
7 But he never explained what the pains were.

(23)

1 Troilus had one day, all melancholy
2 For the broken faith, disposed himself to sleep.
5 It appeared to him that, within a shadowy wood,
3 In dream he saw the perilous
4 Misdeed of her who made him languish.
7 He seemed
8 To see a great wild-boar that ranged.

(174)

THer'with the wikked spirite per' god vs blisse [lost line] 1212
Which þat men clepe woode Ielousie
Gaune in him crepe in all his heuynesse
For whiche cause he wolde sone dye 1215
He no Ete no Dranke for his malencolie
And eke from euery companie he fledde
This was þe lif þat al þe tyme he ledde 1218

(175)

HE so defete was þat no maner man 1219
Vuneth him mizt knowe per' he went
So was he Lene & perto pale & wanne
And feble þat he walked by A potent 1222
And with his Ire he þus him-self' shent
But who-so axed him wher' him smerte
He seide his harme was all aboute his herte 1225

(176)

PRiam ful ofte & eke his moder der' 1226
His Bretheryn & his susters gan' him freyn'
Whi sorweful He was all in his cher'
And what þing was þe cause of his peyn' 1229
But al for nought he nolde his cause pleyn'
But seide he felte a greuous mialady
A-boute his herte & fayn' wolde he die 1232

(177)

SO on A day he leide him doun' to slepe 1233
And so be-fell þat in his slepe he thought
That in A forest faste he walked to wepe
For Loue of hir' þat him þis peine wrouzt 1236
And vp & doun' as he þe foreste sought
Him mett he say a boore with tuskes grete
That slepte a-yen' þe brizt sonnes hete 1239

(24)

1 And then afterwards he seemed to see
2 Beneath his [the boar's] feet Chryseis, from whom
3 He with his claws tore the heart.
4 Chryseis did not seem distressed at it, but rather to enjoy it.
7 Which was so fierce a rage to him
8 That this broke his feeble slumber.

(25)

1 On waking up, he thought he clearly saw the meaning of the dream.
5 And quickly he had called to him
6 Pandarus; who being come to him,
7 Weeping he began: "My Pandarus,
8 My life pleases God no longer.[1]

(26)

1 "Thy Chryseis, alas! has deceived me,
2 In whom I trusted more than in woman else:
3 She has given her love to another.
5 The gods have shown it to me in dream."
6 And hereupon he narrated all his dream to him.

(27)

4 'The crest of Diomed and his family is the boar.

(28)

1 'Diomed is now accepted by her: he alone is the cause of her not returning.

(29)

1 "Alas me! Chryseis, what subtle wit,
2 What new delight, what alluring beauty,
3 What grudge against me, what just indignation,
4 What misdeed of mine, what dire strangeness,[2]
5 Have been able to draw thy lofty soul to another object?
6 Alas mefirmness!
7 Alas promise! alas faith and loyalty,
8 Who has cast ye out of my beloved?

[1] i. e. God clearly wills that I should die.

[2] "Qual fiera stranezza." I understand Troilus to mean "What strange or outrageous conduct on my part." Chaucer's "fel experience" is a vaguer expression, but perhaps intended in the same sense, substantially.

(178)

ANd by þis Boor' faste in Armes folde 1240
Lay kissing ay his Lady brigt Cresseide
For sorwe of which whan' he þat can' beholde
And for despite oute of his slepe he breide 1243
And Loude he cried on Pandarus & seide
O Pandarus now knowe I croppe & roote
I name but dede ther is non other boote 1246

(179)

My Lady bright Cresseide hath me truied [leaf 107, back] 1247
In whom I trusted moste of' any wight
She elleswher' hath now hir' heste a-paied
The blisfull goddes þurgh her' grete migt 1250
Haue in my dreme y-shewed it full rigt
Thus in my dreme Cresseide haue I beholde
And all þis þing to Pandarus he tolde 1253

(180)

O my Cresseid allas what subtilte 1254
What newe liste what bewte what sciens
What wrath of iuste cause haue ye to me
What gilte of me what fell experiens 1257
Hath from me refte allas your advertens
O truste O feight O depe assurauns
Who hath me refte Cresseid my plesauns 1260

(30)

1 "Alas! why did I ever let thee go?
2 'Why did not I carry Chryseis off? Then she would not
3 be false, nor I miserable.'

(31)

1 "I believed thee, and hoped for certain
2 That thy faith was sacred, and that thy words
3 Were a truth most sure and overt,
4 More than to the quick the light of the sun:
5 But thou spokest ambiguously and covertly.

(32)

1 "What shall I do, Pandarus? I feel a fire
2 Lit anew fiercely in my mind,
3 So that I find no space within my thought.
4 I will with my hands take death,
5 For to stay longer in such a life were no pastime.
6 Since Fortune to so wretched a fate
7 Has brought me, to die will be a delight,
8 Whereas living would be pain and despite."

(33)

Troilus seized a knife, and would have pierced his breast, had not Pandarus arrested his hand. Troilus implored his friend to loose him, and not baulk him of his purpose; then threatened to wound Pandarus first, and next kill himself. Pandarus would have been unable to resist his frantic efforts, had not Troilus been greatly reduced in strength. At last he succeeded in disarming him, and made him sit down.

(37)

1 [Pandarus], after bitter weeping, towards him
2 Turned pitiful, with these words.
3 'I always thought your friendship for me was so perfect that, had I bidden you to do so, you would have slain yourself: yet now you will not *rise* at my beseeching! You seem to have conceived the idea that Chryseis is in love with Diomed; for no other reason than your dream.

(40)

1 "I have told thee erewhile that folly
2 It was to look too much into dreams.
3 There has been none, nor is, nor ever will be,
4 Who can for certain well interpret
5 What, when a man sleeps, fantasy
6 Can show forth with various forms.

(43)

1 "Wert thou to find it true that thou for another
2 Hast been abandoned by Chryseis,
3 Thou oughtst not . . . . .

(181)

Allas whi lett y you fro me hens goo 1261
For which wiłt nye oute of my witte I breide
Who shał now truste on any othes moo
God wote I wend O Lady brigt Cresseide 1264
That *euery* word was gospełł þat ye seide
But who may bettir begile A man yif him list
þan he on whome men wene best trist 1267

(182)

WHat shal I doo my Pandarus allas 1268
I fele now so sharpe a new peyne
Sithe that þer lieth no remedie in þ^e^ case
That bettir wer it I with my handes tweyne 1271
My self sloo alwey þan þus to pleyne
For thurgh þ^e^ deth my woo shulde haue an ende
Ther *euery* day with liff my self I shende 1274

(183)

Pandar answerd & seid allas þe while 1275
That I was borne haue I nat seid or þis
That dremes many a *maner* man be-guile
And whi for folke expoune *hem A-mysse* 1278
How darste þou say þat *false þi Lady is*
For any dreme right for þine ougne dred
Let be þis þoght þou canst no dremes rede 1281

(41)

"Perhaps, whereas thou interpretest the animal
Noxious to thy love,
It will be useful to thee, and not do thee harm
As thou fanciest."

(43)

'The proper remedy is not to die: if she contemns you, contemn her. Or, even if you are minded to die, that is not the right way: the Greeks are there at hand. Let us together go against them armed, and die fighting, not unavenged.' Troilus confesses that Pandarus is in the right.

(48)

[Troilus said]: "But, if thou seest by what experience
I can ascertain the truth as to this suspicion,
Tell it, I beseech thee by God."

(49)

To whom said Pandarus: "To my thinking,
She should be tested by writing.

"Because, if she has no regard for thee,
I do not think we shall have an answer from her;
And, if we have one, we may clearly see,
By the written words, whether thou mayst
Still hope for her return,
Or whether she is enamoured of another man.

(50)

"Since she left, never hast thou written to her,
Nor she to thee; and of her staying
She might have such a cause that thou wouldst say
That she had good reason for staying.
Write to her, then; for, if thou dost it well,
Thou wilt see clear what thou goest seeking."

(184)

PErauenture þer þou dremest of þ^is hoore [leaf 108] 1282
It may so be þat it may signifie
Hir' fader which þat olde is & eke hoore
A-yen3 þe sonne lieth in point to dye 1285
And she for sorwe ginneth wepe & crye
And kisseth þer' he lieth on þe grounde
Thus shuldest þou þi dremes riȝt expounde 1288

(185)

HOu myȝt I þan3 doo quod Troilus 1289
To knowe of þis wer' it neuer so lyte
Now seiste þou wisely quod Pandarus
My counseill is þis / sith þou canste wel endite 1292
That hastely A lettre þou hir' write
Þurgh which þou shalte wel bringe it aboute
To knowe a sothe þer' þou art' now in a doute 1295

(186)

ANd so now whi for þis I dar' well seyn3 1296
That yef so is þat she vntrue be
I can3 nat trowe þat she will write a-yeyn3
And yef she write þou shalte soo see 1299
As whedir yef she haue any liberte
To come a-yen3 or ellis in some clause
yef she be lett she will assigne a cause 1302

(187)

THou haste nat wretyn3 to hir' siþe þat she went 1303
Ne she to þe And þus I durste lay
Ther' may such cause be in hir' entent
That hardely þou woldest þi self sey 1306
That hir' a-bode þe best is for you twey
Now write hir' þan3 & þou shalt fele sone
A sothe of All þer' nys no moore to done 1309

(51)

1 Troilus
2 Agreed with him willingly; and, withdrawing
3 Apart,
5 He, having somewhat thought over what
6 He should write, not like a madman,
7 Began, and without delay wrote
8 To his lady, and spoke in this wise:

(52)

1 "Youthful lady, to whom Love gave me,
2 And holds me thine, and, whilst I shall be in life,
3 *Will* hold me with faith entire,

6 "My bewildered soul
7 Commends itself to thy great virtue.

4 "For that thou, at thy departure,
5 In greater misery than any one believes
6 Didst here leave me.

(74)

7 "For they are sorrowing
8 Tears—these so frequent blots.

(188)

Accorded ben̄ to ꝑis conclusion̄ 1310
And ꝑat a-noon̄ these ilke lordes two
And hastely settith Troilus A-doun̄
And rolleth in his herte too & froo 1313
How he may best descryue hir̄ his-woo
And to Cresseide his ougne Lady dere
He wrote riȝt ꝑ^us & seide as ye may her̄ 1316

(189) [*Troilus's Letter to his absent Love.*]

RIght freissh flour̄ whoos I haue ben & shal̄ [leaf 108, bk]
Withoute parte or elles-wher̄ seruise
With herte body ,liff̄ lust ꝑouȝt & al̄
I woofull̄ wiȝt in euery humble wise 1320
That tunge teⁿ can̄ or hert may deuise
As ofte as mater occupie the place
Me recomaunde vn-to your noble grace 1323

(190)

LIketh you to wite swete herte 1324
As ye wel knowen̄ hou long tyme A-gone
That ye me lefte In asper peynes smerte
Whan̄ ꝑat ye went of which yet bote non̄ 1327
Haue I non̄ had̄ but euer wurse be-goon̄
Fron̄ day to day am I'& soo mote duⁿ
While you liste of my wel & woo ꝑe welⁿ 1330

(191)

FOr which to you with̄ dredfull̄ herte trewe 1331
I write as he ꝑat sorwe dryueth to write
My woo ꝑat euery hour̄ encreaseth newe
Compleynyng as I dare or can̄ endite 1334
And ꝑat defaced is ꝑat may ye wite
The teres which ꝑat fronne myn̄ yen̄ reyne
That wolden̄ speke yef ꝑat ꝑei coude pleyne 1337

(53)

1 "Surely, although thou hast become
2 Almost a Greek, my letter
3 Will not be not even received by thee.
7 And therefore thou wilt take it,
8 And read it to its close.

(54)

1 "If the servant might in any case
2 Complain of his lord, perchance I
3 Should have good cause if I complained of thee,—
4 Considering

(54)

6 Thine oath to every God
7 That thou wouldst return by the tenth day,—
8 Whereas not yet within forty hast thou returned.

(55)

1 "But, forasmuch as it befits that
2 Whatever pleases thee should please me, I dare not repine;
3 But, as humble as I can, my thinking
4 I write thee, more than ever fiery with love.
6 Longing
7 To know what thy life has been
8 Since thou hast removed among the Greeks.

(56—59)

'It would seem that the persuasions of your father have prevailed over your resolve, "'or a new love has entered thy mind.'" This I greatly fear, and it surpasses all the sorrows I had heretofore endured. I had not deserved it. "'This dread has brought me to such a pass that I am of no use to Venus, nor yet to Mars.'"

(192) (*Troilus's Letter, continued.*)

YOw first besecche I þat your yen clere
To Loke on þis defouled ye nat holde
And ouer þis þat ye my Lady dere
Wiłł vouchesaue þis leffre to be-holde
And because eke of my cares colde
That sleeth my witte yef ought amys me asterte
For-yef it me myn ougne swete herte

(193)

Yeff any seruaunt durste or ought of riȝt-
Vppon his Lady pitously compleyne
Than wene I þat I ought be þat wyght
Considered þis þat thes monthes tweyne
Haue taried þer ye seide soth to seyne
But dayes /x/ ye nolde in oste soiourne
But in twoo monthis yet ye nat retourne

(194)

But for-Asmuch as [me] must nedes Like [leaf 196] 1352
Alł þat you list I dar nat pleyne more
But humbly with sorweful sikes sike
yow write I myn vnresty sorwes sore
From day to day desiring euermore
To knowe fully yef it your wil wer
How ye haue ferd & done while þat ye ben þer

(195)

The whos welfare & hele eke god encrese
In honour which þat vpward in degre
It growe allewey so þat it neuer cease
Riȝt as your hert can ay my Lady fre
Deuise I pray to god so mote hit be
And graunte it þat ye sone vpon me rewe
As wissely as in alle I am to yow trewe

(60)

1 "My woful eyes, since thy departure,
2 Have never left off weeping.

(61—72)

'Were I convinced that you had deserted me, assuredly I think I should slay myself. All amusements have become odious to me: the country has no charms. All that I look at is the point of the heavens under which I suppose you to be now dwelling. I envy the hills which encircle you, and the waves which pass you by. I envy the sun when he sets; for it seems to me as if he came back quicker than his wont, to gaze upon you enamoured. To hear mention of the place where you are staying, or to see any one who comes thence, re-lights the fire in my bosom. Surely armed men, and the alarms of war, are not to your taste—you who were so delicate in Troy! Only return: the sole amends I claim for your delay is that I should rebehold you. By every tender memory of our love, I implore you to return.'

(196) (*Troilus's Letter, continued.*)

ANd yef you Liketh to knowe of þe far' 1366
Of me whos woo þer may no wiȝt diseryue
I canne no moor' but cheste of *euery* car'
At writing of þis lettre I was on lyue 1369
Alt redy oute my woefull goste to dryue
Which I delay And holde him yet in honde
Vpon þe siȝt of matier of youre sonde 1372

(197)

Myne yen' two in veyne with which I se 1373
Of sorowfull ter*is* salte are wexen' well*is*
My song in pleynte of myne aduersite
My good' in harme myn' ese eke waxe helle ys 1376
My Ioye in woo I can' sey you nat ellis
But turned is my lif' for which I warie
Euery Ioye crese in to his contrarie 1379

(198)

Which with *your* comyng home a-yen' to Troie 1380
ye may redresse & more a thousand sith
Than' euer I hadde encressed in my Ioie
For wha þer' neu*er* hert yet so blithe 1383
To haue his liffe as I shalbe as swith
As I you see & þough no maner routh
Remorde you yet thinketh on *your* trouth 1386

(199)

ANd yef so be my gilte hath deth deserued (*text* 199, bx) 1387
Or yif ye List no more vpon' me se
In guerdon yet of þat I haue you serued
Beseche I you myne hertes Lady free 1390
That hereuppon' ye wolden' write me
For loue of god my riȝt Loode sterr'
The deth may make an ende of alt my werr' 1393

2 "And, if peradventure thou art impeded,
3 Write to me.[1]

(73)

2 "Although it is beyond measure grievous to me,
1 I, if thou shalt give me hope, will wait.

(75)

5 "Woe is me, thou wilt not know me!

1 "And more I say not, although much to be said
2 Still remains to me,—

7 "Save, God be with thee.
8 "'And may He soon make thee to be with me.'"

(73)

3 "If thou bereav'st me [of my hope], I will slay myself,
4 And put an end to my hard life."
5 'If I kill myself, the damage will be mine, but the shame
yours.—Pardon blots, for I am in tears.

[1] Boccaccio says, "Write to me *who has detained thee*," &c.

(200) (*Troilus's Letter, continued.*)

YEt other cause ough doth you for to dueH
That with your lettre ye me recomforte
For though to me your absens is an helle
With paciens I wiH my woo comporte
And with your Lettre of hope I wiH desporte
Now writeth swete & lete me þis nat pleyne
With hope or deth delyuereth me fromе peyne

(201)

I-wisse myn ougne dere herte trewe
I wote þat whanne ye nexte vppon me see
So loste haue I myn hele & eke myne hewe
Cresseide shal nat kanne knowe me
I-wisse myne ougne hertes day my Lady free
So thursteth ay myne hert to be-holde
youre beute þat my liff vneth I holde

(202)

I sey no more aH haue I for to seye
To you wel moore þanne I telle may
But wher þat ye do me lyue or deye
Yet prey I gode so yeue you riȝt good day
And fareth weH goodly faire freisshe may
As she þat lif or deþ me may comaunde
And to youre trouth I ay me recomaunde

(203)

WIth hele suche þat but ye yeue me
The same hele I shal nat hele haue
In you lieth whan you liste þat it so be
The day on whiche þat me cloth shal my grаue
In you my lif in you might for to saue
Me from disease of aH peynes smerte
And fare now wele myn ougne swet herte

(*End of the Letter.*)

(76)

1 Pandarus
2 Sent it off.
3 Several days elapsed without any reply to the letter: Troilus continuing in superhuman grief.

(105)

1 Chryseis had written to him;
3 And had adduced many false excuses for her so long staying moveless
4 Without returning;
5 And had again asked for a new respite
6 For her returning,—which was not ever to be;
7 Swearing to be always faithful to him,
8 And to return,—but she knew not when.[1]

2 [She had] affected to love him more than ever

(77)

1 From day to day his woe increased,
2 Hope failing; whence to take to his bed

3 He was compelled, for he could no more.

(76)

5 And confirmed to him
6 Was the belief in his sickly dream.

[1] These two lines are from Baroni's edition, and seem to have guided Chaucer. In Moutier's edition, the lines refer to the reply made by *Troilus* to the fair professions of Chryseis.

(204)

THis *Lettre* furth was sent to Cresseide
Of which hir' answer' in effecte was þis
Full pitously ayen' she wrote & seide
That all so sone as þat she mi3t I-wisse
She wolde come & amende alle þat was amys
And finally she wrote & seide him þan'
She wolde come ye but she nist whan'

(205)

But in hir' *Lettre* made she suche festes
That wonder was & swerith she Loueth him best'
Of whiche he fonde but botumles behestes
But Troilus þou maist now est' & west
Pipe in an yue lefe yif þat þe lest
Thus goth þe worlde god shelde vs from mischauns
And euery wight þat meneth trouth auauns

(206)

INcrese gan' the woo fro me day to ni3t
Of Troilus for tariyng of Cresseide
And lassen' gan' his hoope & eke his mi3t
For whiche all doune he in his bedde him leide
He ne ete ne dranke ne slepte ne worde seide
ymagenyng ay þat she was vnkynde
For which wil nye he wexe out of his mynde

(207)

This dreme of which I tolde haue eke beforne
May neuer come out of his remembrauns
He þou3t ay wel he hadde his Lady lorne
And that Ioue of his purvyauns
Him shewed had in slepe the significauns
Of hir' vntrouth & his disauenture
And þat þis boore was shewid him in figure

(84)

6 Cassandra also stood facing him.

(26)

7 Then began to say what meant
8 Such a dream, and thus bespoke him.

[1] These lines come from a very different context: they introduce the speech of *Pandarus*, immediately consequent upon the dream itself, and the narrative of it given to him by Troilus. See pp. 277, 278.

(208)

FOr which he for Sibille his suster sent
That called was cassandre eke alle aboute
And all his dreme he tolde hir or he stente
And hir besouȝt assoile him þat doute
Of the stronge Boor with tuskes stoute
And finally wiþInne a liteH stounde
Cassandre him gan riȝt þis his dreme expounde

(209)

SHe gan first smyle and seid O brother dere [leaf 110, bk] yef þou a sothe of this desirest knowe
Thow must a sue of olde stories here
To purpos hou þat fortune ouer-throwe
Hath Lordes higH þurgh which with-in a throwe
Thou wel þis Boor shalte knowe & of what kinde
He comen is as men in bookes fynde

(210)

DIane which þat wroth was & in Ire
For Grekes nolden do hir sacrifise
Ne encense vppon hir auter sette a fire
She for þat Grekes gonne hire soo despise
Venged hir in A wonder cruelH wise
For which A Boor as gret as Oxe in stalH
She made vp frete hir corn & veynes all

(211)

To slee þis boore was all þe countre reised
Amonges which þer cam þis boor to see
A mayde one of þis worlde þe best y-preised
And meliagre Lorde of þat countre
He loued soo þis freissH maide fre
That with his manhod or he wolde stente
This Boore he slough & hir the hed he sent

(212)

Off which as olde bookes tellen vs
Ther' a-roose A contekke & a grete envye
And of þis Lorde descended Tideus
By lyne or elles olde bookes lie
But hou þis Meliagre ganne to die
Thurgh moder wil I you nat telle
For al to Longe it were for to duelle

(213)

She tolde eke hou Tideus or she stente
Vn-to the Stronge Cite of Thebes
To clayme kingdhom of þe Cite wente
For his felowe Daune polemites
Of which þe brother Daune Ethiocles
Ful wrongfully of Thebes helde þe strengthe
This proces tolde she by space & lengthe

(214)

SHe tolde eke Hou Emonides asterte [Desunt III]
Whan' Tideus slough fifty kinges stoute
She tolde eke alle the prophesies by herte
And how that vij kinges with hir' route
Besoged the Cite alle a-boute
And of the holy sergent & þe welle
And of þe furies she gan him telle

(215)

Associat profugum Tideus primus Polimitem
Tidea legatum docet insideas-que secundus
Tercius Hemoduden canit & vates Latitantes
Quartus habet reges incuntes prelia septem
Mox furie lenne quisto narratur & anguis
Archemeron bustum sexto ludi-que leguntur
Dat graios thebes & vatem septimus vmbris

(77—90)

4 One day Deiphobus,[1] whom he regarded with much affection, came by chance to see him. Troilus, "not perceiving him, began in his woe to say softly: 'Chryseis! oh make me not die so wretched!' Deiphobus, affecting not to have heard anything, but in fact guessing the truth, urged Troilus to take comfort. 'The beautiful spring has come, and the time of truce is over. Let us resume fighting the Greeks as of old. You used to make them all run. Hector has bidden us be with him outside the fosses to-morrow.' Troilus roused like a lion, at the name of war. He said that, although still somewhat weak, he would soon leave his bed, and fight the Greeks with more rage than ever. Deiphobus divined the drift of his words, and bade him adieu, saying they would expect him at the place appointed. He then returned to his brothers, and told them all. From their own previous observation, they readily believed him; and they agreed to say nothing about it to Troilus himself. In order to cheer his spirits, they told the ladies of the family to visit him, with songs and singers. This was done without delay. On one side of Troilus sat Polyxena, looking like an angel; on the other, the beautiful Helen. Cassandra stood before him[2]: Hecuba, Andromache, and many of his sisters-in-law and other female relatives, were there also. They all did their best to comfort him, asking what pain he felt. He answered not, but thought of Chryseis: "yet he felt some sweetness, both from the music, and from their beauty." Cassandra, who had chanced to hear what Deiphobus narrated, flouted Troilus for being in love—love, the bane of them all. At least he might have fallen in love with a noble lady—not with the daughter of a poor little scoundrelly priest. "'See the son of a lofty honoured king, who passes his life in sorrow and tears because Chryseis has left him!'" Troilus fired up at this, both in resentment for the slight on his beloved, and also supposing that Cassandra had wormed the secret out of the gods. He reflected that, were he to keep silence, her words would be believed true, and he spoke thus: 'Cassandra, you have often got into trouble by random words. I know not what you mean about Chryseis.

[1] Boccaccio corrupts the name into "Deifebo" (as if he associated it with "Deus Phœbus"), as Chaucer does into "Delphebe."

[2] See the *Troylus*, B. 5, st. 208, l. 1, 2.

Octauo cecidit Tideus spes vita pilasgis
ypomedon nono moritur cum partonopea
Fulmine percussus decimo campaneus superatur 1508
Vndecimo sese perimunt per vulnera fratres
Argiua flentem narrat duodenus & ignem
Feruidus ypomedon timidique in gurgite mersus 1511

(216)

Off Archemories burying & þe pleyes 1512
And hou Amphior-Ax fell þurgh þe grounde
Hou Tideus was slayn Lord of Argeis
And hou ypomedon in litel stounde 1515
was dreynte & dede partenope wounde
And also hou Campaneus þe proude
With þunder dynte was slayne þat cried Loude 1518

(217)

She gan eke tell hou þat eith brober 1519
Ethiocles and Polymite Also
At a scarmissh eche of hem slew other
& Of Argyues weping & high woo 1522
And hou þe Towne was brent she tolde eke þoo
And so descended down from Grekes olde
To Diomede & þus she spake & tolde 1525

(91)

'I never was in love with her, and would defy any man to maintain it. If I had been, I would have carried her off, rather than see her depart; though I daresay she would not have been so complaisant as Helen. But, supposing I *were* in love with Chryseis, why is she not worthy of any man, however great? Of her sovereign beauty I say nothing; but why is she to be called wanting in nobleness [*gentilezza*]? Nobleness is wherever virtue is[1]; and she has—so far as I hear or have seen—every virtue. Honour, sobriety, modesty, no flux of words, bashfulness, discretion, wise speech, manners: "'nor do I think there are knights in this city, be there as many courteous ones as you will, whom she would not checkmate in midst of the chess-board for courtesy and munificence, if only her power sufficed for this. Whether here she was always chaste' let her distinguished fame say.'" Do you demand that she should have royal blood? The true royalty is virtue. She would beseem a coronet far better than you do. "'Would that God had vouchsafed to me to have her for my lady, as is rumoured among you; for I would hold in the highest esteem that which Lady Cassandra looks down upon.'" Now be off; and, if you can't talk common sense, spin.'[2]

[1] Boccaccio borrows this line from Dante.

[2] It may, I think, be surmised that some of the observations which Boccaccio puts into the mouth of Troilus regarding Chryseis—those which concern the unimportance of royal or worldly rank in comparison with personal merit—were intended by the poet to serve as a defence of his own position as the lover of the royal lady Maria. There is a considerable amount of *animus* in the whole harangue of Troilus to Chryseis, apparently somewhat beyond its importance in the scheme of the poem, but easily accounted for if we suppose a personal motive concerned in it. The reader will observe how chivalrously Troilus here stands up for his beloved, more than half convinced though he is that she has already deserted and betrayed him. Certainly he does justice to his nationality by "lying like a Trojan" in the assertion of her immaculate purity; but this only makes his singlehearted devotion to her shine the brighter.

(27)

1 "This wild boar that I saw[1] is Diomed;
2 Because his ancestor slew the boar
3 Of Calydon.
7 He must her heart
8 Have drawn out with his talking—that is, her love.

(90)

7 "The truth hereof has thine Apollo not sufficiently
8 shown thee."[2]

(100)

4 "[Thou] giv'st a bite at every person.

(101)

1 "Now be off, & ill fortune to thee!"

[1] As the reader will perceive from this phrase, these lines are in Boccaccio spoken by Troilus—in his interview with Pandarus.

[2] Here we come (as in Chaucer) to the reply of Troilus to Cassandra. The colloquy, however, is very different in Boccaccio. Cassandra, in few words, twits Troilus with his love for Chryseis; and Troilus "gives her a bit of his mind," lasting through 13 stanzas. See pp. 287-8.

[3] The lines about Fortune, in the succeeding stanza of the *Troylus*, are founded upon a passage in Dante's *Inferno*.

(102)

4 Cassandra was mute, and disappeared among the women,
5 Forthwith she went.[3]

(104)

6 She never again returned to the house of Troilus. Hecuba, Helen, and the other ladies, sided with the latter. They cheered him up on this occasion; and often afterwards came back to visit him while he was bed-

(218)

This ilke Boor' betoknyth Diomede [leaf 111, back] 1526
Tideus sone þat doune descended is
Fro[m]e Meleagre that made þe boor' to blede
And thi Lady whor' she be I-wisse 1529
This Diomede hir' herte hath & she his
Wepe yif þou wilt or lefe for out of doute
This Diomede is in & þou art oute 1532

(219)

Thou seyst not soth quod he þou sorceresse 1533
With alle þi false gost of prophecie
Thou wenest to be a grete dyuineresse
Now sest þou nat þis foole of fantesie 1536
Peyneth hir' on Ladyes for to lye
Awey quod he þer' Ione yene þe sorwe
Thou shalt be false peraventure yet to morwe 1539

(220)

AS wel þou mightest lien on a beste 1540
That was of creatures but men lye
That euer wer' kyndest & þe beste
For whan' hir' husbonde was in Ieopardie 1543
To dye him self but yef she wolde die
She chese for him to die & goo to helle
And starfe A-noon as vs þe bookes telle 1546

(221)

CAssandre goth & he with cruell herte 1547
For-yate his woo for angir of hir' speche
And from' his bedde all sodeinly he sterte
As þough all hole him had y-made A leche 1550
And day be day he ganne enquer' & seche
A soth of þis with all his ful cur'
And þus he dryueth forth his Auenture 1553

ridden. By long continuance of sorrow, he attained to enduring it with patience: his yearning to be in deadly combat with the Greeks also hastened his recovery.

(106)

He again showed his valour in many a fight.

(1)

1 Thus Troilus was inured to suffering, and became all the firmer in it through "the extreme grief" [&c., see lines corresponding to the *Troylus*, B. 5, st. 225, ll. 1, &c.].

3 The extreme grief, never to be spoken,
4 That his father, and he, and his brothers, had for the death
5 Of Hector.

(2)

1 His love, however, continued,

(222)

FOrtune which þat permutacioun
Of þinges haþe as it is her' committed
By purueyaunce and disposicioun
Of high Ioue as regnis shalbe flitted
From folke on-to folke or whan' þei shalbe smytted
Gan' pulle a-wey þe fedres bright of Troie
From day to day till þei ben bare of Ioye

(223)

AMonge alle þis the fyne of Paradis Destruxion
Of' Ector gan' approche wondre blyue
The fate wolde his soule shulde vnbodie
And shapen it had' a mene out to dryue
Ayen' which fate him helpeth nat to stryue
But on a day to fight gan' he wende
At which allas he caught his last ende

(224)

FOr which me thinketh euery maner wight
That haunteth Armes aught to be-waile
The deth of him þat was so noble A knyght
For as he drough A king by þe auentaile
Vn-war' of þis Achilles þurgh þe maile
And þurgh þe body gan' hiss for to ryue
And þus þis worþi knyght was brouȝt of lyue

(225)

FOr whom as olde bookes tellen' vs
Was made such woo þat tunge it may nat tell
And namely þe sorwe of Troilus
That nexte him was of worþines well
And in þis woo gan' Troilus to duell
That what for sorwe for Loue & vnrest
Ful ofte A day he badde his hert breste

2 Although hope dwindled greatly.

3 Rather, he sought, in every mode and way,
4 As is wont to be the use of lovers,
5 To succeed in getting back, as once he had it,
6 His sweet and sole care;
7 Always excusing her for not returning.

(4)

1 And in like wise he had in his thought,
2 Many times again, that he would go thither
3 In a pilgrim's light habit.
4 But he knew not how so to disguise himself
5 That he could seem sufficiently to hide the truth;
6 Nor knew he how to find a fitting excuse
7 To speak, should he have been recognized.

(3)

8 In time of truce he also often sent Pandarus to Chryseis, to remonstrate courteously.

1 He sent her various letters;

3 Recalling to her mind the sweet time,
4 And her promised faith to return.

(5)

1 Nor had he from her aught else than specious words,
2 And great promises without result.

(226)

But natheles þough he gan him despeir 1582
And drede ay þat his Lady was vntrewe
yet ay on hir his herte gan repaire
And as þes louers don he þouȝt ay newe 1585
To gete a-yen Cresseide briȝt of hewe
And in his herte he went hir excusing
That Calcas caused all hir taryeng 1588

(227)

ANd ofte tymes he was in purpos grete 1589
Him-self lyke A pilgryme to disguise
To see hir but he may nat counterfete
To be vnknowen of folke þat weryn wise 1592
Ne fynde excusacion a-riȝt þat may suffise
Yef he A-monge the Grekes knowen were
For whiche he wepte ful ofte many A tere 1595

(228)

TO hir he wrote yett ofte tymes all newe (leaf 112, back) 1596
Full pitouslye he lafte it nat for slouth
Besheching hir þat sith þat he was trewe
That she wolde come a-yen & hold hir trouth 1599
For whiche Cresseide vppon A day for routh
I take it soo touching al þis matier
Wrote him A-yen & seide as ye may here 1602

(229) (*Cresseide's 2nd Letter to Troilus.*)

Cuspides sone ensample of goodlihed 1603
O swerde of knyghthod sors of gentilnes
Hou many a wiȝt in turment & in drede
And holeles you sende as yet gladnes 1606
I herteles I sike I in distresse
Sith þat ye with me ne I with you may dele
you neither sende I herte may ne hele 1609

(230) *(Cresseide's 2nd Letter to Troilus.)*

Your lettres ful þe papir al I-pleinted
Conceyued hath myn hertes pite
I haue eke seyn with teris al depeynted
your lettre & hou þat ye require me
To come a-yen which yet may nat be
But leste þat þis lettre founde were
No mencion ne make I now for fere

(231)

GRenous is to me god wote your vnreste
your hast & þat ye þe goddes ordinaunce
It semyth nat þat ye take it for þe beste
Ne oþer thing nys in your remembraunce
As þinketh me but oonely your plesaunce
But beth nat wroth & þat I you beseche
For þat I tarie is al for wikked speche

(232)

FOr I haue herd wel mor þan I wend
Touching vs two hou þinges haue ystonde
Which I shal with dissimuling amende
And beth nat wroth I haue ek vnderstonde
Hou ye ne done but holde me in honde
But now no force I can nat in you gesse
But alle trouth & al gentilnesse

(233)

COme I wil but yet in such disioint [Text 118]
I stonde as now þat what yer or what day
That þis shalbe þat can I nat appoynte
But in effecte I pray you as I may
Of your good worde & of your frendshipe ay
For truely while þat my lif may dur
As for A frende ye may in me assur

8 He became convinced that a new love must be the cause of her falsehood, for no other motive could be adequate. But he found as yet no direct evidence, beyond his dream.

[1] As the reader will observe from the numbering, this follows on after the words above, "Of that which was true."

[2] See the lines of the *Filostrato* which are translated in correspondence with the *Troylus*, B. 5, St. 237, but which do not give this sentence entire.

(6)

3 Whence he began to surmise that pretexts
4 They all were, and to conceive suspicion
5 Of that which was true.

(7)

1 In which [dream afore-mentioned] love had abridged his faith
2 Greatly; as is the wont
3 That he who loves believes reluctantly
4 Aught that may increase his pains in loving.

(5)

5 As is wont [1]
6 Often to occur to him who without slackness
7 Looks into the things he has in hand.

(7)

5 But that it was indeed true of Diomed,
6 As he at first suspected, a chance convinced him
7 Not long afterwards—which reft from him

8 Every excuse, and obliged him to believe it.

(8)

Being in distress and suspense, he heard that Deiphobus was returning to Troy after a severe combat, bringing in triumph a vesture torn from Diomed.[2]

1 Troilus, not without torment, was living
2 Timid and in suspense as to his love.

(9)

1 And, while [Deiphobus] had it [the vesture] carried before him
2 Through Troy.

(8)

5 An ornate vesture,

(234) (*Cressida's Letter to Troilus ends.*)

YEt prey I you on yueh þat ye ne take
That it is shorte which þat I to you write
I dar' nat her' wel lettres make
No neuer I coude I wel lettres endite
Eke gret effecte men write in place light
The entent is all & nat þe lettres space
And fareth now wel god haue you in his grace

(235)

TRoilus this Lettre þouȝt all straunge
Whan' he it saugh & sorweful he sight
him þouȝt it like a Kalendes of a chaunge
But finally he ful ne trowen might
That she ne wolde him hold þat she highte
For with ful yueh wil liste him for to leue
That loueth wel In suche cas þough him greue

(236)

But natheles men say þat at þe laste
For any þing men shal þe soth finde & see
And such a case betide & þat as faste
That Troilus wel vnderstoode þat she
Was nat soo kynde as hir' ought be
And finally he wote now oute of doute
That alle is Loste þat he hath ben a-boute

(237)

Stode on A day in his malencolie
This Troilus & in suspeccion
Of hir' for whom he wende for to die
And soo befell þat þurgh Troie toun'
As was þe guise born' vp and doun'
A maner cote armure as seith þe storie
Befor' Deiphebe in signe of victorie

6 From Diomed, gravely wounded,
7 Rent [by] Deiphobus.

(9)

2 Troilus came up,
3 And commended it much among all [such],
4 And, to see it the better, he held it awhile:
5 And, whilst he was looking,
7 He saw on the breast a brooch.

(10)

2 [He] had given it
3 To Chryseis, when mourning,
4 Parting from her, he took leave
5 That morning when for the last time
6 He had passed the night with her.
7 Wherefore he said: "Now indeed I see that
8 The dream, my suspicion, and the thought, are true."

(11)

1 Troilus, parted hence,
2 Had Pandarus called to him.
5 And began to show forth to him
6 Openly the treachery received,
7 Strongly complaining of it.
4 The long love he had had
5 For his Chryseis.
8 Beseeching death alone for his relief.

(12)

1 And weeping thus he began to say:
2 "O my Chryseis, where is the faith,
3 Where is the love, where is the desire?
6 Diomed possesses everything.
7 "And I, through thy deceit . . .

(238)

THe whiche cote Armur' as telleth Lollius (leaf 113, back) 1666
Deiphebe it hadde yrente fro[m]e Diomede
The same day & whan' þis Troilus
It saugh he gan' to taken' of it hede 1669
Auysing þe lengh & of þe brede
And all þe werke but as he gan' beholde
Ful sodeinly his herte gan' to colde 1672

(239)

AS he þat on þe coler' fonde with-Inne 1673
A Broche þat he Cresseide yaf þat morwe
That she from Troie muste nedes twynne
In remembraunce of him & of his sorwe 1676
And she him leyde a-yen hir' feith to borwe
To kepeth ay but now full well he wist'
His lady nas no Lenger on to trist' 1679

(240)

HE goth him home & gan' ful sone sende 1680
For Pandarus & alle þis newe chauns
And of þis broche he told him worde & ende
Compleyning of hir' hertes variauns 1683
His longe Loue his trouth & his penaunce
And after deth with-outen' wordes more
Full faste he cried his reste him to restore 1686

(241)

THan' spake he þus O Lady bri3t Cresseid 1687
Wher' is your' feith & wher' is your' behest
Wher' is your' Loue wher' is your' trouth he seid'
Of Diomede haue ye now al this feste 1690
Allas I wolde haue trowed at þe leste
That sithe ye nolden' in trouth to me stonde
That ye þus nolde haue holden' me in honde 1693

(13)

1 "Who will now believe any oath?
4 Alas! I know not, nor ever thought,
6 That for another man I should ever be ousted
7 From thy soul.

(13)

5 "That thou hadst a heart so rigid and hard.

(14)

1 "Now hadst thou not some other jewel
2 Which thou couldst have given thy new lover-
3 Diomed, I say—except that
4 Which I had given thee with so many tears,
5 In remembrance of poor sorry me?
7 Nothing else but despite made thee do it,
8 And to show all clearly thy mind.

(15)

1' "I see that thou hast wholly expelled me
2 From thy bosom [1]; and I, against my will,
3 Keep still pictured in mine
4 Thy beautiful face, with tormenting sorrow.
5 Alas me, born in evil hour!
6 This thought slays me, and despoils me
7 Of every hope of future joy,
8 And is cause to me of anguish and grief.

(16)

'Chryseis has discarded me for Diomed; but I will make her rue it if my sword can only meet him in the next mêlée.

(17)

4 Or else he shall slay me, to her great content.

(18)

'O Jove, "'take away her in whose bosom are lies and snares and treacheries, and vouchsafe her no pardon more!'"

(242)

WHo shall now trowen on any othes moo 1694
Allas I wolde neuer haue wende or this
That ye Cresseid coude haue chaunged soo
Ne but I hadde a-gilte or done a-mysse 1697
So cruell wende I nat your herte I-wisse
To slee me þus allas your name of trouth
Is now for-done & þat is al my routh 1700

(243)

Was þer' none oþer broche þat you Liste Lete [leet 114] 1701
To feoffe with your new Loue quod he
But thilke Broche that I with teris wete
you yaf' as for remembraunce of' me 1704
Non oþer cause allas ne haddest yee
But for despite & eke for þat ye ment
Alle vtterly to shewe me youre entent 1707

(244)

Thurgh whiche I se þat clene out of your mynde 1708
ye haue me caste & I no can' ne may
For all þis worlde with-in myn' herte fynde
To vnloue you A quarter of a day 1711
In cursed tyme I borne was welaway
That ye þat done me all þis woo endur'
yet loue I best of any creatur' 1714

[1] So in this stanza; but at the beginning of the following stanza (16) comes the line, "Thou hast wrongfully expelled me from thy mind"—as in Chaucer.

(21)

1 "May God send Diomed in my way
2 The first time that I go forth to battle[1]!
4 So that I may make him find how
5 My sword cuts.

(17)

5 "O highest Jove, in whom
6 I know that equity has a sure refuge,
8 Are thy just eyes turned elsewhither[2]?

(19)

1 "O my Pandarus, who for having faith in dreams
2 Hast blamed me with so much urgency,
3 Now mayst thou see what is seen through them:
4 Thy Chryseis is evidence of it for thee.
5 The gods have ruth on us mortals,
6 And in divers forms give us proof
7 Of that which is unknown to us.

[1] The general purport of stanza 16 is the same as in this stanza 21; but here the diction comes closer to that which Chaucer has adopted.

[2] This line, and something besides in the context, are taken by Boccaccio out of Dante.

(20)

7 "I will delay,
8 So to die by arms, along with mine enemies.

(21)

6 "I care not
7 That I be slain."[3]

[3] In Boccaccio this phrase occurs in a slightly different context—viz., where Troilus expresses his hope that he may be privileged to kill Diomed, and *then* he himself need live no longer.

(22)

1 Pandarus with sorrow listened to all,
2 And, feeling the truth, knew not what to say:
3 And, on one side, the love for his friend drew him to stay here;
4 On the other, to depart
5 Shame many times prompted him
6 For the misdeed of Chryseis; and to decide
7 Which he should do, he knew not.

(245)

NOw God quod he so sende me yet grace 1715
That I may mete with þis Diomede
And trulye yef I haue might & space
yet shall I make I hope his sides blede 1718
O god quod he þat oughtest take hede
To further trouth & wronge to punyssh
Whi nil þou take a vengeauns on þis vise 1721

(246)

O Pandar' þat in dremes for to triste 1722
Me blamed hast & wonte arte to vnbreide
Now maiste þou see þ^is self yef þat þe liste
Hou true is now þi nees brijt Cresseide 1725
In sondry formes god it wote he seide
The goddes shewyn bope Ioie & tene
In slepe & be my dreme it is sene 1728

(247)

ANd certeinly with-oute more speech 1729
From hens-furth as ferfurth as I may
Myne ougne deth in Armes wil I seche
I rekke nat hou sone by þis day 1732
But truely Cresseid swete may
Whom I haue with al my herte yserued
That ye þus done I haue it nat deserued 1735

(248)

THis Pandarus þat alt þese þinges herde [MS. 84] 1736
And wiste wel he seide a soth of þis
He nat A worde a-yen to him answerd
For sory of his frendes sorwe he is 1739
And shamed for his Nees hath done amisse
And stante astonyed of thes causes tuey
As stille as stone a worde ne coude he sey 1742

(23)

1 At last thus he spoke, weeping:
2 "Troilus, I know not what I am to say to thee.
3 Her I reprehend the utmost I can.
6 Nor will I ever go again where she is.
7 What I did aforetime I did for love of thee,
8 Leaving behind all my honour.

(24)

1 "And, if I pleased thee, that is very gratifying to me.
2 In what is now being done I can do no more,
3 And, like thyself, so am I incensed at it;
4 And, if I saw the means of amending,
5 Be sure I should be studious thereof.
6 May God do this who can change all things!
7 I pray him as much as I can that he would punish
8 Her, that so she may sin no more in like wise."

(25)

1 Great were the lamentations and the grief,
2 But still Fortune followed her course.
3 She [Chryseis] loved with all desire
4 Diomed, and Troilus wept.

7 Troilus was always entering into the battles.

8 And, more than others, he sought Diomed.

(249)

But at þe laste þus he spake & seide
My brother' dere I may doo the no moor'
What shulde I sey I hate I-wisse Cresseide
And god wote I will hate hir' euer-moore
And þat þou me besoughtest to do of' yoor'
Hauynge vn-to myn' honour ne my rest
Right no rewarde I dede all þat þe lest'

(250)

YEf I dede aught þat myght Like the
It is me lefe & of þis treson' nowe
God wote þat it A sorwe is vn-to me
And dredeles for hertes ease of you
Right fayne I wolde a-mende it & yif I wist how
And from þis worlde al-myghti god I prey
Deliuer hir' sone I can' no more sey

(251)

GRete was þe sorwe & pleynt of Troilus
But furth hir' course fortune ay gan' holde
Cresseide Loued þe sone of Tideus
And Troilus mote wepe in Cares colde
Such is þe worlde who-so can it beholde
In ech estate is litell hertes reste
God leue vs for to take it for þe beste

(252)

IN many cruel Batail out of drede
Of Troilus þis ilke noble knyght
As men may in þes olde bookes rede
Was sen' his knyghthode & his might
And dredles his Ire day & nyght
Ful cruelly þe Grekes ay a-boute
And alwey most þis Diomede he sought

(26)

1 And many times they encountered together
2 With evil and insulting reproaches;
3 And exchanged great strokes,
4 Sometimes tilting, and sometimes
5 Having sword in hand.
7 But Fortune had not ordained
8 That the one should do his will on the other.

(253)

ANd ofte tymes I finde þat þei mette [leaf 118] 1771
With bloody strookes & with wordis grete
Assaying hou þeir speres wer' whett
And god it wote with many a cruell hete 1774
Ganne troilus vppon his helme to bete
But natheles fortune it ne wolde
Of oþer hand þat either dey sholde 1777

(254) (*Epilogue.*)

ANd yef I had taken for to write 1778
The armes of þis ilke worthi man
Than wolde I of his battailles endite
But for þat I to write first began 1781
Of his Loue I haue seid that I can
His worthi dedes who so liste hem her'
Rede Dares he can telle hem alle in fer' 1784

(255)

BEseching *euery* Lady bright of hewe 1785
And *euery* gentil woman what she be
That albe þat Cresseide be vntrewe
That for the gilte ye be nat wroth with me 1788
Ye may her' gilte in otheres bookes see
And gladder I wolde write yif you liste
Penalopees trouth & good Alceste 1791

(256)

NE I sey nat þis alonely for þes men 1792
But most' for women þat be-trayed be
Thurgh false folke god yeue hem sorwe a-men
That with hir' grete witte & sootilte 1795
Betrayse you & þus astreyneth me
To speke & in effecte you all I prey
Beth ware of men & herkenyth what I sey 1798

(8)

6 Now go.

8 "And may she send thee back to me with a glad response."
(This is the last line of the *Filostrato*)

[1] The whole clause in Boccaccio runs thus: "And such end had the wretched grief of him, to which never," &c. I have no doubt this is the real meaning: but the phrase *might* be understood to mean, "To *whom* [Troilus] never was any other equal." Chaucer seems to have put that construction upon it.

[2] These are perhaps the lines in the *Filostrato* corresponding most nearly with this couplet in the *Troylus*. Two other lines, however—completing stanza 28, and therefore closer to Chaucer's couplet in local relation—may also be cited: "Such end had the vain hope of Troilus in worthless [villana] Chryseïs."

6 And I pray Apollo to concede thee
7 So much grace that thou be heard.

(27)

1 The wrath of Troilus at divers times
2 Damaged the Greeks much, without fail;
7 Having already killed more than a thousand of them,

8 One day Achilles slew him miserably.

(28)

1 Such end had the ill-conceived love
2 Of Troilus for Chryseis.
4 To which [his grief] never was any other equal.[1]
5 Such end had the shining splendour
6 Which distinguished him on the royal throne.

(29)

5 Mirror yourselves in the love of Troilus,
6 Which my verse exhibits above.[2]

(257)

GO litel booke goo liteH my tregeedie 1799
Ther' god þi maker yett or þat he die
So sende miȝt to make in some commedye
But litel booke, no making þou enuye 1802
But subgiet be to alle poesy
And kisse þe steppes wher' as þou seest space
Virgile Ouide Omer' Lucan or Stace 1805

(258)

ANd for ther is so gret diuersite [leaf 113, back] 1806
In englissh & in writing of oure tunge
So prey I to god þat none misse-write the
Ne the misse-metre for defaute of tunge 1809
And redde wher' so thou be or ellis sunge
That þou be vnderstanded god I þe beseche
But yet to *purpos* of my rather speche 1812

(259)

THe wrath as I began' you for to sey 1813
Of Troilus þe Grekes boughten dere
For thousandes his handes maden dey
As he þat was with-outen any pere 1816
Saue Ector in his tyme as I can' her'
But welawey saue only goddes wiH
Ful pitously him slough þe fers achilH[1] 1819

(263)

Suche fyne hath Lo þis Troilus for Loue 1841
Such fyne hath all his grete worþines
Such fyne hath his estat Roiall a-boue
Such fyne his List such hap his noblenes 1844
Such fyne hath þis false worldes briȝtilnes
And þus began' his louyng of Cresseid
As I haue told & in þis wise he deyde 1847

[1] The next three stanzas, 260-2, l. 1820-40, of Harl. 2280—from Boccaccio's *Teseide*—are not in Harl. 3943 and some other MSS.

1 O young people, in whom with your age
2 Comes surging amorous desire,
3 By God I pray ye that ye refrain
4 Your ready steps to the evil appetite.

(29)

7 Believe not all women. A youthful woman is vain and volatile. Many women, because they can count up their ancestors, fancy they ought, in love, to have the advantage of the others, and are full of pride and scorn. Avoid these, "for they are beasts, not noble ladies. The perfect lady has a more firm desire to be loved, and she delights in loving; she discerns and sees what should be shunned; avoids, and elects; forecasts, and keeps her promises.[1] These should be followed after. Yet you ought not to choose in a hurry; for all women are not wise for being the more mature in age,—and these are of less worth." Then be cautious, and compassionate both Troilus and yourselves; and pray Love that he may be in peace, and that you may be saved from loving and dying for a bad woman.

Boccaccio takes leave of his book, and commends it to the hands of his dear and gentle lady. It must tell her of his grief ever since he was parted from her, and must implore her to return. But this message must only be delivered under the escort of Love.

[1] "Aspetta le promission." I presume this is the meaning, though the *literal* sense of "aspetta" is "awaits, expects"

(264)

O yong freissh folkes he or she
In which ay Loue vp groweth with your age
Repeireth hem fro me wordly vanite
And of youre hertes vp casteth þe visage
To thilke god þat after his ymage
you made & þinketh all nys but a feir
This world þat passeþ sone as floures fair

(265)

ANd Loueth him which þat riȝt for Loue
Vppon A cross our soules for to bye
First starff & roos & sitt in heuen a-boue
For he nill falsen no wiȝt dar I sey
þat will his hert all hooly on him ley
And sithen he best to Loue is & most meke
What nedeþ it feyned Loues for to seke

(266)

LO her of paynymes cursed olde riȝtes (leaf 198)
Loo her what all hir goddes may a-vayle
Lo her þe wrecched worldes appetites
Lo her þe fyne & guerdon of Trauaile
Of Ioue Appollo of Marce of swich mesayle
Loue her þe forme of olde clerkes speche
In poetrie yef ye heire bookes seche

(267) (*Chaucer's Envoy.*)

O moral Gowar þis booke I directe
To þe & to þi sophistical stroode
To vouchesaue þer nede is to correcte
Of your benignitees & zeles good
And to þe sothfast criste þat sterue on roode
With all myn herte of Mercy euer I prey
And to þe Lord riȝt þus I speke & sey

[*The first 3 lines are mainly from Dante.*]

(268)

Thow One tuoo & thre eterne on Lyue
That reignest ay in thre tuoo & oone
Vncircumscripte & all maist circumscryue
Trine vnite vs from oure cruel foone
Defende And to þi mercy euerychone
Or take vs Ihesu for þi mercy digne
For þe Loue of maide & moder' þin benigne

Troilus adest mete.
Venit explicit ergo valete

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